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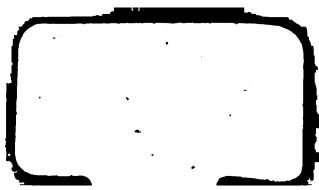
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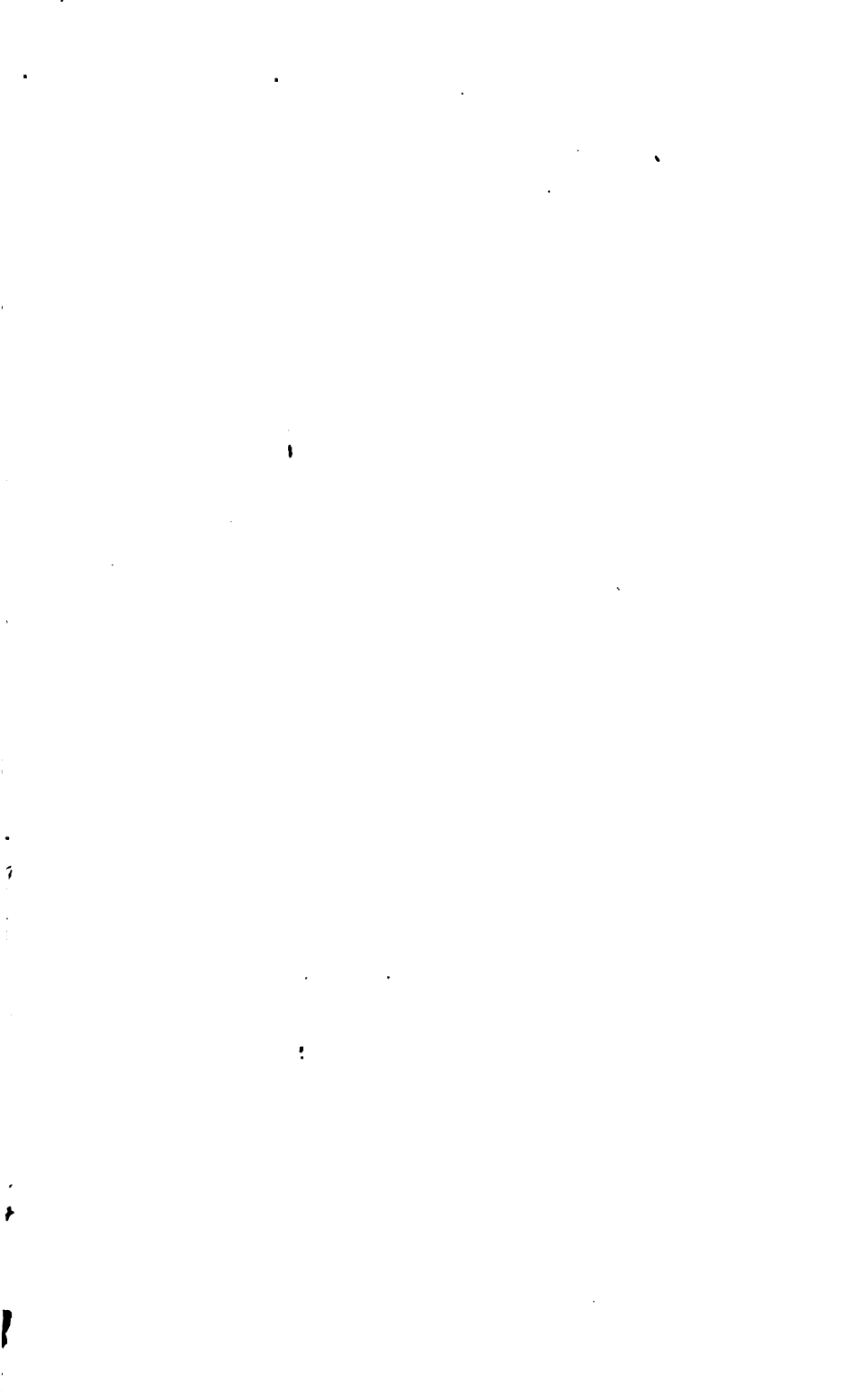




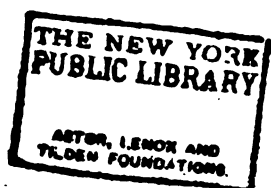
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**BAILY'S MAGAZINE**

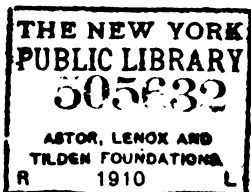
OF

**Sports and Pastimes**



**VOL XXVI.**

ROBERTSON & COMPANY, CO.



# BAILY'S MAGAZINE

OF

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

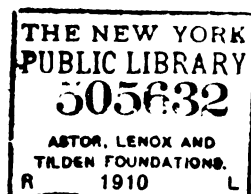
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Portrait of Earl Granville  
—See Vol 25—

## BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

### SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

#### EARL GRANVILLE, K.G.

THAT one man in his time plays many parts is a truth older and deeper than when the melancholy Jacques enunciated it in the Forest of Arden. Crichtons more or less admirable have left their mark on the highways and byways of history before and since that time—men who have fought the battle of life under many banners, and who, without possessing the questionable versatility of him who

‘In the course of one revolving moon  
Was poet, statesman, fiddler, and buffoon,’

yet have proved themselves equal to many occasions, and whether in the closet, the chamber, or the field—in the rôle of statesman, courtier, or country gentleman—have shown a peculiar aptitude for each and all.

The subject of our present sketch may fairly be said to have taken a good degree in all the many pursuits he has followed. Born in 1815, the eldest son of the first Viscount Granville, the then Mr. Leveson Gower, after the usual Eton course graduated as B.A. at Christ Church, Oxford, at the age of nineteen, becoming attached to his father's embassy at Paris, where he stayed for one year, and then, in 1836, entered the House of Commons as Member for Morpeth. His more public career dates from the time (1840) of his acceptance of the office of Foreign Under Secretary, which he held for some months; and while in the House—a supporter of the Liberal Government of the day—he distinguished himself as the very able advocate of free trade. In 1846, his father having been some years previously created an Earl, he succeeded to the title, and from that period has played a very important part in the government of this country. He has been Vice-President of the Board of Trade, Paymaster of the Forces, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, a Lord President of the Council, a Minister of State for the Colonies and Foreign Affairs. To all of these high offices he brought the mind of a statesman, combined with such happy geniality of disposition and so perfect a *savoir-faire*, that it is not too much to say that Lord Granville is the most popular official man in this country. Our business, however, is, leaving his more important rôles for other and abler pens, chiefly with his perform-

ances in those which find special favour in the eyes of 'Baily' readers. For Lord Granville is a sportsman.

At the Banquet given this spring at Willis's Rooms by the gentlemen who hunt with the Royal Buckhounds to the Farmers, Lord Granville, in the course of a very happy speech, told us of the startling and not altogether agreeable change it was to him when he was taken from the delights of the Mastership of the Buckhounds to go through the somewhat prosaic details of the Vice-Presidency of the Board of Trade. Always fond of hunting, his first season, subsequent to his three years at Oxford, was with the Pytchley when Lord Chesterfield was the Master. The Buckhounds, by a change of ministry, being vacant soon after his father's death, Lord Granville was selected to wear the belt and couples, and a more popular appointment could not have been made. The way the toast of his health was received at the dinner above mentioned, where there were many among the guests present who well remembered the gallant young nobleman that led them so merrily over the Forest and the Harrow country some eight and twenty years previously, fully testified to this. Lord Granville during his term of office renewed the custom of taking the hounds to the New Forest and the Vale of Ailesbury, and there were great doings, in Buckinghamshire especially, when they came there. These were the days of that prince of huntsmen, Charles Davis, while going at that time were the late Emperor Napoleon, Lord Clanricarde, the Seymours, the Vyses, Jem Mason, and many others, the majority of whom have quitted the scene. Lord Granville rode hard himself, and so did his friends, for on one occasion he lost no less than four horses he had lent after a severe run in the Harrow country. Ascot was not quite the great meeting in his day it has since become, but Lord Granville, during his tenure of office, got nearly 200 subscribers to the Ascot Stakes, a greater number than it ever had before or since. He was never a racing man in the common acceptation of the term, but he liked and does like a race. Fond of all sports, hunting has been his chief amusement, and he has followed it in Italy, France, and Russia (to which latter country he went as Ambassador Extraordinary on the coronation of the present Emperor), as well as over the Pytchley pastures and the Berkshire heaths. He is fond of it still, for he goes out with the East Kent when he is at Walmer, and he generally manages a week or two in the Shires, where he is either the guest of Lord Spencer at Althorp, or of Mr. Bromley Davenport at Bagginton; and his is the friendly smile and his the pleasant greeting for the numerous acquaintance he meets at the covert side. He has shot with Victor Emmanuel and been an honoured guest at Compiègne, and it may interest our gentle Piscators to know that he killed his first salmon at the age of fifty-eight.

Lord Granville has been twice married, and the present Countess—a Campbell of Islay—is a distinguished leader of a society she adorns. We have spoken of Lord Granville as an eminently popular man in official life, but he is more than that. What was

said of that distinguished and lamented prelate of whose death Lord Granville was the unhappy witness might be applied to himself. In the highest sense of the term Bishop Wilberforce sought to be 'all things to all men,' in its social and more worldly signification. Lord Granville's happy *bonhomie* and kindly nature have achieved it without his seeking. As a young man the *enfant gaté* of society, he has not lost the gift with increasing years; and whether in the court circle or the cabinet, in the sharpest debate or the most pleasant *réunion*, he is equally at home. His is often the soft answer that turns away wrath, it is the charm of his conversation that arrests the buzz of the *salon*. A very distinguished part does Lord Granville play in the world, and we are therefore indeed proud when we can hail such a man as a brother sportsman, and he allows us to add our humble tribute of admiration to that which all classes of his countrymen feel for him.

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### A LAME APOLOGY.

It has been an unsatisfactory overture to the St. Leger, every instrument being apparently out of tune in rotation. Like the keys of a piano, each has been in its turn depressed only to spring buoyantly up again, and to sound a clear, healthy note once more. Still outsiders did not seem to have profited much, and there were none of those stirring changes generally brought about when the thrones of favourites are shaken. First, 'the mare,' who never quite seemed to recover the 3000 to 1000 that she winced under in the summer, put her backers out of sorts by declining the Yorkshire Oaks, and then tasting the bitter waters of defeat on her overthrow by Trent. 'If she wasn't fit,' said her enemies, 'why send her to York at all? if her condition was all that could be desired, why ride her so tenderly as Johnny did in the Great Yorkshire?' 'George's' turn came next; but as we cherish supreme faith in horses who hit their legs just before a great race, and as the public (instructed by its 'special' oracles) seems to be of the same way of thinking, the *fiasco* did not come to much, though some of the 'goody goody' section did say it served Mr. Cartwright right for having his horse out twice on the Sawbath. But as there were certain of the 'unco' gude' among Mr. Anderson's constituents, and therefore, in all probability, backers of Mr. Merry's string, people did not take the solemn warning much to heart. There was no mystery about Atlantic's mishap, and only a slight dispute about the quantity of blood he had lost. However, his friends did not despair, and professed the utmost contempt for his stable companions. Coincidences weigh powerfully with feeble minds; and winners of the Grand Prix and Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot (the last a singularly appropriate victory for Llewellyn) were placed under some dreadful ban for the great race of the North. Feu d'Amour was the horse of suspicion, and stood at ominously long prices; while the Flying Scotchman was pooh-poohed alto-

gether. Scamp was the horse of the man in the street, according to whose special information he was to carry the 'straw' as prominently as Surplice in '48. A private trial soon knocked him out of time; and the yellow division did not vaunt their faith either in Glenalmond or Blantyre, though of course they had a large following outside the stable. The British public stood out to a man against Lady Patricia, who had, nevertheless, as many followers as an heiress in her own country, who boasted that the old Faugh-a-ballagh days were to come round again; while the touts about Findon went into positive raptures about 'Our Jem's' mount. Rostrevor had his quietus at York, and Daniel found no honour in any country. There were whispers of a large commission from Colney Hatch being worked at Boulogne in favour of Reverberation; but the rest were all left out in the cold, and Selsea Bill's was one of the first names through which Mr. Johnson drew his pen.

The barometer had improved a good many points, and we seemed to be promised a second summer as we flew over the hills and dales of Hertford, the sandy flats of Bedford, and sighted at last the city sacred to melodious Whalley. Then on past Grantham's sentinel spire over Trent, breaking into merry dimples over his shingly bed, lightly and smoothly as his namesake steed over the iron-bound stretch under the walls of York. Passing Retford, we could see that the feast of St. Partridge was being righteously kept in the land, and glimpses of three bits of pink moving among two score of twinkling sterns told us surely enough that the 'silk' days of 1874 were drawing to their close, and that 'scarlet' was soon to occupy the vacant throne. Doncaster platform was as noisy and dirty as ever, and, spite of public remonstrances, there seemed to be no cessation in those engine screams, which no cries from those tormented in the Pit night and day with Satan can surely surpass.

There was the usual levee at the siding to watch each train deliver its freight, human or equine, at the gates of the city of the Don; and strolling up towards Hall Gate, we encountered signs of the times in the Admiral and Lord Falmouth taking sweet counsel; while on the steps of the Rooms stood a few early birds, waiting eagerly for crumbs of information—'Pavo' sunning his gorgeous plumes among the rich and rare exotics which made even that stone wilderness to smile; the driver of 'Our Van,' looking trim and fresh as ever after his journey up the Great North Road; and Mr. Harry Hill, in meditative mood, with his coat-tails folded over his hands, and recalling, perhaps, the days when Leger fields were larger, and speculation took a wider range than in these times of 'special' and 'exclusive information.' There was only a small dirty knot in front of the Salutation; while in the distance the white hat of Tom Jennings might be seen disappearing towards the Doncaster Arms. Our path under the elmen shades was rough and gritty, and the dust down the Avenue bore out truly enough the report of a South-country trainer, whose string went clattering by, that the course was hard all over and bare in places, and that no welcome rain had descended on

the Ridings to take the dreaded bone out of the ground. There were one or two small strings taking a survey of to-morrow's battle-field, but not of sufficient consequence to keep the touts moving; and the sable form of Lord Freddy, like a solitary snipe, was the only object to give colour to the monotony of white posts and greensward. The 'immemorial' pond, on whose margin so many cracks have held their St. Leger toilet levee, had shrunk to a mere pool, dimpled with many a falling leaf; and, looking up towards Rose Hill from the starting-post, we could not but lament that a new order of things threaten to divert that magnificent sweep from the pride of its straightness, and that the new Lord of Burleigh's cry of 'more useful 'purposes' is to be taken up by a brother Peer, to the subversion of modern racing institutions. What would 'old Exeter,' with his high notions of the dignity of sport and stern delight in the 'narrow blue 'and white stripes' of his house, have said to all this?

There was enough crowd on Tuesday morning to furnish a very respectable attendance for ordinary country meetings, and the Moor was alive with touts, professional and amateur, from the distance-post to the foot of the Hill. The days of strong gallops seem to have passed by, and trainers more sensibly indulge their animals now-a-days, with a view to husbanding their powers for t'Leger. Feu d'Amour alone delighted Yorkshire hearts with an old-fashioned gallop, Blenheim taking him along for half a mile at his best pace, and then committing him to Slumber's care to the finish. Apology did quite enough to please her friends, and, as they might be said to be the million, Yorkshire went home delighted. Atlantic took things easily, but his action was as true and beautiful as ever; while Leolinus just lacked the finishing touch, and Trent skimmed over the ground like a swallow. Opinions differed widely concerning the favourite, but in the end the 'ayes' had it, and, as Mr. Cartwright expressed himself satisfied, there was nothing to shake his friends' confidence in the horse. Scamp was voted a 'tough little beggar;' but nobody had a good word to say about the Patrician Lady of Irish extraction; so 'Erin's daughter,' reported to have met with an accident, declined ominously in the market. Rostrevor was fair and false as ever, while the light of Volturmo was lost in that of his guiding star. Nobody had heard of Sweet Violet, who was evidently born to blush unseen; but the Merry men stood by Glenalmond once again, winkers and whisky to the contrary notwithstanding, and quite pooh-poohed Blantyre, whose action over the 'hot bricks' it was a treat to witness.

Mr. Tattersall's idea of a paddock tax seems excellent and quite a matter of necessity, now that buyers are driven to their wits' end to catch a glimpse of anybody or anything. No one appreciates the genuine Yorkshire love of horseflesh more than ourselves, but one may have too much of the enthusiastic Tykes, especially when, after an early meal of cheese, onions, and strong beer, they take up their places round the ring, and refuse to budge an inch until the last lot has been reached. Tuesday, however, was fairly quiet



and enjoyable, and Mr. Everitt's and the Yardley yearlings gave quite a tone to 'our opening day.' Paul Jones seems to get nearly all his stock whole-coloured dapple-bays, with the same fine substance Mr. Hodgman was wont to be so proud of when the 'steam-engine' was in training. Still the 'century' average cannot be a paying game; while the solitary Blair Athol never reached his reserve. Victorian was afflicted with the family hocks; but Prince William and Kaleidoscope were John Day's first and last loves. Mr. Bulling's returned whence they came; and a couple or more of swallows did not make it all summer with Mr. Graham's lot. The Oxforbs were neither so numerous nor racing-like as in former years, and the sooner the Duke is reduced to a quarter of his present covering fee the more reasonable it will appear. A combination of his blood with Besika's reads very soft and flashy, but Mr. Johnstone thought otherwise; and we fancy Joseph Dawson had a bit of a bargain in his Macaroni—Poetry colt. Sea Mark we liked better than anything; but Robert Peck did not care to cap the Mannington 750, and went in rather heavily for King Puffin, one of the dearest youngsters we have seen sold, for whose possession Captain Machell had to write down 1100*l*.

Thence we adjourned to the Town Moor with a plethoric card, but no great promise of first-class sport. Blenheim seems to have been promoted to the vacant step of 'Prince of the T.Y.C.,' *vice* Prince Charlie retired; and Wallsend could do nothing with him in the Fitzwilliam. Camballo had nothing to beat in one of the most moderate Champagne fields ever seen; but his hocks are none of the best, and this year will see the best of him. Earl of Dartrey is still leggy and unfurnished, but will always show his heels to such as the dancing-master Alpha; while Régalade was not 'i' the vein' or condition to show at her best. Sir Frederick and Lord Rosebery were trick and tie in their matches, and looking at the antecedents of the leading Great Yorkshire trio, we don't fancy there was any alarming excess of staying power in the field. Even leather-flapping and selling races are respectable at Doncaster, whose Plate conferred a winning bracket on Dukedom once more; and then Russley won her solitary race of the meeting with Bonny Blue Eye. Things looked bad for George Frederick at the Rooms when a certain division determined to solve the great Wroughton mystery, and kept their pencils going merrily till a partial rally occurred. Most people were awake by 9.7 the next morning, when the 'slaters' merely turned over and slept the sleep of the just once again; while those who stood the Derby winner 'from 'information received,' like Macbeth, could 'sleep no more,' but turned out to find their sheet anchor, the mare, under suspicion, and a general state of doubt and uneasiness pervading the Leger market. Atlantic naturally got a lift, and all the fond allegiance of the public set in once more towards their beloved yellow jacket. The sale paddock was like a drawing-room at St. James's *minus* the jewels and *plus* the shiny black suits of holiday-makers, who

elected to begin their day by attending the levees of Messrs. Tattersall and Pain. Anxious bidders had to 'speak up' for once, or wave umbrellas despairingly, and kept up a constant stampede from one ring to another. Mr. Hudson's were voted good-looking animals, and brother to Molly Cobroy bent his knee like a hack as he trotted off to make way for the big un out of Stolen Moments, who never threw a duffer yet. Even sanguine Mr. Eyke could hardly expect a Brown Bread colt to find such favour in Mr. G. Lambert's eyes, as was represented by that gentleman's 900 guinea cheque; while Gunpowder was bound to make a noise, if only for Defamation's sake and his near relationship to 'Sac' of Strathmore memory. Mr. John Watson sold only one; and what buyers could see in Lord Scarborough's Stratnallan to prefer him to Glastonbury (one of the last of the Rataplans) we cannot, for the life of us, comprehend. Of the remainder of the Tickhill lot we fancied Bersagliere most, and Strathconan seems to be another of many rising Newminster sires. Mr. Newton had dipped rather deeply into the Palmer, and found his reward; but the Moulseys would not go down, and a dozen were 'taken away.' One of Mr. Hewett's young Keith's touched 500, and for 50 more Mr. Houldsworth took Blanchette and her Lacydes burden to join his Necklace, Crocus, and other Merry matrons at home. Mr. Pain's most persuasive eloquence was wasted upon the crowds who beset his ring, and who seemed to think more of the favourite's scratching than the animals before them, and consoled themselves soothingly with walnuts and 'suckers.' Most of Mr. Wright's were sent back, and Trent did not help Sir John Astley's young Broomielaws. A Le Maréchal colt, strangely enough, topped them all at 290 guineas; but Mr. Van Haansbergen, who should surely breed a second Dutchman some day, must wait for the 'long result of time' before he can expect to make his mark in the North.

There was the usual scene going down to the course, and the crowds seem to increase year by year. The mare had not recovered her morning's attack, and Yorkshire hardly knew what to set up in place of their deposed idol, unless it were 'one of Merry's.' By the time, however, that Slumber and Thorn had caused the winning number 2 to be hoisted behind the judge's chair, they were loud as ever in their faith in the blue and red of Ashgill, whose representative passed through the dense crowd collected round the paddock gates almost unrecognised, save by a few devoted adherents, who raised a passing cheer.

Feu d'Amour was the first of the St. Leger thirteen to enter the inclosure. Unattended, and almost unknown, he had all the gape seed to himself for a time; and certainly eyes never rested upon a more uncanny customer than the narrow and peacocky child of Monarque. He looked even plainer when stripped, and as marked a commoner as Sweet Violet, with her light middle piece, sour head, and drooping quarters. Lady Patricia was good to know

by her orange sheet and the escort of the 'Irish Brigade,' who did not seem altogether confident; and then a plain brown colt, 'clothed 'in grey,' took off their attention towards Sir John Astley's sturdy son of The Rake. There was no time, we suppose, to tackle the Lincolnshire Baronet there and then upon his rather anti-Hibernian speech at the ram dinner, for Mat Dawson's three were descried making for the gate, with 'little Trent' as advanced guard, and Leolinus, *avant-coureur* of Atlantic. So great was the pressure that the progress of the Heath House procession was stopped for a moment, and when the *posse comitatus* at length advanced on their circuit, there were few to take note of a chestnut mare slipping quietly in, ready saddled for the fray, and with the roan Nella to bear her company. When the magic word 'Apology' came to be whispered about, the clans gathered eagerly round her; and while her opponents declared that she went lame in every leg in turn, those who had quietly taken the panic 'shots' of the morning determined to stand out their bets like men. Rostrevor looked as great a flatcatcher as ever; and Volturno was pointed at rather derisively, like a footman abroad in his master's clothes. The Russley bays were the last to arrive; but Peck soon had them in the 'dressing-rooms' nearest the shed, and then Webb and Hopper were admitted, and toilet operations began. Mr. Merry and his generalissimo flitted rather nervously about from one box to another, like doctors in a sick room; but we did not see any bottles; nor even smell whisky, save a distant and random whiff from where the faint-hearted were 'nipping' at the refreshment-stall. Mat Dawson put his trio to rights in the adjoining cupboards, with Lord Falmouth and Sir Richard Bulkeley in attendance, and soon Johnny was descried strolling leisurely down with Mr. Vyner to meet the 'parson's mare.' Feu d'Amour and Boulet were the first mounted; then the doors were thrown open, and, like the transformation in a pantomime, the paddock seemed to be alive with brand new silks and satins, and the baker's dozen began to move off towards the 'wishing-gate,' the Merry pair lingering until the last, but not 'for luck.' The Frenchman's action was liked, and Atlantic swept by grandly as ever; but Apology only 'lopped' along, while Trent and Blantyre evidently liked the hard ground. As they turned to walk round and show their muscle before the fight began, it was noticed that Rostrevor sweated, and Glenalmond looked ominously black about the flanks. But they cooled down before reaching the post, whence we certainly thought that Mr. McGeorge got them away at the first attempt. But Boulet, who had his billet to make running for Feu d'Amour, declined to move, and so Glenalmond soon came trotting back to join him, and then the rest, hastening like boys late for school. At last they got off, with Volturno and Apology in rear, and Blantyre forcing the pace. At the top of the Hill, Atlantic seemed to be going up to the leaders, but he gave way to the Welshman before the mile-post was reached, where the yellow jackets looked formidable for a few seconds. Between the Butts and the Red House, Blantyre had run himself out, and rather impeded

Trent and the Irish mare, round whom Apology had to be steered. Rounding the bend, shouts were raised for Leolinus, until 'Johnny' gave the mare her head, and she came sailing away with plenty in hand up the straight and past the post, with a terribly straggling line of foemen in her victorious wake. As for 'excited Yorkshire,' we had heard of it and believed in it, but never witnessed its vagaries until after Apology had pulled up the winner of the 98th St. Leger. The ovation that awaited Marquis and John Scott was nothing to it; and on Blair Athol's day the rain had well-nigh soaked out even the enthusiasm of Maltonians. A dense body went down to meet her far beyond the turn, like the *patres conscripti* of ancient Rome setting forth to welcome home some victorious consul, and the shout was taken up again by the crowd lining the rails and the few adventurous spirits ensconced on the elmen boughs above. They pulled at her tail for memorial hairs, and dipped their handkerchiefs in the foam flakes that whitened her neck and flanks, she not resenting these liberties—like the fiery Queen of Scotland, who brushed the whiskers of an overheated enthusiast last year—but taking things as calmly and quietly as if she fully knew what it was all about. Cheering was redoubled as the 'brothers' came to weigh in, and the excitement fairly broke its bounds when the magic 'all right' set the crowd shouting again; while Johnny wisely maintained the retirement of the dressing-room, where the congratulations of his fellow-jockeys were hardly less hearty than the reception he would have met with out of doors. It was a great day for the North and the Osbornes, 'Tommy' being second on the Bulkeley chestnut; and then, later in the afternoon, Ashgill pulling out Lily Agnes to show Lilian what mincemeat she could make of her on the Friday. The bay has not the substance and massive grandeur of the chestnut, and, with her wiry frame and flowing mane, she looked like some wild gipsy maid beside a high-born beauty. The rest was 'all leather and 'prunella,' except to those intent on business in the ring; and three white jackets were first to catch the eye of Mr. Justice Clark in the Rufford, Milton, and Corporation Stakes. The soaking rain could not, however, daunt those canny Northern spirits whose hoarded earnings had gone on the mare, and every alehouse bar and parlour on the way home was crammed with Tykes intent on drinking her health; while that of her owner and trainer was not forgotten, and her popular pilot came in for a share of merited praise. Public sympathy was all with Lord Falmouth, whose St. Leger luck has been something appalling; and the meeting of Atlantic on equal terms with the 'pride of the 'North' would have imparted almost the same amount of interest into the race as had been lost by the disastrous withdrawal of George Frederick at the eleventh hour.

Thursday is generally *the* sale day of the week, and 'Apology the 'Second' was declared to be discovered in Mr. Sadler's Zelpha filly. What becomes of all the 'great unsold' at Doncaster is a puzzling question, which perhaps some breeder may answer on his retirement, until which time we must rest content to know that they are not

made into cats' meat. Mr. 'Darley' is quite an old stud-book name, and his filly and Colonel Hall's grey Palmer colt preluded the advent of 'Sir Tatton's,' whose bride did not disgrace her Bentinck pedigree by the interest she evinced in paddock as well as post. The venerable Snarry we were sorry to miss from his accustomed place in the centre of the ring, following his charges round with his stick, and keeping up a running fire of chaff with Mr. Tattersall all the time. However, his deputy took his cue from the veteran, and Mr. Baltazzi soon released Matilda from his charge. All Heart (whose name will surely be changed) had been nibbled at by the Laird of Russley; but it was decided upon letting him take his chance at the hammer, and James Dover's 'two thousand,' which silenced the Machell battery, told that the bold Scot had not over-estimated his market value. This and the 'Coop' will, we hope, console Sir Tatton's old servant in his illness; but we hope to see the white handkerchief, black frockcoat, and drab gaiters once again before Snarry fails from Doncaster memories. The young Knights of the Garter were full of character and promising; but Cream Cheese rather disappointed us, and she has a perfect 'pyramid of forfeits' to her name. Mr. Cookson's did not show so well out as in their boxes, and The Palmer, into whose blood the great Neasham breeder has dipped most prodigally, seems likely to found a fresh dynasty of Weatherbit blacks and browns as candidates for Turf honours. The Metheglin colt, who claims Hybla as his maternal granddam, inherits Kettledrum's four white legs; and the Popgun filly has a regular Dutchman head. There was a sort of Umpire look about Maggiore's Palmer pledge; and we liked the Jenny Diver colt far away the best, though the joint labours of the Earl and Lady Macdonald has resulted in a remarkably neat filly. If the Neasham Hall sold badly, the Sheffield Laners fared worse, the Adventurers not being up to Apology sample, and the Pretenders and Tynedales failing to find admirers. An 'odd foot' spoiled the Scottish Chief colt, which Mr. Bevill was content to take 'for better for worse;' and Mandrake does not promise, from what we could see, to keep up the Weatherbit charter, now confided to him along with Brown Bread and the sons of Beadsman. One of these is Pero Gomez, whose first stock came up from Bonehill, but went at sadly moderate figures; while some very smart young things by King Victor, who now occupies Prime Minister's 'official residence' at Highfield, were wisely 'sent,' instead of being 'given,' away. We thought the Glasgow stud yearlings had more quality and less substance than usual, and the last of the Voltigeurs much above the average of those got by the defunct Aske brown. As for Speculum, whose youngsters we looked over in their boxes, we hear that he will be promoted to the Fifty Guinea next season, and that all Yorkshire is in love with him. On the Turf we remember him a natty little fifteen-hand gentleman, but we are assured that he has added nearly a hand to his stature; and that, being himself the 'glass of fashion,' his yearlings cannot fail to be cast in the 'mould of form.' Of this we had ocular evidence; and the 350 guinea average is not to be

despised. Knight of the Garter, too, seems to be making way, so that Moorlands is in no danger of losing its place among the nurseries of Yorkshire.

Thunder and Thorn fought out their battle over again in the Alexandra Plate; but the 6 lbs. difference told its tale, and the tables were turned. We never saw a smarter half-dozen than the two-year-olds who went down to the three-quarter mile T.Y.C. post; but Johnny was there again with Holy Friar, and never gave Camballo a chance. As for the Portland Plate, we had the usual delay, and most of the favourites quite out of it directly the flag fell. There were few that could talk of 'their own sweet Geneviève,' and so the ring had a turn, and followed up their luck in the Scarborough, the decision of which showed the rottenness of the York Biennial form, and set fielders on the Cesarewitch pencilling down 'Whitehall' in their books to a pretty tune. Glenalmond appears to be the horse of excuses and misfortunes; for in the Eglinton he seemed out of the race in a few hundred yards, and Webb pulled him up only just in time on the post, as he had slipped his bridle, as he contrived to do at Goodwood.

The single-ring system of Friday sent both breeders' and buyers away in a better humour. Fifteen hundred could not tempt Mr. Ray to part with Clanronald, who was a bit of a 'dancing master,' while King Death had been disposed of privately. Mr. Ashton's lot were, as usual, a mixture of Miners and Lambtons (names not inappropriately associated), and made fair prices; but 'belted Will' l'Anson never had such a good lot up from Malton before, and 600 was no bad average for the half-dozen sold. Some of the Apology winnings were invested in the Caller Ou youngster (her first colt); but Mr. Merry made no sign on behalf of Blantyre's brother. Rat-catcher's daughter had a splendid Hermit colt, but his destination is at present unknown; while Mr. Cockin put in for brother to Hieroglyphic. The late Mr. Hilton's string fetched only starvation prices; and then came the beginning of the end with the brood mares and foals, poor old Sunbeam standing with her jagged blaze face quietly gazing up to the pulpit, as Mr. Tattersall knocked her down for 40 guineas.

The Park Hill field had no Oaks form about it, as last year; and Peeping Tom's form in the Stakes might seem to show the nakedness of the St. Leger land, were it not palpable that the big chestnut was shaken by the iron ground, and that Trent was not ridden out with his two stable companions. Captain Machell soon made Selborne do something towards clearing his purchase-money and expenses; and then having *on dit* disposed of Chandos for a 'consideration,' saw him unplaced to Blenheim, a brother Oxford of more reliable form and class. Lily Agnes had frightened all away in the Cup, save the horses Lilian and Scamp. At first only two numbers went up, and people turned their backs to make tracks homewards; but at last it was determined to give Scamp a fair and square St. Leger trial with the wiry daughter of Macaroni. Lilian ran jadily enough,

and Lily had to make her own running, amusing the spectators with the semblance of a struggle with the Astley straw.

We did not care to see the appropriately-named Lambskin do the ring good service, but sped station-wards on our way through the empty town. There was a desultory Cesarewitch skirmish on the platform, where hard measure seemed being dealt out to Whitehall, and Mornington's name cropped up at intervals. We were glad to exchange the shrieks of engines for a quiet run, almost without check, to Peterborough, and thence through tunnel coverts of the Great Northern to the earths of King's Cross, from which to disperse homewards from our pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Leger. With reverential feet we have trodden the sacred inclosures on the Moor—have paid our tribute of respect to the presiding genius of speculation, who reigns supreme beyond the evergreen-shaded threshold of her Rooms—have gazed on long yearling processions threading the living mazes of the Paddock. As the 'Times' inquired of the Pontigny pilgrims, 'What have you gained?'—in answer to a similar question, we reply, 'A week's dispensation from care and business.' And such must be our 'lame Apology' for these random notes.

AMPHION.

## FRANK RALEIGH OF WATERCOMBE.

### CHAPTER VIII.

THE news of Mr. Host's visit to Watercombe in the dead of night and long after the family had retired to rest was conveyed from the kennels to the house at an early hour on the following morning; for no sooner had Ben Head started with his hounds for Gara Bridge than his wife trotted off with all expedition to communicate the tidings of Frank's disappearance to the inmates of the hall. Nor did the story she had to tell suffer any curtailment from the circumstance that in his earliest infancy she had been his devoted nurse, and from that time had always regarded him rather in the light of her foster-child than as the future lord of the Watercombe estate. Consequently, in the short distance between the kennel and the house her misgivings about the safety of the boy appeared to increase at every step, and at length grew so painful that on reaching the hall-door she fairly burst into a flood of tears.

'Tis all over wi' un; I know 'tis,' she sobbed out, as old Matthews, the butler, encountered her at the entrance; 'bless the dear blid of un! to think that ever he should come to sich a whisht end; and he so knowledgable about the moor, too; know'd every mire and every tor 'twixt Dureston and the Eastern Beacon.'

'Why, Sally, what be yeu a telling about?' inquired the astonished Matthews; 'all over wi' un? all over wi' whew?'

'Master Frank, sure enow. The doctor—he to Buckbury—brought word t' night that the dear lamb was a lost up in the

'mires; and I'm afeard the vlies will get a blowing in un, ef they don't find the body zoon. Oh, dear! my heart's fairly up to my mouth. However shall I tell the measter.'

Matthews, whose credulity was not easily imposed upon, and who, from a long acquaintance with Sally Head and the strange 'packets' she so frequently imported into the hall, took leave at once to doubt the tale, and, by the cross-examination he instituted, very soon converted the sorrowing Sally into a half-savage termagant.

'Master Frank stogged in the mires, indeed; nit he, Sally, no more than I be; there's never a mire nor yet a mucksy-pot in all the moor wid hold un; he'd be in and out o' 'em quick as a hornywink, and away to go like any skittyclock. But there, yeu can tell the measter, ef yeu plaize; I ban't a going to carry un any sich valse tales; and yeu may zay I zaid zo.'

'Valse tales, indeed. Where was yeu a rared to, Mr. Matthiss, to mak' me out a liart? as ef I was no better than zum parish trapes or an old vish-jouder. Yeu'm a rale old haythen; that's what yeu be. Never was larned the catechiz, I reckon, nor yet any other geud belief. Valse tales, indeed!'

'Doth Ben believe 'em, then?' inquired the butler provokingly.

'He never zaid he didn't; and ef her had, I wid soonder tak' the doctor's word than his'n or your'n either, Mr. Matthiss; and that's spaking nort but the truth.'

The sharp ring of a bell, which both recognised at once as that of the Squire's dressing-room, brought the angry dialogue to a sudden close; for Matthews, apparently too glad to escape from the storm he had raised by his unbelief, instantly turned on his heel and hurried out of the room.

'Here's Sally Head, sir,' he said, as he knocked at the door, 'a come up wi' a lot o' cram, as usual, about Master Frank's being lost on the moor. But I zaid I know'd better; and then her fell to calling me all the fules and haythens her could think about.'

'Send her up to the door, and let me hear her own story,' said the Squire, well aware that, even from the mouth of the trustworthy Matthews, a message was not always delivered as it was received.

'What's this report about Master Frank, Sally, that you've brought to the house? and how and when did it reach you?' inquired the Squire, looking her full in the face, as if he dared her to tell him aught but the truth in so serious a matter.

'Well, your honour, I'll zay all I heered, and nort else; thof Mr. Matthiss won't hearken to me, and spok'd up as ef I was a liart. Us had a been to bed and asleep up drie hours or more when hew should come to the kennel but the doctor to Buckbury. "Hew be yeu?" says Ben, a ba'lling out o' winder and gi'eing him the rough zide o's tongue. "What fule is it a rallying up the hounds avore daylight?" "Stap, stap, Ben, nit zo fast; "'tis Mr. Host," says he; "I've a come to ax ef yeu've a zeed ort



‘ “o’ Master Frank; he’s rinned away fram schule and gone to  
“moor; and I want to know ef he’s a comed home.” When  
Ben told un us had a zeen nort o’ the young gen’leman (bless the  
dear blid of un!) the doctor zaid he’d a bin over-zeed or pixie-  
led, he know’d he had, and had got lost in Fox Tor mires. Then  
he brished off to zeek for un; but, Lor’-a-massy! ef he dith’nt  
know they moors, ’tis like zeeking for a niddle in a pook o’ hay  
avter he’s pitched into a tallet.’

The Squire’s horror of the vulpecidal habits of Tom Franks was so well known to the huntsman’s wife that, in detailing as she did with fair accuracy the doctor’s story, she had tact enough to abstain from any allusion to the fox-killer’s name, although he it was who had suggested that Frank and his companion had been pixie-led, and so, missing their way, had wandered into the bogs. Ben Head’s imprecations on that hated name were, luckily, too fresh in her memory to allow her to venture on a repetition of it in the presence of the Squire; for had she done so, her story would have certainly been treated with even less credulity by him than by the doubting butler, and probably cut short with still less ceremony.

‘There must be some ground for this report,’ said the Squire gravely; ‘for Mr. Host is much too sensible a man to have come so far in the dead of night on a fool’s errand; he knows the value of time and horseflesh too well to ride a single lanyard out of his way without ascertaining the necessity of doing so before he started.’

‘There’s no smok’ without a vire,’ said Sally, inwardly exulting in the triumph obtained over the butler by this view of the Squire’s; but at the same time giving way to renewed grief on account of the missing boy—the dear lamb, she continued, ‘I’d risk my life to save un; and ef your honour zeeth fit to spare me th’ old moyle, I’ll ride straight to moor and zeek vor un in every mire and turf-tie  
‘twixt Aune Head and Fox Tor.’

The mule, which Sally was petitioning for, having been bred on the moor, had, notwithstanding its small feet, a wonderful knack in travelling over the most dangerous mires with perfect safety. The action of the animal appeared to be a quick, continuous run, which, like a skater gliding rapidly over unsafe ice, it maintained with increased rapidity whenever the soil was so unsound that a moment’s delay or hesitation would have brought it to inevitable grief. In this way Jack-o-Lantern had been known to carry the kennel-boy home to the tail of the hounds, when every horse in the hunt had been hopelessly stopped by the surrounding mires.

The summer hitherto had generally been a dry one; so the risk Sally was proposing to run, when mounted on the ‘moyle,’ as she was well aware, would in reality be no risk at all. But she had another object in view besides searching for the boy—one which she had long cherished, and which she now hoped to accomplish if the Squire would only consent to her proposal. The woman was moor-bred as well as the ‘moyle;’ she was a native of Post-bridge, one

of the most isolated villages in the whole of Dartmoor; and, many as her relations were in that hamlet, whole years had sometimes slipped away without a personal meeting or even a message passing between them.

For years to come, then, it occurred to her she might not have such another opportunity as the present for gratifying this daily and long-deferred wish of her heart; her husband and the kennel-boy were off with the hounds, and there was now no one on the premises so well acquainted with the moor as herself; no one who would be thought half so likely to persevere in the search and leave no stone unturned till she had found the missing boy; so she renewed her petition for the mule with a still more urgent appeal.

‘It shall never be told up, your honour, that Master Frank wanted help and couldn’t vind it, zo long as Sally Head hath a vinger to gie un; and ’pon back o’ the moyle I ban’t nowise timersome, nor it afeared to vace the wust mires in all the moor; zo zay the word, do ’ee, zir, and there’s no telling what luck it may bring.’

‘You are quite welcome to the mule, Sally,’ said the Squire, readily; ‘but I think it most improbable that Master Frank, who knows the moor so well, has been lost in the mires; it is far more likely that he has taken his fishing-rod with him and gone off to some distant stream, perhaps to the Plym, or even to the Tavy, and then, being so far away and wearied with his walk, he probably found himself unable to return to the school-house at all last night.’

‘Is sure, like anew; and then mak’ing home, the legs of un got stivvered up wi’ the wet and muk; zo that a cou’d but just daggles along like a lang-cripple, till at last, dear saul! a was fairly stapped by they clitchy mires; and that’s where he is now too, or the doctor widn’t a zaid zo, I know he widn’t.’

The Squire’s opinion, however, was not shaken by Sally’s argument; for, although she was despatched on her mission, with especial directions to examine the great quagmire near Fox Tor, he still remained very sceptical as to the detention of his son by that or any other bog on Dartmoor. Nevertheless, in riding to join his hounds at Gara Bridge, instead of mounting, as he was wont to do, a rough-and-ready hack, he ordered Old King Cole to be saddled, and, avoiding the direct road to the Meet, he followed a circuitous path leading into the wildest portion of the Southern Moors. In these solitudes he hoped to discover some moor-man cutting turf, or looking after his stock, who might possibly give him information with respect to his missing son. But in this expectation, as we shall soon see, he was doomed, not only to fail in the object of his *détour*, but to encounter no trifling misadventure ere he made his appearance, more than an hour late, at Gara Bridge.

Over many a mile of hungry, sterile land, clothed, for the most part, only by a stunted heather, producing no wortleberry; over acres of country thickly covered with masses of granite, either

splintered into small fragments or standing aloft in huge, angular boulders, against which the rain of heaven had beaten for ages in vain; through ground sodden, black, and miry, letting his good steed in to the fetlocks, and sometimes up to the very hocks, Raleigh pricked on without catching sight of the form or even the track of a human being. At length, just as he was shaping his course in the direction of Three Barrows, meaning to descend into the valley of the Aune by way of Zeal, he spied an object, which, although being motionless on a mound of short heather and at some distance, he very soon discovered was the body of a man. For a few seconds a cold sensation almost curdled his blood, as the terrible suspicion crossed his mind with unspeakable rapidity that the body was that of his son; but these acute feelings quickly passed off, for, on nearing the object, the garb of the man—a light nankeen coat and white cord breeches—satisfied him that, whoever it might be, it was not Frank who was lying either asleep or dead on the mound before him.

On coming up to him, however, a loud groan proved that the man was at all events alive; and as Raleigh accosted him in the kindest tone, and inquired what had happened, and how he was suffering, the incoherent response of the gentleman, who was no other than Captain Chanter, made it but too apparent that his mind was wandering, either from a recent fit or some other latent cause. Chanter, it will be remembered, was one of the four bacchanals who had sallied forth from the Red Lion at Buckbury in search of Frank, and he it was who, falling into an open tin-pit in the dead of night, had parted company with his horse and lost him on the open moor. Being a free liver, and at the time in a state of partial intoxication, the excitement caused by the running away of his horse and the exertion he used to recover him had brought on the attack from which he was then suffering.

It was a fit of delirium tremens, and, judging from the wild expression in the eyes and the wandering, incessant way in which he talked, Raleigh was seized with the conviction that unless medical aid could be quickly obtained he would soon succumb to the attack. But the nearest practitioner lived at a distance of at least five miles, and even he might not be found at home, if Raleigh rode off, as he was prepared to do, in quest of him; and yet when he looked again and observed the trembling and exhausted condition in which the poor fellow lay, he felt he dared not abandon him just then, even for an hour, lest death should come upon him in the interim.

Perplexed and uncertain, however, as to the course he should adopt, the Squire, whose habit of action was prompter and more decisive than that of most people, tried to make the sufferer understand that, if he would promise to remain stationary on that spot, he would ride off and bring back a doctor, or some one to help him, in little more than an hour. But Chanter gibed at him and said, 'I want no doctor; ride off and catch the thief that has stolen my horse. It's that fellow Luscombe, I know it is; he took a fancy

‘to the colt when he was foaled and made up his mind then to steal him.’

He then went on rambling in his speech and swearing he would have Luscombe transported for horse-stealing; his hands were in perpetual motion, fumbling about as if he had lost something; while a general tremor agitated his limbs like those of a man stricken with palsy. Raleigh did his best to quiet him; but the more he attempted to reason with him the more restless he became, mingling, strangely enough, the real with the ideal in all he imagined and said.

What steps to take, or what next to do, was a question that sorely puzzled Raleigh. Here he was in the midst of the wild moor, far away from all human aid and with no means of obtaining it, alone with a maniac, who, if not suffering from brain fever, was, at least, in a most perilous condition from delirium tremens. ‘No,’ said the Squire to himself, ‘I can’t leave him, for if, in a paroxysm of excitement or depression, he should commit self-murder, I should never forgive myself; no, come what may of it, I’ll stand by him to the last.’

‘Give me some brandy,’ muttered Chanter; ‘I want brandy.’

Big drops of perspiration were now standing on his forehead, which Raleigh had not before observed; and, as he justly concluded there could be no inflammatory action with such an exudation, he resolved to run all risk and give him some brandy, of which he had luckily a small flaskful in his coat-pocket.

This being produced and catching the eye of Chanter, he exclaimed wildly, ‘None of your whishy-washy trade for me, Squire; I’ll have it neat. Nothing but brandy—not a drop of water; I hate it like a mad dog.’

They had recognised each other from the first, and Raleigh, as he handed him the alcohol, by way of humouring his fancy, pronounced it to be the real article, pure as it came from Justerini’s cellars. He took it at a gulp, just half a wine-glassful; and if Raleigh had been gifted with divine power he could scarcely have performed a miracle with more instantaneous effect. Instead of increasing the excitement, as Raleigh feared it might do, the dram acted as a sedative; the tremor of the limbs suddenly ceased, the speech became rational, and, in a few minutes, the man was standing on his legs, weaker, but apparently little the worse otherwise for his fearful attack, except, indeed, that his mind was a *tabula rasa* as to the events of the previous night, of which he remembered nothing.

‘Now then,’ said Raleigh, seeing his opportunity and greatly relieved by the success of his experiment, ‘get upon my horse; he’ll carry you like a cradle, and I’ll see you safe to your own door.’

Raleigh then offered his arm, and with that help Chanter was able with little exertion to occupy the saddle so kindly placed at his disposal; but, as the old horse stepped out freely and seemed inclined to break into a quicker pace than the steady walk at which he was kept, the rider’s nerves failed him, and he would probably have had a relapse and fallen to the ground but for the Squire’s presence of

mind and timely aid. With one bound he sprang to the seat behind the saddle, and then, clasping Chanter with one arm and guiding the horse with the other, he rode with him at least seven miles, landing him at length, as he had promised to do, safely at his own door.

'No baby in arms could have been less troublesome,' said Raleigh, relating the adventure to one of his friends and explaining the cause of his tardy appearance at the Meet, 'and well for him it was so; for, with twenty-two stone on the old horse's back, and always a broken, rough ground under his feet, if Chanter had been unruly or had interfered with the bridle in the slightest way, there's no saying what might have happened to both of us. Happily, the man had no nerve left; his courage, if he ever had any, appeared to be paralysed by drink; and so long a slave to it, he was now also a slave to fear. But, oh! it was a piteous sight to see God's gift of reason so outraged! to see a man reduced by the loss of that blessing to such a hopeless state of moral degradation.'

On handing over Chanter to the safe keeping of his wife, whose forlorn and distracted appearance gave sad proof of the vigil she had kept and the anxiety she had endured, Raleigh dashed off at a brisk pace, hoping to reach the distant Meet soon after the appointed time. But, although up hill and down dale, over break-neck roads, than which there are none worse from Berwick-on-Tweed to Penzance than those descending from Dartmoor, he kept the old horse going at a half-gallop, never easing him for an instant till he sighted Gara Bridge, the Squire's punctuality was for once at fault: his field and hounds had been waiting for him more than an hour.

Many a pleasant 'good morning' greeted him, nevertheless, as he entered the meadow; and although the hard-ridden and somewhat jaded appearance of Old King Cole surprised and excited the curiosity of a few who knew the careful habits of the Squire, and his dread of knocking a good hunter about on a hard road, yet no one, except the huntsman, had the remotest suspicion of the sharp work the horse had been called upon to do from an early hour that morning. To him, however, it instantly occurred that his wife, as soon as he had left the kennels, had slipped up to the hall and enlarged on the doctor's report of Frank's disappearance, and that, alarmed thereby, the Squire had made a cast over the moor, with the hope of hitting off some line of scent that might lead to his discovery.

Ben Head was an independent character and a privileged servant; spoke his mind with as little reserve to his master as he would to John Ford, the earth-stopper, though perhaps in somewhat less expressive language than he would generally use to the latter personage. With his eyes, then, fixed on the old horse, flecked as he was with foam, and valued by the Squire (Ben knew him to be) as the very apple of his eye, he ejaculated aloud, 'Drat my picturs, measter! ef ever I zeed th' old King look zo whisht avore! Where ever ha' ee bin wi' un?—in and out o' Cranmere Pool, or ovver zum galli-traps or other, by th' looks ov' un? Ef 'twas a zeeking Master Frank yeu've a bin, there a is, a telling up wi' they ladies! com'th nat'ral to un, I reckon.'

Ben, suiting the action to the word, pointed with his pole in the direction of Mrs. Cornish's pony-carriage, by the side of which Frank was still standing, in the act of adjusting the curb-chain on the pony's chin.

The Squire turned instantly, and, seeing at a glance that Ben was quite right, he dismounted, handed the old horse over to the care of a groom, and stalked leisurely down the meadow, taking his hat off to the ladies, whom he seemed scarcely to know, as he thus accosted his son: 'Holloa, my fine fellow! where do you come from, and 'what brought you here?'

'The Regulator, sir, straight from Buckbury,' said the boy, openly; 'I got into a scrape yesterday: had leave to go fishing to the moor; lost my way in returning, and spent the night among the bogs! Well, I didn't quite like facing the doctor after that, for he never believes a fellow's story, and so I thought I'd come to the Meet and tell you all about it; and now I'm here, if you don't mind, I'll just stop and have a peep at the hounds.'

'By all means, Frank; stay and see them find,' said the Squire, inwardly delighted to encourage the boy's love of sport and to have his company for the rest of the day; 'but, remember, it must be at your own risk: you are now under Dr. Twigg's control; between him and you be it. I never interfere with the command of another.'

'Then that's all right; but I wish you'd stir them up at the Horse Guards, and get me my commission soon. I should like to be treated more like a gentleman than I am by old Twigg.'

'He is only anxious to do his duty, Frank, but probably has not the happy knack of doing it pleasantly; and, let me tell you, you may meet with tighter discipline than you have at Buckbury.'

Ben Head, during this short conversation, was raving aloud now this hound and now that, and ever and anon bestowing a hearty imprecation on the kennel-boy, who, acting as whip, was in vain endeavouring to restrain some unruly hounds from breaking away and drawing the river. Ben, too, was tired of waiting, and, now the Master was come, took this opportunity of expressing in hard words his impatience of further delay. Before the hounds, however, were fairly thrown off, Frank found time to give his father a faithful account of the previous day and night's adventures; drew him for the guinea he had paid Tom Franks, and obtained his warm commendation for saving the little vixen's life; nor did he omit to relate how he had fallen in with his Quaker friend, who, fascinated by Jack Goodwin's description of the charms of the chase and the air of 'The dusky night,' played so sweetly on his musical horn, resolved to abandon the coach forthwith, and sacrifice for once a day of business for one of healthy and innocent recreation.

Frank then formally introduced John Brock to his father, who, after shaking him cordially by the hand, thanked him for his company, and expressed the pleasure he should feel in showing him a good day's sport.

## A SPORTING CRUISE TO SARDINIA.

## 'A YARN FROM THE EMBASSY.'

CHAPTER III.—BOSA, RIDE TO—DINNER—WINE—TRES NOURAGIS—ALL LOST—  
THE SYNDIC—THE DANCE—THE BOTIGLIONI—BOAR-SHOOTING AT CUGLIERI—  
ORISTANOABRE—A K-DOWN—TORTOLI—THE MOUFFLON MOUNTAINS.

It was a bright January morning when the Count's factotum brought us a quarter of a pint of lukewarm water, which he emptied into the silver pie-dish, and announced breakfast. We rubbed our eyes, jumped out of our flea preserve, packed the traps, and then, after a vain attempt at a wash, descended to a breakfast of giants. The chaplain was hard at work. 'You had better eat,' said he. 'Meat and mass never hindered work.' (Sir Walter Scott says the same thing somewhere.) We followed his example, and then proceeded to 'saddle our horses and call out our men,' as bonnie Dundee had done before us—in song at least.

'Was there ever such a cripple?' said we, as we inspected an animal something between a mule and a night cab-horse, ewe-necked, cat-hammed, slack-backed, and a string-halt.

This was one of those famous Sardinian horses I had heard so much of at Turin.

His owner smiled a contented smile, and rubbed his own nose against that of his gaunt steed, who replied by a hollow murmur of satisfaction or want of corn—we didn't know which—but it was a good sign: the merciful man is merciful to his beast. The horse seemed to acknowledge his master, who was evidently proud of his horse.

A blanket, a sack or two, and a few indescribable cloths having been adapted to the hollow back, the demi-pique saddle was duly girthed, and a bit fit to break the jaw of Behemoth was put into the animal's mouth.

The Count, Minerva, and the chaplain (whose horse had been tied to his favourite nail in the church door, and who had breakfasted on the handle of the same, which he had licked clean), with a due tail of attendants mounted on such steeds as Sardinia alone produces, were now in readiness. The Countess and her daughter waved their lily hands, and we limped along the main street of Macomer on our way to Bosa.

Our road led over a bare, stony common. A few wild lads tended a few wild sheep, occasionally a curlew whistled and a snipe got up out of the splashes of water by the roadside; all else was as still as desolation and stones could make it. We travelled some twelve miles, till we came to the remains of an old oak forest; gigantic trunks, stag-headed, venerable, showed what had been. The country looked as if it had suffered from fire and earthquake. Masses of lava, lumps of basalt, flat bare seams of volcanic tufo—fire hardened into stone showed what tremendous throes the land had once laboured under.

I never saw so wild, so desolate a scene. Gradually we approached the edge of the vast volcanic plateau on which stands Macomer. We sighted the sea, and, at the same time, a vast flat-topped mountain. 'Twas the home of Minerva, the birthplace of the god of wisdom.

'There,' said he, with an air of intense satisfaction, 'is my home.'

'We wish you joy of it,' said we, not at all impressed with the additional lump of lava in the distance.

According to Minerva's account his paternal acres had been the resort of all the bandits of the country, who there had a fastness, whence they sallied out to levy blackmail; and possibly Minerva senior had a snack. Who knows?

I hinted as much. Minerva smiled. 'Ah!' he said, 'it's a wild spot, and the men are wilder'—a mild censure of robbery and *vendetta* (in times gone by).

Gradually the character of the land changed and became broken into ravines without a drop of water. Chalk peeped out—deep valleys—low down under our feet at an immense depth. Here and there a few Sardis were affecting to plough. The view opened out, the country breaking into detached hummocks with small towns perched on the tops, out of the way of the Minerva gentry. The prospect of the sea widened; the road rapidly descended towards a great plain, brown, dry, and hot, even in mid-winter. Suddenly the road turned to the right; there was a long street with a stream running through it, the grass green as emerald, with a whitewashed town, and houses attaining the gigantic (for Sardinia) proportions of three storeys. The chaplain tucked his double-barrel under his thigh, smacked his lips, said the best wine in Sardinia was grown in *that* vineyard (pointing to a hill-side in the background), dug his spurs into his Rosinante, and evidently went through a process of tasting, mentally, the Malvoisie of Bosa, in which his noble steed, attenuated by a long fast and a long ride, did not join, for he groaned at the spurs and kicked out viciously, to the delight of his reverence, who patted him and said he was 'infatigabile' (untirable).

We entered Bosa, crossing a long narrow bridge with an ancient gate-house, and found ourselves in clean, well-paved streets, with a well-dressed population. It was a Festa. The men were dressed in leather doublets of a russet colour, with scarlet waistcoats and big breeches of white linen with black leather leggings; the women in yellow petticoats with scarlet borders, in innumerable folds.

We descended at a large house, and were hospitably received by a host and hostess, and were shortly waited upon by the notables of the place. I was evidently a 'lion' of the first water, and probably the 'oldest inhabitant' had never seen a live Britisher before.

After a repose of an hour we sat down to dinner. The chaplain arrived in the middle of it, looking the worse for his ride, or for the liquor he had evidently been tapping with his friends the monks. He smiled, winked, mumbled out an inaptitude for food, but took



off a quart glass of Malvoisie de Bosa—a fine, generous fluid equal to the best Madeira, and costing on the spot eighty guineas a pipe.

At 4 o'clock P.M. we took leave of our amiable entertainers, of the notabilities, and of the 'oldest inhabitant.' The streets were lined with gazers; and upon asking for the chaplain, who was invisible, we were told he had gone on in charge of the wine.

It was explained that we had a long ride before us over the mountain, and that the horses would never face the hill if the cavaliers didn't drink.

At sunset we began the ascent of some outlying calcareous hills by a horse track and some very rough ground; and just as the sun sank into the lap of ocean we heard a fine mellow voice overhead, up the mountain, singing the Ave Maria.

It was the chaplain, who, on the sky line, presented a fine object; and as he finished his chant we came up with him, when he sidled up to us, and, remarking that singing always made him hoarse, produced a *botiglione* holding about four quarts, and pressed us to drink good luck to the journey. 'For,' said he, 'we are going by the Tres Nouragis road, over which only a goat can go by daylight; so, if none of us get a neck broke we shall be in luck; and the best recipe I know for——'

The remainder of the sentence was lost in the neck of the bottle, to which the reverend lips were already glued.

For five mortal hours did we scramble up and rattle down the most broken road (if a mere goat-path can be so called) I ever travelled over.

At last we came to a halt.

The Count had lost the way.

'So much the better,' said the chaplain. 'Here's a fine rock. I vote for a halt and a fire. We are all as thirsty as limpets at low water; so, respected patron, let us have a quiet half-hour before we break our necks into that valley before us; and, in the meantime, gents, here is the *botiglione*.' And he commenced a bacchanalian adapted to a psalm, to the intense delight of the Sardis, who lit a fire under a shelter stone with a rapidity and dexterity arguing a profound knowledge of 'life in the bush.'

Here the chaplain was in his glory. He sang songs, told stories, imitated some French travellers, performed a little legerdemain with the bottle, getting two drinks for every other man's one, danced a *pas de deux* with his own hat, and would have spent the night there with infinite pleasure had not a shepherd interrupted us by making his appearance, who convoyed us down what appeared to be a perpendicular watercourse to the town of Tres Nouragis, which was situated on a high hill. So by the time we reached the syndic's house it was past midnight.

Here a scene commenced, unique as far as I was concerned, but no novelty, of course, to the chaplain, the Count, or our tail of followers.

The chaplain set up a screech, which was responded to from

within doors, and in a trice we were surrounded by scores of Sards, male and female—the men armed (they appear to sleep armed and dressed), and the women with torches. There was a volley of fire-arms, a great deal of screeching, and in the middle of a blaze of torches and of cartridges we were ushered into the presence of the Syndic of Tres Nouragis.

#### THE SYNDIC.

He was a spare priest of cadaverous appearance, who performed a profound salaam, and then produced one of those eternal *botiglioni*, holding four quarts of strong wine. He drank, and then handed the bottle to the Count, who passed it to me, I to the chaplain, who (after keeping it in his possession an unreasonable time) passed it to his next neighbour in the crowd. His reverence then gave an order in Sard, and at the word there began the most awful screeching from three pairs of bagpipes mortal ears ever beheld. Then began the Sardinian dance. I was included, and performed like the rest. The pipes were excruciating, the room chock full, the torches created such a heat that we were soon in a stew, and I was as wet as though I were in a vapour-bath. More wine—more pipes—more dancing.

This went on for two hours! and there's no getting off. You hold hands in a chain, and round you go, the women pressing forward to dance with the 'Inglez.' At last the Count gave in. I followed him; and we were on horseback in an instant. Then came some more pipes, some more fireworks in the shape of ball cartridge, and, followed by the entire population of Tres Nouragis, the reverend syndic at the head of the procession, we left (it being pitch dark) this hospitable village.

#### CUGLIERI.

It was three o'clock in the morning of the first week in January, when, after stumbling over rocks and stones, through streams and an occasional swamp, we arrived at Cuglieri, and rode at once into the courtyard of a strange rickety old château of immense pretensions, as far as size went, built by some Spanish Don in the days when Philip II. kept his court in Cuglieri.

An old woman came out to the hullabalooing of the chaplain, who was dancing a hornpipe by moonlight and accompanying himself to his own imitations of the bagpipe by setting to his shadow. This venerable old lady, with an immense torch in her hand, ushered us into an immense hall, where the first thing I saw was a black object stretched out on the ground, looking like a 'body.'

It was a dead wild boar—enormous. I have his hideous image now before me, with his throat cut and his mouth open grinning savage defiance. The chaplain gave him a kick and asked him how his chitterlings felt, and said he should try his kidney for breakfast.

On the ground lay sundry Sards buried in sleep, all dressed, and their weapons lying beside them.

In one room I found the General, snoring; in another the Marquis;

in a third the Tuscan. Carlo the pointer came out to welcome me. I put three velvet-covered arm-chairs together, and in five minutes was snoring in my poncho—ever-blessed poncho—in Cuglieri.

The next morning the General told me he had had rare sport boar-shooting. The party had killed four before breakfast. Amongst them was the enormous beast I saw in the hall, and which was a well-known boar nicknamed Radetzky, called so out of compliment to the Austrian field-marshal, who certainly proved himself the biggest bore Italy has had for many a day.

The General said the hunt was very simply arranged—an army of beaters, a pack of thoroughbred curs. He was posted, and after waiting about an hour Marshal Radetzky charged by him at twenty paces; so the General fired four bullets into the Marshal from a double-barrelled Lancaster. The Marshal went ahead gaily, but a crash was shortly after heard. The Marshal had gone a cropper into the valley below, the curs and the Sardis were on him, and in ten minutes he was bagged and had his legs tied together ignominiously, was thrown over a prad, and carried off in triumph:

‘Sic transit gloria.’

He had been the terror of every dog in the country for years past, but the Lancastrian system was too much for him. Three others were slain in the same way.

#### ORISTANO.

As the General was tied to time, and as he had had a surfeit of boar, we agreed to set off for Oristano, *en route* for Cagliari, the home of the flamingo, &c., &c. So at 8 A.M. the various bags and baggage were collected and tied on to the string of cripples, who were escorted by their armed and whiskered masters. It was at this place that the Count and his chaplain took leave of us. The Count returned to his farm and the chaplain to the cellar. We took a rather melancholy farewell. They were sorry to leave us, and I was sorry to lose them, for they were capital travelling companions over a dreary road on a lame cob horse.

We were accompanied for some miles of our way by half the population of Cuglieri. The General was a ‘lion.’ He had come and conquered Radetzky, and a song had already been composed in his honour by a blower of those abominable pipes. The poet was anxious to blow off his song, but the idea was so awful that I gave an additional dose of spurs to cobby, and at 8 o’clock P.M. we entered Oristano.

We heard much of Oristano from our escort. It was as London is to an Exeter man. There was an *albergo*—such a grand *albergo*—an inn as big as the Astor House, apparently abounding in luxuries. There were wheeled carriages—the dilly ran through Oristano—there was an archbishop and lots of friars. ‘Lousy beasts!’ said one of our camp-followers. ‘Lousy beasts!’ echoed his companions. The venerable friars were not venerated; that

was clear. We asked why. 'Because they eat up the fat of the land, and what they don't eat they sell and save; they never give. They are avaricious brutes—something between pig and goat.' Not a flattering, but a true picture.

In the morning the Marquis had insisted upon bringing away Radetzky. He had fallen in love with him, and he would carry him to Cagliari to ship him by steam for Genoa as a specimen of his prowess as a hunter.

Radetzky was mounted on a horse and marched at the head of the troop.

We entered Oristano by an old gate, turned short to the left into the narrowest and dirtiest of streets (it was dark, but my nose told me so), and after stumbling between rows of grim-looking convents—convents—and convents (there are more convents than houses at Oristano), we arrived at the door of the famous *albergo*, which was (and is) the filthiest pot-house I ever was in in my life.

The reader must imagine the entrance serving for kitchen, hen-house, warehouse, dogs, men, and pigs and women all huddled together, and then throw nine weary travellers, deluded by the sonorous title of *albergo*—hotel—into the belief that they were going to eat, drink, and sleep, in fact to 'take their ease in their inn.'

Imagine half a dozen of us, carpet-bag in hand, in the middle of this den—dead silence and disgust. At last the boldest of the party demanded to know where were the beds. 'Oh!' said our host, 'beautiful beds, signori, in a magnificent *sala* upstairs'—pointing to a ladder in a corner. Up it we scrambled, and found a cock-loft—a sky-parlour—tiled, and the stars plainly visible. However, it was big and airy, so we were happy. We had some supper—such a meal—something between a dried shark and rusty bacon. However, hunger makes sweet sauce, and thirty-six hours out of forty-eight in the saddle is a capital nightcap. We slept like tops.

The next morning the General, who was always on the *qui vive*, routed us out of our flea-bags (such fleas! of the grasshopper species), and inquired of Minerva how we were to get on to Cagliari. We had dismissed our steeds—the owners would go no farther—and here we were without horse or cart, with eighteen hours of travel before us yet to accomplish.

The gallant Captain cut the matter very short. He took up his gun and whistled to Ponto, and vanished. He was off to try the marshes in which Oristano is seated) for snipe. I suggested that we should go on a tour of inspection to the different carriers, and look for a cart or carts, for we were on the high road. Not such a thing to be had. 'Let's try the Archbishop; send the Ambassador's compliments, and see whether his reverence will do the Christian.' Answer: 'Archbishop's compliments, and his coachman broke his leg.' 'Scurvy priest,' said our landlord. 'He has 5000*l.* a year, and never gives a sou in charity—if it were to save his soul.'

After another hunt we discovered two venerable traps, which might have belonged to a Spanish grandee of the fifteenth century.

A colony of chickens was dispossessed, and sundry hens which laid and hatched in their capacious interiors; and after they were dusted and some pillows put in, we said, 'they are "magnifique;" 'now for horses.' These were obtained, and a cart coming into the town, we seized upon it *vie et armis*, and by the eloquence of Minerva persuaded the carter to accompany us to Cagliari as baggage waggon. At 2 o'clock P.M. we were in starting trim. The Captain returned. He had seen millions of snipes, ducks, &c., and had bagged a few couple. So, bidding adieu to our host, who kept up a running fire of curses against the Archbishop—'For,' said he, 'those traps will go to bits in three hours'—we rumbled out of Oristano *en route* for Cagliari. The host's prediction was true enough. After jolting along for two hours, with a crash and a bang down came the body of the coach upon the perch—the hind springs, under the united weights of the General, myself, Minerva, the Count, the Captain, the cook, the coachman, and a supplementary youth or two who ran alongside and beat tattoos on the horses—the hind springs made short work of it and gave up the ghost.

Here was a situation! Go back? Never! The Archbishop would triumph. Go on? Impossible. As to the coachman: 'Oh!' said he, 'that's nothing; so long as the wheels don't fall to bits I 'don't care. A few miles ahead is a smith. Come along.' So we walked to the smith's, who, by dint of ropes, hide, and a few weldings, patched us up 'strong enough,' as he said, 'to go round 'the world.' 'Or the island,' said I. 'Yes,' said he, 'or the 'island.' Such a night as we passed! Three dogs in addition to the human cargo; but day broke at last, and at 9 A.M. we entered Cagliari.

Cagliari is one of the most picturesque towns I ever saw. It stands—the old castle and town—on some steep crags, the more modern town huddled together at their feet and on their sides. The suburb, as you enter, is modern, has straight streets, whitewashed houses, and trees shading the road. On the right is the port, on the left vast shallow *lagoons*, where, from the castle on the height—now the residence of the governor, and, during the war between England and France, that of the royal family of Sardinia.

We pulled up in the main street at the foot of the hill, and asked for the *albergo*. It was on the height before us. I volunteered to go in search of rooms, and after a desperate climb after the manner of flies on a glass window, I arrived at a gloomy old mansion, and received the cheerful announcement that it was 'full,' and that there was no other *albergo* in the place.

I confess to having felt somewhat 'sold.' We were reduced to our carriages, and they were not the most convenient habitations. A 'smart' waiter, however, informed me that the steamer would sail that evening; so we could start, at all events, and eat, drink, and sleep by paying passage-money. Away we started for the steamer, and found her clean, new, and British built. Some people like dirt. I confess to a contrary feeling, and I shall remember to

my dying day the glorious wash and polish I had on board the 'Piemonte,' the capital breakfast, and cigar. Then came a visit from the Consul, whom I had forgotten (to my shame be it mentioned). Wm. Craig, H.B.M. consul, is a most remarkable man. He has lived thirty years in Sardinia; has coasted all round it in open boats; walked all over it; knows everybody in it; speaks all its dialects; and is beloved by everybody. He had hired a lodging for us without our knowledge, and had made every preparation for our reception. (Bless him for his good intentions.) However, I had come to shoot, and not to visit the antiquities of Cagliari, and so go off I would to the mountains. 'Sir,' said he, 'you want to go to Tortoli. Now, no stranger can sleep at Tortoli and not catch the fever.' 'Sir,' said I, 'I am deemed incapable of killing a moufflon. I must go to Tortoli to get to the moufflon country; and, fever or no fever, to Tortoli I go. Dash my buttons if I go back to *terra firma* without a moufflon, if I have to catch it with my fingers.'

Upon this there was an evident change of visage upon the faces of the assembled company. The General gave it up at once. 'What would her Ladyship say if he ran into the jaws of fever?' 'Quite right,' said I; 'but I have no *cara sposa*.' Others couldn't give the time, &c. 'Who's for Tortoli?' said I. Minerva was the sole respondent. 'I go,' said the bird of wisdom. 'Captain,' said I, 'two berths for Tortoli. When do you sail?' 'To-night,' said the captain, 'at 9 o'clock; and we shall be at Tortoli to-morrow morning at 7 A.M.'

Preparations were soon made for starting. I sent back the cook and the valet, reduced my baggage to the lightest marching order—just as much as I could carry myself in case of accidents—wished the Governor, the Consul, the General, the captain, the Count, Ponto, Carlo, and Dash, the cook, and the valet, all good-bye; and after a gigantic dinner we steamed out of the harbour of Cagliari at 9 P.M. precisely.

I was walking the quarter-deck when the captain came up. Says he, 'Excellency, do you know Tortoli?' 'No.' 'Well, then, it's an open roadstead, and the town inland five miles off; no landing place; a wild native comes down to the beach with a letter-bag; we take it, and give him another; if the wind is on shore we don't touch at all. You'll have to carry your own luggage, and there's no road.' 'Shall I?' said I. 'Good-night, captain. Call me when you sight Tortoli, and I'll be obliged to you.' (*Aside*) The captain wants my company to Genoa; that's quite clear.

At 6 A.M. the captain woke me. 'Tortoli Cape on the lee bow,' said he. 'Nine mile.' 'Order breakfast,' said I; 'it's bad facing fever on an empty stomach.' And I ate for four, Minerva for a dozen.

At 7 h. 30 m. blew off steam. 'Stop her; lower a boat; put in the bag. Passenger and luggage.' 'Good-bye, captain. Your flipper.' 'Pleasant voyage,' said he. The wind was slightly on

shore, and kicked up a little surf. It was a fine roadstead, and might be made a good harbour. An old castle on the left on a point jutting out into the sea, with a quantity of jagged rocks running off from it, would have been, and is, a capital place for a jetty; but deuce a thing did I see but white sand and red rocks, save two wrecks lying in the bight of the bay, and the bare ribs of which did not make the place look livelier. 'They had been driven ashore about 'three months ago,' said the stroke oar, 'and all souls lost.' In the background were the moufflon mountains, at the sight of which I thought no more about fever. I thought only of getting to the hills. At this time it began to rain, and soon settled into a down-right pour. We neared the beach. A dark, wild figure hailed us; then a dozen or more heads popped up from among the rocks. 'The place *is* inhabited,' said I, 'and the captain's a fibber.'

The surf was breaking heavily. 'We can go no nearer,' said the stroke oar. 'Hop out, boys. Hand the luggage. Jump, gentlemen.'

And so we jumped, Minerva and I, up to our middles in water. 'Water above, water below,' said the bird of wisdom. 'This is a pretty landing at Tortoli.'

The wild dark figure was the postman; the other heads belonged to the bodies of some fever-smitten labourers, who, attracted by high wages, had come over from the mainland to work on the roads, and who now were in hopes of getting away by the steamer. Poor creatures, they were lying amongst the rocks, with scarce a rag to cover them, and many of them three parts drunk, hoping to keep off grim Death, who evidently claimed property in every one of them.

Proceeding over the rocks, we saw a small detachment of cavalry.

'How very polite and attentive of the authorities,' said I to Minerva. 'Very,' said the bird; but he looked puzzled nevertheless.

I put out the red boots and the silver spurs, cocked my hat, tried to look as if I was quite dry, and approached the officer commanding the escort. 'You are waiting for'—I here paused, expecting him to fill up the phrase by the personal pronoun *you*, but as he said nothing I was obliged to fill it up myself, so I said 'me'—'You are waiting for me?' 'I hope not,' said the officer. 'Why, *mio caro signore*?' 'Because the man I am waiting for,' said the officer, 'is going to be *hanged*.' Under these circumstances I beat a retreat, wishing the officer good morning and finer weather for his performance.

Returning to the ruins, I heard the creaking of an ox-cart. On it sat a poor miserable wretch, heavily ironed, as pale as death. A friar held a crucifix to his lips. He had murdered seven persons, and was now going to be hanged at Tortoli.

I found the bird perched on the top of the baggage trying to keep it dry, and looking as if he was attempting to hatch a horse to carry it.

The bipeds had vanished. The gentleman on his cart had gone

to be hanged; the escort had gone with him. Minerva and myself were in the best possible position for a *tête-à-tête*, so we looked at each other for a considerable space.

The bird pricked up his ears. 'I hear a bell,' said he. 'What sort of a bell?' said I; 'there are varieties of that pleasing instrument from the church to the cow-bell.' 'It's a horse's bell,' said Minerva. 'There are three. They are charcoal-burners. We shall have horses. We shall ride.' He was in a state of exultation. He looked as if he had discovered his gold mine.

Sure enough there shortly hove in sight three of the most gaunt and withered specimens of the species *Equus Sardiniensis* that island ever produced. Each horse was accompanied by his owner, as all horses are in Sardinia (as I have taken occasion to say in another place), more gaunt and withered than his steed. They looked like the ghosts of deceased colliers doing penance.

Minerva shouldered his firearms and advanced for a parley. I stood sentry over the baggage. He concluded a bargain. One horse was to carry the luggage, the other two Minerva and myself. We had brought our saddles and bridles. They were adapted to the backs of the living skeletons, and, driven by the ghostly colliers, we left the harbour of Tortoli.

The rain came down in torrents. Great lumps of water seemed to fall upon us for at least three hours. At last it gave over. It made no further impression upon us than to soak the baggage. But who cared? The moufflon mountains were ahead, and we were reducing the distance by every step of the ghostly caravan.

At last it cleared up, and the village which gives its name to the harbour appeared before us, seated conveniently, for those of the inhabitants who possess ducks, in a swamp.

The bishop's palace was on one side of the swamp. I had a letter to him; but on asking one of our conductors after his reverence, we learnt that he had been dead and buried just three days.

'What did he die of?' 'Only of fever,' said Charcoal. 'We might have sent word of our arrival by his parishioner,' said Minerva. 'By who?' said I. 'Why,' said the bird, 'by that ruffiano who is just gone to be hanged'—a speech not altogether complimentary to the defunct prelate; but the bird has an antipathy to priests in general, and to Sardinian priests in particular.

We pulled up at the house of the vicar of the parish, notwithstanding the bird's objection to the cloth, and a very good vicar I found him—civil, attentive, polite, and hospitable, and with some tincture of letters. He conversed about books learnedly yet lightly, and was thoroughly conversant with the history, the politics, and the wants of his island. He appeared to me to be a good soul. He gave us excellent quarters, and lent Minerva his ambling pad. He quite reconciled me to swampy Tortoli.

We set off in great glory from the vicar's. I had hired the horse accustomed to carry the postboy who carried the mail-bag, and as the animal wore the usual insignia of his important position in



society, namely, a whole ring of bells round his neck (which made a charming music), it was generally imagined that I was the Postmaster-General on a tour of inspection.

However, the horse knew the road, and so I cantered along to the tune of ‘Muffins!—crumpets!—muffins!’ ringing the bells in a manner which would have excited the envy and admiration of every London vendor of that indigestible commodity.

Our route lay along a bit of new road which appeared to have dropped down by accident from Mr. M‘Adam in Paradise, for it had no beginning and no end, properly speaking. The fact was the fever had killed all the workmen who had attempted to make it from the sea through the swamp, and the remainder, having caught the malady, were on their way home when I saw them on the beach at Tortoli.

The road soon ceased, and I found myself amongst scenery exactly like the best part of the Highlands of Scotland. High white heather, blackthorn, bramble, wild rose, oak, arbutus—lovely copses for woodcock, apparently, but the postboy said there were none—and a pretty stream running brawling along the valley. The hills closed in, and we ascended a very steep track something like a gigantic staircase, and by-and-by we saw the town of La Nuzei perched on the hill-top, built against the side of the hill in terraces. Day closed in when we alighted at the abode of Signor Mameli, the British vice-consul. Signor Mameli came out to meet us. He was a thin, spare man in a black nightcap and *capote*. He gave us a most hospitable welcome, and ushered us up to his best bedroom, where I was not sorry to see a venerable four-poster with a considerable amount of pillows. The ladies of the family, their husbands and children, nephews and nieces, a few dogs and a cat or two, filled up the chinks of the society. I sat on my bed, and they surrounded me in a solemn circle, much as the turnkeys of the Fleet took Mr. Pickwick’s portrait.

I sneezed. The whole company rose and uttered the word *saluté* with startling effect. Charles Mathews would give something for it as a stage trick. I was an object of intense interest—quite as much so as Gulliver to the Lilliputians. Every article I took out of my pocket was handed round the circle with vehement expressions of admiration. At last supper was announced, and we descended to the ground floor, where we found as much provisions as would have satiated a regiment of Bashi Bazouks in the Dobrudscha. Wine in proportion. Justice was done to the cook. Pipes were produced, and we sat down to smoke round a great brazier of hot charcoal.

Mameli had been, and was occasionally still, a great hunter. He had friends and relatives great hunters, and sundry bandits, his godsons, were notoriously good hands at every species of hunt. He would summon them to-morrow morning.

It was with a feeling of exultation that I retired to the four-poster and dreamed I had killed a moufflon as big as the Ram of Derby.

## ON THE RAILS.

NOT the rails of the North-Western or Great Northern, kind reader, hurrying at flying speed to the grouse moors of Wales or the deer forests of Scotland, but calmly lounging away the warm hours of summer over the rails in Hyde Park. A change has taken place since we were last here with our note-book in 1870, as many fresh faces have come on the scene, and there are more people here than ever; but what a heterogeneous mixture are they, ranging from H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and his brothers down to Smithfield graziers and Whitechapel butchers.

To show themselves in Hyde Park in what they please to call carriages, or on what they fondly imagine are hacks, seems to be the first thought of all the snobs who hail from every postal district of this vast metropolis. But, stop, we must not become prematurely cynical.

We now propose to deal with the different frequenters of the Park from the cool early morn to eve, each in their proper places, for, be it known, Rotten Row and the Park have not only their grand season, but the former especially is frequented at different periods of the day; so we will take them in order, and commence with those who ride before breakfast—the early birds who get up really to enjoy themselves before the business of the day begins. Of all who frequent the Park these seem to us by far the jolliest lot, as they are the most natural. They don't study appearances, or come to see and be seen as the others do, but wholly for fresh air and hard exercise to get an appetite and keep off the doctor.

Many of them go through an amount of brain work that some of the used-up mid-day riders, whose general conversation does not extend very far beyond the previous night's ball or concert, have no idea of. These early birds are the great, useful toilers, and number amongst them that class which contribute so much to the glory and welfare of this country. The majority are real conservative working men, using that epithet strictly in a non-political sense, and with them, as frequenters of the Row, we heartily sympathise; so let us take stock of them.

Here we see the Bar getting a little fresh air into their lungs prior to going down to Westminster; solicitors before their day's work at Lincoln's Inn or the Temple; merchants and stockbrokers ere they drive eastward to the City. Between ten and twelve may be seen a riding master or mistress with a few young beginners, not yet fit to be taken into the crush. The ride is now harrowed and watered; and strolling along we occasionally meet in the more secluded parts one or two ladies fat and forty if not fair, who don't like to exhibit themselves later. Amongst the youngsters who ride at this time are some very independent little people, notably a small lady with a scarlet habit, and the smallest of boys with the smallest of butcher boots ever made; there is also a particularly plucky little

woman on a grey Arab, and a young lady on another grey, which, like its rider, has a very long mane. Frequently riding at this time with his daughter may be seen a noble earl from Kent—on a silver-tailed grey—who, when he was at Christchurch, about twenty-five years ago, was Master of the Oxford drag, and is represented in Mr. George Winter's well-known picture going well on a thorough-bred chestnut, just in front of Lord Ribblesdale and Mr. E. C. Burton. An interval of three hours is supposed to have elapsed, and the Row is once more full of riders and horses of all sorts, shapes, and sizes. The new regulation as to perambulators having, happily, come into effect, we can secure a penny chair, one of the cheapest luxuries of the age, without annoyance by them, and comfortably jot down our impressions.

One of the first to catch our eye, of course on a chestnut with three white stockings, is a Yorkshire baronet, the subject of one of Pellegrini's greatest successes in 'Vanity Fair,' the easy attitude being exact; and we would suggest a statue by Boehm in the same elegant position to be placed in the hall of the Yorkshire Club. Next are the popular Master and Mistress of the Atherstone, well mounted, of course, on a chestnut and a bay. The Row to them must be rather slow; and we fancy another tickler from Twelve Acres up to the Hemploe would be far more after their hearts. Frequently may be met at this time, and later, on a strong weight-carrier, one who has been seen with many packs north and south of the metropolis, who is the counterpart of Jack Spraggon when going to see Mr. Jawleyford—the flat hat of the Scamperdale hunt alone being wanted to complete the likeness. Then an old gentleman who hails from Suffolk and hunts in Warwickshire rides by, accompanied by his wife, and they are on two long-tailed greys that look like twins.

By-the-way, there is a great amount of county clanship to be observed in these groups—Yorkshiremen ride with Yorkshiremen, and old and young Leamington jog on together as if going to Cubbington Gate or a monster meet after a hunt ball at Stoneleigh.

Very regular is the thin, clean-shaved man with gold spectacles who is often seen at Tattersall's, and takes strong exercise on a sprig-tailed dark chestnut. Another very constant attendant is the pedestrian with the red beard, dark Inverness cape, and perpetual big meerschaum pipe, who strolls slowly by.

Hard by us, as we sit, is an old country friend, our general companion at this time of the year; he is a great observer, and as he has known the Park for at least fifty years, his comments are both amusing and instructive. Coming to London, as he has done year after year for that length of time, of course he has seen many changes and many fashions. 'Why,' asks he, 'do all grooms still continue to hang on 'by the head, and ride on their toes. Then their raspberry-jam coloured tops and steel spur-chains arouse his bile, and to modern, high stick-up collars on grooms and coachmen he has an equal objection. The distance and the pace some of the ladies go in

the hot sun, and on ground none too soft in places, especially close to the railings, always with an under jar from the brickbats below the surface, excite him to observations on the ignorance of pace displayed by many of the fair sex, who think nothing of going a dozen times from the Apsley House end to the other; and he here tells them that the distance they traverse during their morning ride would be about eighteen miles if put in a straight line; for from Apsley House to the end of the Row is as nearly as possible three-quarters of a mile. How wild some of the 'unprotected' females are also, making us ask, 'Where are the police?' 'I thought you used to ride here regularly, old fellow?' says a hunting friend, himself a pedestrian now. 'So we did, but have given it up, as one day it is too cold, another too hot; then there are the flies, and horses are fidgetty;' while we ask what is more disagreeable than a fresh one kicking and shying all over the road in London. Now we mount nothing but a penny chair, which is both safe and quiet. Indeed, the only time and place we ever knew a hack of any real use in town was in former days, to see the big cricket matches at Lord's; but now the number of carriages is so great that horses are prohibited, and we have ceased even to try and see the Eton and Harrow, which is nothing but a great picnic party now, and betake ourselves to Prince's after the Park, where we can see the game of cricket, with fair women drinking tea and brave men playing at battledoor.

As our hunting friend leaves us, two well-known brothers, Meltonians, take our eye: both are on chestnuts, the elder on a very fine one, but they always have first-class horses and the best of everything. A lady next attracts our attention; and, pausing to think where we last saw her, it strikes us it must have been a year or two ago in 'Babil and Bijou.' Then riding slowly side by side on a couple of real cobs come a popular father and son, as well known on Newmarket Heath, from which neighbourhood they hail, as they are here. On a high-stepping grey or bay, with good action, we frequently see Mr. Hoplemuroma. Two equine cracks also are generally here—carrying a young gentleman and lady—Miss Chalty and Renira, the cracks of Mr. Milward's last sale, and real good hacks they both are. Many female faces very familiar to us in the hunting-field are now seen quietly sauntering by, also many military men as their companions, well-known performers between the flags at the Grand Military and elsewhere, amongst whom we often see the cheerful, good-natured face of the popular 'Driver,' who is evidently a first favourite with the ladies.

Walking round to see those who are driving at this hour, we observe a great increase in the number of those fine-weather vehicles called Victorias, and amongst the first to attract our attention is one in which we recognise the yachting member for Brighton, driven by a very well-fed coachman; and shortly afterwards a stepping chestnut and bay come by with one that we have often seen before the Bedford Hotel at Brighton in the autumn. Then, as a variety, we

see a curious conveyance drawn by a team of nice chestnuts with brown harness, and not a bit of brass or plate about it; but the vehicle looks as if it were the forerunner of a circus, and we quite expected to see a brass band inside, or with a notice behind that 'Bosco is coming.' A drag, driven by a strange, Hebrew-looking man wearing a wideawake, with queerly-dressed people behind him, then passes, and everybody asks, 'Who is he?' 'Colchus, an Assyrius?' says a young man fresh from Oxford to a friend, whose answer is, 'Ask Charles Ward, as perhaps he may know.' There is a strange, Whitechapel look about the whole party, which puzzle the West-enders, and the odds are that Ward himself cannot tell us.

But drags are now as common as blackberries, and such very odd people drive them. The young men of the new Coaching Club, as a body, can't come near the old ones; and we have seen no one this season use his whip in any way approaching Lord Macclesfield, on the Saturday after the Derby, when we saw him hit a leader under the bars so as fairly to lift him off his legs, and he recovered his lash all in one motion. Half the young ones are afraid to use their whips, and if they do, appear to be fly-fishing. The neatest carriages are those of the Duchess of Westminster and Lady Listowell; but the most conspicuous in the early part of the season was one driven by *une petite dame*, whom the 'Van' driver said last season popped down from town with 'a lady friend' and astonished some of her country cousins at a big meet with the Pytchley. But it is now two o'clock, and every one is going home to luncheon.

About five o'clock, after having looked in at Tattersall's on a Monday or Thursday, or at Prince's, the best lounge of the day, we go back to the Park, when our old friend observes, 'It is the fashion year after year to comment on the increasing beauty of the equipages and the class of horses seen here. These remarks must certainly be written by some young fellows who have not lolled over the railings half as long as we have, for our opinion is that the numbers certainly increase, but the general quality of the company and the carriages decidedly diminishes.' He is perfectly right, for we have now all sorts of strange-looking vehicles containing Jews and Proselytes, Cretes, Arabians, and dwellers in Mesopotamia and parts adjacent when they are at home, but often, during the London season, seen hanging out on the balcony of the Alexandra Hotel smoking cigarettes. Some who are making an exhibition of themselves now seem to look particularly uncomfortable, and sit in their carriages as if they were 'not to the manner born,' and remind us of that successful bookmaker who bought a fine house in a fashionable square, and said that for some months he felt frightened to go into his own front door, and would much rather have gone down the area. So we know more than one *habitué* of the drive who looks very miserable in his fine carriage, and who would be far more at home in a four-wheel or a Whitechapel. But some of them scowl

at us and swagger enormously. These are the *nouveaux riches*, the 'shoddies,' who get certain people, for a consideration, to present them and their haughty wives to Court, and manœuvre to get their names into the 'Court Journal.'

Do these stuck-up nobodies, some of whom don't even know who their grandfathers were, ever think that those who can tell all about them, and what they were twenty years ago, ever laugh at their pretentious, affected ways, their loud, vulgar liveries, and borrowed coats of arms? And they should remember, when they look so scornfully on those lolling on the rails, that 'it takes three generations to make 'a gentleman,' as was once told to a mighty, purse-proud swaggerer who came out with the Oakley some years ago, by one of Nature's gentlemen who is respected by all who know him. What do they all come here for? Simply to show themselves. It is not for the pleasure of a drive, though if they chose to make the whole tour of Hyde Park they could really have a good one, and keep moving without any check, but then they would not be making an exhibition of themselves. Solomon and Co. could not show themselves in all their glory. No sooner do they just clear the crowd by Stanhope, or at most Grosvenor, Gate, but round they turn at once, and quickly plunge into it again, when the pace becomes once more funeral.

Some of the one-horse vehicles are a curious lot to look at. 'Hired' is written all over them, in spite of the driver's seedy livery, and the cockade on his napless, weather-beaten, gingerbread-coloured old hat. 'They are a tin-pot lot,' says our old friend. 'Three-and-six the first hour and half-a-crown the second, is about 'the figure.' The way some of the four-wheels are overloaded really calls for the interference of John Colam, quite as much as Dog-and-Man fights at Hanley. 'But here comes a real carriage,' he said, drawing our attention to a good, old-fashioned, gentlemanly vehicle, of which some few still exist to mark the contrast, drawn by a pair of splendid horses, driven by a properly got-up coachman, with a wig and bouquet, on a hammer-cloth; and then he contrasted the very common-looking, seedy vehicles we now see with the carriages driven in the time of Lady Blessington, by Lords Harrington, Manvers, and Uxbridge. There is a strange crowd in the Park when the Four-in-Hand or Coaching Clubs meet at the Powder Magazine, and still stranger on Saturday evening—the people's half holiday, when we meet queer men in waggonettes and 'one-'oss 'shays.' Then the block is greatest, and vehicles advance at the rate of almost fifty yards in five minutes, and the mounted policeman at the Apsley House end has really a hard time. How glad he must be when the season is over, and the time comes when he has nothing to do but keep himself in order. People are strangely mixed together; no two vehicles resemble one another, more especially on the evenings we have mentioned. Amongst them we observe a very smart one with a mitre on the panels, which carries us back to reflect on the lives of the poor fishermen who did not

loll in barouches, lounge about at flower shows, belong to luxurious West-end clubs, or give grand dinner parties. The next is a small cruelty van, containing four fat old women, driven by a man wearing a cheap straw hat, and the whole party look as if they had been to a sale, and were taking a drive after their day's exertions. To them succeeds a big bookmaker, formerly well-known in the prize-ring, driving a four-wheel, and why should he not? He is better in his occupation than some who flaunt about here—the blenders of wine, sanders of sugar, floaters of bubble companies, *et hoc genus omne*. Then comes a man tooling a tandem, perched on a vehicle with high red wheels, enjoying himself after his peculiar fashion. The scene soon becomes monotonous, the same stream flows on without variety, and one afternoon 'tellet another.' Let us turn again, and look once more at the riders. More ride now than formerly at this hour, and they are quite right, especially in very hot weather, on such a day as the Oaks was run on, for instance, or in the month of July during the visit of the comet, when the thermometer was often 85 in the shade, and all the mid-day riders were huddled together under the trees. The chief drawbacks to riding at this hour are the difficulty, at the height of the season, of getting through the dense crowd of carriages, and the strong rays of the setting sun, which meets them in full face as they go down the Row.

As we turn away for home we catch sight of that well-known mourning man, who is always well-mounted, and looks as jolly as an undertaker, and then wonder why the young lady on a dark chestnut should ride with a hunting-whip, unless it is to turn a great ugly plum-pudding dog, or for what reason a literary man, on a black pony, loads himself with a huge cane, long and thick as those of footmen in former days. Now we see Lord Granville, who always looks so kind and cheery, and Mr. Ayrton, who doesn't; and sometimes Mr. Lowe quietly takes a little fresh air on his grey; occasionally also Mr. Justice Byles on 'Bills,' after his labours at Westminster. The foreman of the jury of the great Tichborne trial in 1871, when the audacious Orton was non-suited, rides regularly at this hour with his family, as does a Chancery Q.C., on a long bay mare, who occasionally hunts with the Queen's, and Mr. Gerard Leigh; but now we are tired, and again passing through the carriages saunter slowly down Piccadilly home to dinner, inwardly murmuring with the preacher that 'all is vanity.'

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'UNCLE JOHN.' BY G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE. London: Chapman and Hall.

WHETHER Mr. Whyte-Melville be grave or gay, he is always worth reading. Let the reader be ever so *ennuyé* or tired of life, he is fairly carried away by the sparkle and dash and thorough enjoyment of life that pervades his various writings. Whether it be in recording some 'hair-breadth escape by flood or field,' the style is all his

own. This charm or gift, be it what it may, is further enhanced by a happy knack of putting his reader perfectly *en rapport* with himself, taking them into his confidence as it were, and filling them with his own conceits, seeing as he sees, and feeling as he feels. But perhaps it is more in the art of teaching that Mr. Whyte-Melville best succeeds—we mean the art of teaching sound practical lessons, such lessons as stir the best and truest instincts of human nature. Life, in the author's way of looking at it, was not intended to be a burden, and, after all, its miseries are but a bubble compared with its pleasures. His maxim, or theory, whichever we like to call it, the happiness of making others happy, does credit to his head no less than to his sympathy with his fellow-man. That there are cynics who find fault with everything under the sun, and can see no 'sermons in stones, or books in running brooks,' is demonstrated every day, but that excellent gift of charity towards all men is so plainly set forth in these pages, that the lesson cannot fail, we are sure, to strike home to the heart of him or her who decides on the perusal of 'Uncle John.' On a January afternoon we are introduced to the *dramatis personæ*, through the medium of the post-bag at the country seat of 'Uncle John.' We may be sure that, in Mr. Dennison, Mr. Melville's conception and description of a fine old English gentleman is true to the life, and the only regret we had in reading the book was the cutting off our friendship with the genial old squire by the hand of death. Next in importance, to our thinking, is the portrait of Miss Dennison, 'Uncle John's' niece; this young lady rejoices in having two strings to her bow, or to speak less metaphorically, has two lovers, and as the bright particular star, round whom revolve the lesser lights, she occupies a prominent place throughout the piece. As matters progress in this young damsel's love passages, it is found that the course of true love does not run quite so smooth as she could wish (when does it ever do so?), and that, in spite of all her generalship, there's many a slip 'tween the cup and the lip. Dame Fortune, at length, however, smiles upon the 'wooing o't,' and the right man finds himself in the right place at the finish. But it is in the career of Miss Blair, or Mrs. Delancy as we ultimately discover, and her surroundings that we are chiefly interested. At first, it is not very clear whether she is a wife or a widow. Marriage, as well as murder, will out, however; and it appears that, in a moment of maidenly indiscretion, she had given her hand, but not her heart, to a Mr. Delancy, who, in due course, establishes himself in a general way of business as a gambler, cheat, and black-leg. After a somewhat stormy and chequered career, this worthy couple part company, rumours by-and-by reaching the wife's ears that her lord and master has met a violent death. What more natural, after such an untoward event, that Mrs. D., or Miss Blair, as she now styles herself, should seek consolation in the bosom of the church? Accordingly, whilst staying as a guest under the hospitable roof of 'Uncle John,' she accepts an



offer of marriage made to her by an infatuated curate named Lexley. How her yearnings for a quiet, peaceful home are blended gradually into a feeling of compassion for the love-stricken parson, and finally culminate in a burning, passionate love, are told as only the author himself can tell. Without divulging too much of the story, we will give, as briefly as possible, a rough outline of the main part of the work. After some few months of wedded life in the new sphere, Mr. Lexley's bride is suddenly made aware of the hateful presence of Delancy, whose death, after all, was only a weak invention of the enemy. The individual in question proceeds to torture his victim in the most approved manner, ending by extorting all the money he can lay his hands upon. The innocent bigamist—innocent, because unwittingly done—finding herself in a harrowing situation, resolves to save her clerical husband from shame and disgrace at any price. She loathes the presence of the man she thought was dead, and rather than encounter him again she flies from her home. Here we will take leave of her, merely observing that our readers may follow in pursuit under the careful and skilful guidance of the talented author. This much we may add for the benefit of those whom it may concern, that the parson regains his wife, and, in the joyous words of Mrs. Lexley, 'it has all to be done over again, 'darling' (meaning the marriage); 'how delightful!' It would be next to impossible to give a complete sketch of all the characters incidental to the work; but the doings of a certain M. F. H. and a young Etonian, who rejoices in the patronymic of Perigord, or the Pieman, as he is playfully nicknamed by his familiars, are the happiest bits in the book. There are sundry sporting features, worked out with all Mr. Melville's accustomed vigour, and we know of no more pleasant reading than the account of a run from Plumpton Osiers. We abstain from quotations, simply because 'Uncle John' should be read on its merits from beginning to end; but for a sample of really simple and unaffected pathos, commend us to the chapter in which the death of Uncle John occupies a prominent place. Whether it is the kindly old squire going down to the grave with his good deeds to live long after him, or the young girl, his niece, just verging into womanhood, both are thoroughly English, and thoroughly lovable. We cannot help thinking the whole scope of the book is higher in conception, and higher in execution, than any previous work by the same pen. We therefore take leave of 'Uncle John' and its many and various excellences, assuring our readers that they will find the contents worth something more than a hasty perusal.

## SPORT IN THE 'FAR WEST.'

BY H. A. L.

## I.

EARLY in September I joined a party of four ex-Confederate officers in a hunting expedition on the prairies skirting the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains, intending, after a cruise in the Geyser region, near the source of the Yellow Stone River—a tributary of the Upper Missouri—to make our way through Wyoming and Montana into the Saskatchewan, which is British territory.

Herbert Slade, Gerald Moore, Léon Villebois, Dr. Le Messurier, and myself had been boon companions during the hard struggle on the James River, where rest many of our pals, who

'Went down to their graves in bloody shrouds;'

and when the game was at last played out, and God helped the big battalions, we 'made tracks' for other scenes. Colonel Slade was a Virginian, Moore hailed from the old country, or rather from the Emerald Isle, and Le Messurier and Villebois from Canada; but all were men of the right grit, and never did a party pull better together. Both the Canadians were experienced woodsmen, and, as they had hunted together over this district for two consecutive seasons, they not only knew the ground well, but had established friendly relations with several trappers and some of the Indian tribes. Five negro servants, who preferred remaining in our service to availing themselves of their newly-acquired freedom, and three half-breed hunters, who were engaged at Fort Laramie, made our party just a baker's dozen strong. We were all fairly mounted, and our baggage, which consisted of two small tents, ammunition, a fair stock of tea, coffee, sugar, flour, and condiments, with a few changes of under-clothes, was carried in saddle-bags on the spare horses.

We looked a somewhat heterogeneous crew, clad in grey blouses or leathern hunting skirts, leggings of dressed deerskin, fancifully ornamented mocassins, and green wideawake hats; but each man had also his rifle slung at his back or at his saddle-bow, and a revolver, knife, and small axe in a broad waist-belt. Thus equipped and provided, we felt equal to any emergency, and were perfectly independent of external aid, either for self-maintenance or protection. When the weather was fine we bivouaced under trees or in the open; if rain fell, there was room in the tents to shelter all the party, although our followers rarely availed themselves of it, as they generally constructed *impromptu* shanties.

We had killed *en route* five bears and plenty of deer, wild turkeys, and prairie chicken, but had seen no fresh sign of buffalo, when on a bright and sunny morning, as we were pursuing our way parallel to the Big Horn River, one of the hunters pointed out a fresh Indian trail, and, following it up, we came to the summit of a rocky ledge, from whence we had a wide prospect of the surrounding

country, which was diversified by waving lines of undulating hills and groves of trees. Deer-slots were tolerably numerous, and, as several of the trees were freshly scored with the claws of bears, every one was on the look-out in the hope of starting game, when suddenly two of the dogs gave tongue, and an Indian boy broke out of some cover close at hand, and was giving leg-bail, when he was brought up by Colonel Slade, who was scouting ahead, and at once recognised to be of the Blackfoot tribe. Our half-breeds, who understood his language, at his instigation struck off into some thick bush close at hand and returned in a moment carrying a second Indian, who was apparently helpless. It appeared that these two, who were father and son, had been scouring the country for some days in search of buffalo sign, when the elder one was badly kicked by his horse, having the left leg broken some inches above ankle, and the other knee severely bruised. Seeing at a glance that he was in terrible pain and entirely disabled, two of our people carried him on a litter to the banks of a stream, where we intended to make a halt; and here Le Messurier set his leg, and made him comfortable. The Indian, finding himself unexpectedly well treated by white men, made great demonstrations of friendship, and informed us that a part of his tribe were encamped about two days' march from where we were at a point on the Wind River where the buffalo always crossed on their way north. So it was arranged that the youngster should go on ahead and inform his people of his father's condition and of our intention to visit their camp and join their hunt.

On the second day after, as we were travelling slowly along, our scouts ahead observed a couple of horsemen apparently riding in a parallel direction to us and watching our party. They were evidently Indians, but the distance was too great for our people to distinguish whether they were Blackfoots, Sioux, or some other tribe.

Our march was always conducted with certain precautions, so as to be prepared for eventualities, the baggage being in the centre in charge of the negroes, whilst the rest of the people were told off as scouts, flanking parties, and rear-guards. So, giving the word for the ranks to close up and remain on the alert, Slade, Villebois, Pierre, and myself rode forward to reconnoitre.

On arrival at a small clearing we saw a party of about twenty mounted Indians, armed with spears and rifles, approaching us, and, upon our hailing them, the band halted whilst the boy whose father was in our camp and two chiefs came up to us and commenced shaking hands. They were evidently apprehensive as to the safety of their wounded companion, who was one of their principal chiefs, so we took them at once to the horse-litter on which he was, and as soon as they had ocular demonstration of his well-being, they were profuse in their expressions of gratitude, and forthwith invited us to their camp, that was pitched in a small valley through which a small tributary of the Wind River flowed. Here we found some

twenty lodges, and the presence of numerous squaws and children was a sure sign that the party had started with pacific intentions, for the weaker sex never accompany their lords and masters when on the war trail. We were received with great demonstrations of friendship, and invited to encamp close to their wigwams, but this was scarcely deemed advisable, so we pitched our tents and erected shanties on a small upland about a quarter of a mile above stream, which afforded every convenience for wood and water. We also constructed a kind of rope pound, to prevent our horses straying at night. As the district skirting the Rocky Mountains over which we intended to shoot was, at this season of the year, the resort of numerous parties of predatory Indian tribes, who established transient hunting-camps near the best localities for intercepting the herds of buffalo in their periodical migrations, our expedition partook of a semi-military character; a vigilant watch was kept night and day, and one-third of our number was told off daily as a camp guard. Both ourselves and our followers were admirably mounted and armed with repeating rifles and revolvers, so that we should have proved awkward customers to tackle even for a large force of Indians.

Our camp presented a most picturesque appearance, for in the background rose the glistening snow-clad Freemont's Peak, which is between thirteen and fourteen thousand feet in height, surrounded by a deep cerulean blue sky, variegated by fleecy clouds and the dark shadowy gorges of the Rocky Mountain chain, whilst the prairie and the river scenery was beautifully diversified by shining reaches bordered by willow copses, oak openings, clumps of cottonwood, rich emerald-green bottoms and towering forest trees, the many-coloured foliage of which presented that weird-like yellow autumnal tint which in the rays of the setting sun gives the landscape that glorious golden hue that Claude Lorraine so loved to depict. In the glen on the one side, under gigantic trees from which wild vines hung in countless festoons, was our little camp with the bivouac fires, round which our people were lounging whilst the cooking was being conducted in true hunters' style, the venison and wild turkeys being stuck upon spits and broiled so as to retain all their natural juices and maintain their peculiar flavour, in such a manner as would have tickled the palate of an alderman. I never found venison or game birds so delicious as when cooked in this simple manner; and I profess to be a gourmand in my way, and quite up in Mansion House feeds, thanks to the profuse hospitality of that most worthy of City magnates Sir Sidney Waterlow—'may his shadow never grow less.' The Doctor and the half-breeds were busy stretching and dressing the skins of different animals that had been killed; Slade was going his usual rounds and inspecting the horses as naturally as if the trumpet for 'stables' had just sounded; whilst Moore was superintending the *cuisine* arrangements and keeping the negroes up to their work, that of washing our flannel shirts and socks in the stream. Villebois, our interpreter *en*

*chef*, was surrounded by a troop of Indian braves, who were evidently much amused and well pleased at what he had been telling them; for, in spite of their usual stoical bearing and taciturn manner, they were grimacing and talking amongst themselves in their strangely guttural language in the most animated and lively manner, and at times, throwing themselves on the ground, they made the woods resound with peals of hoarse laughter. Villebois was a man after their own heart, who spoke their language fluently as well as that of the Dacotahs and Sioux, and they shook off their habitual dignity and roared again at his versatile humour and whimsical stories, which were repeated in the wigwams to the squaws and spread through the encampment. He had lived for years amongst the Indians, both in the forests of Canada and the prairies round about the Rocky Mountains, and, having shown his metal in many a sturdy combat both against men and beasts, he was looked up to as a famous brave and respected by all who knew him.

The surrounding country abounded with game; so both our camp, as well as that of the Indians, was well provided with provisions, and there was continual feasting. I can conceive no existence so free from care and so fruitful of pleasing excitement as that of a well-equipped and experienced hunter who, with a few trusty associates, has the range of an almost unlimited extent of forest abounding with various kinds of game. A forest-ranger's life, free from the conventionalities of society and the boring routine of everyday existence amongst dwellers in cities, imbues in youth that manly bearing, simplicity of character, and self-dependence that has ever been conspicuous in the greatest men of all ages. As the absurd cut of fashionable clothes impedes every movement of our limbs, so do the stringent rules society has imposed upon itself clog and thwart the best impulses of our hearts; and never does a man who has once enjoyed this wild life feel so free, so truly at home, and so supremely happy as when he is once again in the forest or on the prairie, completely out of the pale of civilisation. Our party were equipped and provided so as to be independent in every sense of the word, being competent not only to protect but also to maintain itself. Every man was prepared at all points for immediate action, either against man or beast, having a trusty rifle and revolvers, a good horse, and a sufficient quantity of ammunition. This gear is an ample stock-in-trade to a sportsman on these prairies.

The next morning Pierre, one of our half-breeds, and two Indian scouts came in with the long-wished-for intelligence that they had come upon recent traces of buffalo, and that a small number had actually crossed the river during the night. This news caused great excitement in the camp, and put every one in high spirits. The Indians had sent out the greater part of their hunters in a different direction, where they expected to fall in with the vanguard of the herd; but some half-dozen of those remaining in camp joined our

party, and proved very useful as guides. We rode out a distance of about six miles, and emerged upon an undulating prairie, covered with somewhat parched and dry-looking herbage, where several fresh signs of buffalo were apparent.

The first view of a prairie is an impressive sight not to be forgotten, for it may be said to resemble a vast undulating sea of green verdure, extending on all sides to the horizon, and only broken at rare intervals by a fringe of trees and low bush, forming the margin to some creek or watercourse. But there is something inexpressibly monotonous in riding for day after day over such an immense extent of landscape without meeting with a sign of human life; and when the first novelty of the scene has worn off, one begins to get very tired of the intense loneliness and dreary solitude of prairie travelling. In this instance, however, the exciting anticipations of buffalo-hunting kept the whole party on the *qui vive*.

The sun had got high above the horizon, and we were thinking of seeking the shade of some friendly cover, when our scouts, who from early morning had taken post on elevated knolls from whence they could survey a vast expanse of prairie, made signs that something was moving, and directed our attention towards the spot by pointing their lances in the direction. At first we could see nothing from the low ground; but shortly afterwards a pack of seven black wolves crossed the prairie, and, catching sight of us, made for some low bush, where they deliberately laid down. 'They are after the 'same game,' said Villebois, 'and are about to *cache* and form an 'ambuscade to catch stragglers;' and we were engaged in watching their movements when a slight cloud of dust became apparent on the distant horizon, which might have been raised by a troop of Indians or the van of a herd of buffalo.

Having taken up a hole or two in the girths and looked to our arms, so as to be prepared for whichever might turn up, we mounted; and shortly afterwards one of the sharp-eyed half-breeds, whose powers of vision were as strongly developed as a hawk's, galloped to a slight eminence, and in a few moments returned with the information that a vast herd of buffalo were advancing over the plain. We drew up and halted in a hollow until the return of our scouts, who had pushed ahead to mark the direction taken by the herd; and then, after a short council of war, it was decided to divide our force into two bodies, each of which should hang on the flanks and attack as the herd passed. Slade, Le Messurier, and four of the best mounted of our party made a dash ahead, so as to take post behind a ridge not far from where the wolves had formed an ambush, which, it was supposed, the herd would skirt from the direction their leaders were heading; whilst Villebois, Pierre, two Indians, and myself remained *perdu* in a little copse of willow bush that fringed a shallow gulch. The herd were advancing rapidly, and soon an indiscriminate drove of cows and calves appeared, having a flanking party of a few old bulls.

'Let the van forge ahead before we show ourselves,' whispered Villebois, 'and then for a burst.'

I forgot to mention that my armament consisted of a Westley Richard's 12-bore breech-loading rifle with short barrels, expressly for use on horseback, and a brace of Adams's large-bore army revolvers, which I generally loaded with a flat-headed plug and as much powder as I could get in the chamber. Breech-loading revolvers had not then been brought to the perfection they now are, and reloading was then more difficult; but the latest improved army pistol, invented and patented by Adams, the contractor to the Government, is the *ne plus ultra* of weapons, whether against man or beast, as it can be reloaded whilst at a gallop, and is so simple and strong that it will stand any hard usage without getting out of order. For buffalo running it is the most suitable arm I know of.

But I am digressing. It was a grand sight to see the approach of the close-ranked phalanx and to mark its noble array as the herd came careering past, with their long, black shaggy manes flowing like pennons in the wind, whilst the clatter of such a multitude of hoofs made a peculiar rushing sound, such as I can only compare to the passage of the cyclone through the forest after a long-continued drought, when every branch and tree seems to emit a rending noise, the whole forming an almost deafening chorus.

Whilst I was looking on in perfect astonishment as the immense horde swept past, Villebois, to whom the sound was no novelty, roused me from my contemplative mood to a sense of what was expected of me by shouting above the clattering roar of thousands of hoofs against the hard prairie, 'Wake up, old man; meat is wanted; so choose the juiciest-looking cows.' I immediately gave my impatient nag the rein, and, like a shot, he was off, for he was used to the sport and gloried in the fun. The ground was good going, and less than ten minutes sufficed to bring me up with the herd, who were travelling at a good hand-gallop. One hairy monster appeared to tower above all his kin, and, disregarding Villebois's injunctions, I resolved to devote my attention entirely to him, and endeavoured to force my horse between some cows, so as to get at him or separate him from the herd.

My labours were all in vain for a time until I bethought me of my revolvers, for I was reserving my rifle for the bull. However, to clear my way up to him, I fired at four cows one after another, aiming just behind the fore-arm, but considerably higher up; and, to my surprise, two dropped in their tracks, and the two others lagged behind, and left me a clear opening, through which I forced my horse, and in the twinkling of an eye I was riding alongside of the mighty bull, whose immense weight of head caused him to labour heavily, whilst his eyes flashed in a most diabolical manner and his tongue hung half out of his open mouth. As I closed upon him he attempted to sheer off, but on that side the herd were closely packed, so, with tail erect, he began flinging his head about and presenting

the points of his short black horns in my direction, as if he meditated a charge. Before he could make up his mind, although my horse was very much harassed by a pack of frantic cows, I managed to throw up my rifle and let drive a right and left just behind the shoulder, which brought him down; and so engrossed was I at his fall that I did not take proper care of my horse; for, as he swerved off after firing, we were cannoned by another brace of mad cows and nearly came to grief. Drawing my second revolver, I made after my assailants, and, separating them from the herd, brought them both to their knees, though not before I had expended all the loaded chambers of my revolvers, for my horse's nerves were somewhat shaken in our *mêlée* with the herd, and he became too unsteady to make accurate shooting. The herd, which had divided into two columns, had now moved onward, except a few stragglers who formed the rear-guard; and, having reloaded my rifle and revolvers, I returned to the fallen patriarch, who, to my surprise, got upon his legs as I approached and lowered his head as if he intended to charge, but he was too far gone, and fell; and whilst he was struggling to get on his legs again, I dismounted and put him out of pain with a shot in the centre of the chest. One of the other cows was still showing signs of life, and I was obliged to fire two more shots at her before I could put her out of her agony. The game was now over. I had killed a bull for my own gratification, and five cows and a good-sized calf for camp use and the manufacture of pemmican. My companions had not been idle, and each had killed his four or five cows, whilst Villebois had dropped seven to his own rifle as well as a white wolf. Moore had got a severe shaking from a nasty spill; his horse, whilst in pursuit of a buffalo, having put one of his feet in a prairie-dog's burrow and fallen heavily with his rider. No bones were, however, broken, and a few days' rest set him all right again.

This appears to me the chief danger of buffalo-hunting; for a well-armed man has but little danger to fear from the animal itself if he only exercises common precaution. I consider it very tame sport, and felt somewhat disgusted with myself at having taken any part in the shooting of cows; but the herds only pass twice in the year, and the Indian tribe, near whom we were encamped, had travelled some hundreds of miles in a southerly direction to kill the meat and make pemmican for winter consumption.

On our return to camp there was great rejoicing at our success; but I lost caste amongst the Indians for having wasted my ammunition on an old bull. At night there was great feasting and revelry, and at our evening meal buffalo-tongues and marrow-bones were the sensational dishes of every mess. When night set in the braves, who returned empty-handed, gave us a 'buffalo dance,' but it was a stupid and uninteresting performance, and I was glad when it was over and our camp was cleared of red-skins, which arrangement I saw carried out before I turned in, as their little game is always 'plunder.'



## 'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—September Saunterings by Flood and Field.

'An empty sky, a world of heather,  
Purple of foxglove, yellow of broom.'

Ah! it's all very delightful, but the only heather we have seen has been in the poulterers' shops, and neither foxglove nor broom grows in Pimlico. Very delightful for the Hon. Jim and the Hon. Jemima, who, with Georges and Freds, and one or two Blanches and Bessies, are either up Glen Farintosh, or located in 'the Hut' near the moor of Invertoddy, and who go out and shoot, or pretend to shoot, grouse in the last new thing of Smalpage's or Poole's, and are be-knickerbockered and be-purple-stockinged (we mean, of course, Jim and Co.) up to the nines, and who have Blanche and Bessie to meet them with luncheon in some charming spot, a mass of rocks and ferns, with the rippling murmur of the 'beck,'—

'Tinkle, tinkle, sweetly it sings to us,  
Light is our talk, as of faery bells—  
Faery wedding-bells faintly ring to us  
Down in their fortunate parallels.'

And then 8.30 dinner at 'the Hut,' with a harvest moon for dessert, and a cigar on a *causeuse* near the French window, and some one saying she so much likes the smell of the smoke, and to sit and spoon and watch the hillside, and the odorous pine-woods bathed in the moonlight, while from some inner room comes the melting strains of a German *lieder*—ah! this is the life to lead, my Christian friends, at this time of year. So charming, that even to hear of it gives one a sort of flavour of loch, moor, and mountain, and we sniff the desert air of Belgrave Square on a certain afternoon, and think we can detect some unfamiliar oxygen in that fashionable locality. Like Dick Swiveller's Marchioness we 'make believe very much,' and Kensington Gardens, especially as there is no one there, reminds us of the Trossachs, until we come upon a thoroughly *ennuyé* Bobby, and that dispels our dream. But we will go on to the Round Pond, where, it being a breezy day, there is a high regatta, much more exciting than some we have seen from that Club Lawn at Cowes, because we can take it all in at a glance, and admire the way the little schooner holds her own against a rather lubberly cutter that tries to take the wind out of her sails, and we get nearly as excited as the middle-aged owners, who take a good deal of exercise in running round the pond to receive their various crafts when they come into port. Who says that Town is dull in September? Who cares for Glen Farintosh or Glen Jamieson, or any other confounded glen. We are bound to say they are awfully dull up at Invertoddy sometimes, and the Georges and Freds are cross when the bags are light; and as for the Blanches and Bessies, they must know each other's dresses by heart and hate each other like poison. There was a very fine moonlight effect in Chesham Place the other night, quite equal, we are sure, to anything seen from 'the Hut;' in fact, finer. And now we come to think of it, what wretched weather they have had in Switzerland. A melan-

choly letter from a friend, who had been down to the Falls of Tosa in Piedmont, and who, after crossing the Gries glacier, had been weatherbound at a little inn at Munster, did us a great deal of good just before starting for Doncaster. He visited the Rhone glacier and crossed the Grimsel, too, in a dense fog, which pleased us very much. We remember something of that little inn at Munster, and chuckled as we thought of a couple of lines that a wicked Oxford undergraduate wrote in the Visitors' Book some years ago, and over which the landlord was profuse in his thanks, under the idea some flattering mention had been made of his hotel :—

'With numerous dishes Baptiste seeks to please ;  
Mine be a simpler fare and fewer fleas !'

Were the descendants of these fleas still at the inn, and did they vex the body of our friend ? Of course we hoped not—and yet. In the Upper Engadine, too, they had had nothing but rain, which was truly refreshing to hear ; and as we picked our dirty way over the puddles in St. James's Park up to all that the whitewashers and painters had left us of the Baccarat Club—to wit, a small apartment about eight feet by four, a hall porter, two bottles of brown sherry, one of brandy, and the day before yesterday's 'Times,' we felt that life in London was still endurable.

It will be gathered from these opening remarks—a compound of an infirmity of temper, 'blues,' and a heavy cold, that the 'Van' driver has neither been to Invertoddy or the Engadine. The cliffs of Scarborough and the casino thereof have not been visited by his presence ; the Marquis of Upper Clapton has not given him that berth on board the 'Kafozzem' which his lordship vaguely hinted at at Goodwood. *His* September saunterings by flood have been limited to the Thames Embankment and the Round Pond ; by field, to Warwick Common and the Town Moor, names with which his readers are no doubt familiar. The Baden nobility and gentry did not entreat his presence at their race meeting, though a pressing invitation came from Totnes, and, by-the-way, the sport at both places seemed about on a par. And this reminds us that our dear friend, M. Dupressior, has cropped up in Spain, somewhere on the banks of the Bidassoa, the name of the place has escaped us, but it is immaterial, and there the board is spread, and the royal and noble games of trente-et-quarante and roulette go on, and the ball clicks to the sound of other balls, for those blessed Spaniards are fighting each other close at hand, so there is double excitement. And M. Dupressior establishes regattas and gives princely prizes ; and when the Spanish authorities (a very vague body) send some gendarmes to him, and say they really cannot, or will not, allow any gambling—why, of course, he administers palm oil to the 'authorities' and all is peace. The Driver would have liked to have gone *there*, and he wonders Mr. Bailly did not propose to send him. What between roulette, the Spanish ladies, and the Carlist war, there might have been a wonderful 'Van ;' and if anything could make him regret Pimlico, it would be the banks (or the bank) of the Bidassoa. Ah ! the Baden days—the old ones come back to us with the name of Dupressoir—the days before those stupid Germans had found out the place ; for Baden, it is well known, was first colonised by the French, though it is supposed some Americans effected a settlement in the reign of Henry VIII., and there was, there is no doubt, an English chaplain there who fought on the side of the Electors-Palatine in the Thirty Years' War. The Germans are quite a modern innovation, and it will take some time before they settle down.

They seem to feel their painful position very much, we hear, and are not at all certain what the Baden population, headed by the hotel-keepers, won't do to them some fine day. It is thought Bismarck, after he has done bullying the Bishops, will have to interfere. Well, Baden was *triste*, and will continue so till the Parisians shall enjoy their own again, but when that happy time will be this deponent sayeth not. Then there was Homburg, also Southend, but the Driver was alarmed at the excursionists at the latter place; and though a very flattering proposition was made to him from the chief constable at Herne Bay to unite the offices of steward and handicapper at a contemplated race meeting, his regard for Mr. Marcus Verrall would not allow him to interfere with what may be called his special circuit. The V. D. then bethought him of a scheme that had once recommended itself to a hard-up acquaintance under similar circumstances, that of travelling the rounds each day on a different omnibus—from Hammersmith to Whitechapel, from the *ultima Thule* of Islington to Bethnal Green—and while pondering on this excitement, behold, the bell rang for the first race on Warwick Common.

We could not help calling to mind, as we gazed at the crowds assembled on the first day of the races at that place, of an article that had appeared a week or two previously in the 'Times,' *à propos* of Lord Exeter's intention to turn Stamford racecourse to other uses. The article in question seemed, at a first glance, conceived in a spirit of hostility to racing, but it was not so. It merely pointed out what is a self-evident truth, that country race meetings, more particularly of the class of Stamford, Warwick, and other minor gatherings, had long ceased to have anything in common with the place where they were held. Fifty years ago Stamford Races really and truly were the races of Stamford and the county side of Lincolnshire, resorted to by the county families, the yeomen, the tradespeople, the peasantry within a certain radius. Resorted to also by horses of local fame, and though they would not perhaps have held their own on the Beacon course or the T.M.M., yet were good animals of a class, and looked upon as sort of public property by the inhabitants of Lincolnshire and the adjoining counties. Locomotion then was not easy, and a country race meeting was what it professed to be. How fifty years have changed all that need not be told; and if we had done as 'Nimrod' did in his amusing sketch of 'The Road,' dug up some ancient who had been asleep for the last half century, and put him by our side on Warwick Stand, he would, perhaps, have been as much astonished as the old gentleman who was pushed into the Comet in Piccadilly and told to be 'quick as lightning.' 'Warwick Races,' would *our* old gentleman have said, 'Ah, yes! but I don't see any carriages, and where are all the county families?' Where, indeed? Warwick Races consisted of the handful of people whom the Great Western special had brought from London that morning and an immense contingent of Birmingham and Coventry roughs. The Stand held but a sparse attendance, and the Warwick shopkeepers seemed to have wisely abandoned the field to the gentlemen from Birmingham. And one meeting is very like another in this respect. Racing now-a-days is, so to speak, a peripatetic institution, comprising a set of men and horses who travel about the country and pitch their tents in or near provincial towns. The inhabitants of these towns may welcome them or not just as they please. It makes no difference to the peripatetics. Northampton may rejoice over them, and Nottingham may turn the cold shoulder, but the races will take place all the same; for this simple reason, that neither town will be asked its

opinion in the matter. The gentlemen who assemble on Paddington, King's Cross, and Euston platforms, as the case may be, are the people whose tastes are consulted, because they are really *the races*, and without them, provincial meetings would only be so many country revels. We are not mentioning this in any spirit hostile to racing, but only calling attention to the altered state of things that half a century or less has brought about. Because the Marquis of Exeter did not see the necessity of keeping up Stamford racecourse for the amusement of strangers, we hardly think he is to be blamed. Indeed, we would gladly see the area of provincial racing curtailed, and feel sure that sport, in its highest sense, would not suffer. More racing at Newmarket, and one or two other head-centres, and less plating in the provinces, has always been our idea. And we are not without hopes that it may be fulfilled.

New brooms sweep clean, and a new broom, in the person of Mr. Samuel Merry, had been brought to bear upon some of the impurities and inconveniences of Warwick. Not that our friend Samuel is a new broom exactly; we ought rather to have said that he has now got full power to use the broom, which was in a rather feeble grasp before. Mr. Merry has become the lessee, and has signalled his entry into that position by knocking about the old Stand, adding a new wing to it, containing rooms for members of the Jockey Club, private rooms for parties, &c., and portioning off a part of the original Grand Stand for ladies and the county families, who it is to be expected will be induced to use it. The new lessee has also been very liberal in the matter of money, and the Leamington Stakes 'with 300 sovs. added,' sounded and looked well. It looked much better than it turned out indeed, for Mr. Merry's liberality did not meet with the return it merited, and the fields, though the entries promised so well, were small and of no great character. But we hope all this will mend by next year. The Warwick September had sank down to a mere nothing of a meeting, scarcely worth the journey to assist at, but we hope, under Mr. Merry's fostering care, it may take fresh life. Admiral Rous has consented to do the handicapping of the principal events, and will try his practised hand on the Great Midland in November. The lessee also intends having a straight half mile by next year, by which that abominable turn in the old course (death and destruction to backers) will be sometimes avoided. The sport in the two days was pretty good, though the form was nothing particular. That useful horse Cranbourne won the Trial Stakes easily; and it is worthy of remark that all the stock that old rogue Cranbury was allowed to get have been good ones. We think he only had three before he was relegated to a neutral position in life. Poor old Cranbury! The Leamington Stakes was looked upon as a match between Manille and Lemnos, and as Manille was meeting Mr. Gomm's horse on 4 lbs. better terms than at Lewes, it did look a pretty good thing. Lemnos we did not fancy from his appearance. His jockey could not hold him either, and he seemed to have been indulged with but short work since the Sussex fortnight. He had done racing here when he had done pulling, and we all thought Manille would walk in, until Petition came up in the straight, settled him in a few strides, and won as easily as might be. There were two very good finishes on the same day, one between Berryfield and Pageant in a Welter race, in which we should have fancied Pageant at 6 lbs., but Berryfield did him rather cleverly by a head, and the other between Celibacy and Caro in the Woodcote Handicap, the old mare stalling off a determined rush of Caro's at the last, but only just getting home. The County Cup was notable for two

things—the bad form Mr. Gomm's horses are all in; and the truth of a saying we have heard more than once, that Colonel Forrester is a better judge of other men's stables than his own. Fraulein was on her own course, and not burdened with too much weight, but she only got a bad third; and Lord Wilton's Hippias, who was chucked in with 6 st. 2 lbs. (though he carried, for the sake of F. Archer, 2 lbs. more), was not fancied at all by his stable, and neither Colonel Forrester nor even Wadlow was there to see him win, which he did very easily. Lilian made a terrible example of her field in the Warwick Cup, including Lemnos, Manille, and a big chestnut, Chief Ranger, one of Johnny Osborne's 'maidens,' and one who is likely to continue in that condition, though he found flats to back him there on the strength of his taking every allowance it was possible for horse to take. Lilian literally gently cantered in some six lengths before Manille, the others following in Indian file, with about fifty yards distance between each. Mr. Chaplin had the misfortune to lose his nice useful little mare, Pope Joan, who broke her thigh after going about a hundred yards in a race with Berryfield; and that is all about Warwick.

An unusually dry summer, and a smaller number of young horses in training than is generally the case, combined with the loss the Irish Turf has sustained in the death of two such supporters as Lord Howth and Mr. Keary, prepared us for a certain falling off in the numerical strength of the fields at The Curragh September Meeting, but we were scarcely able to believe our eyes when only five runners were weighed out to run for the Railway Stakes—the Middle Park Plate of Ireland—especially as we could discover nothing so very superior in this quintette that should frighten away all the others; but we are beginning at the wrong end of the story, and must hark back a little.

There was no more bustle than ordinary in the streets of Dublin on the morning of Tuesday, the 1st of September, as we drove in our low-backed car to the Kingsbridge Station, whence a single special was sufficient to convey down to the 'Short Grass' the very few patrons of flat-racing that live in the Irish metropolis. We quickly steamed through the broad pastures of Kildare, and were landed at the Grand Stand nearly an hour before the time set for the first race, which time was beguiled away as best we could: some of the visitors attended a sale of very inferior thoroughbreds; others proceeded on a voyage of discovery to the Camp; while the wisest, perhaps, made sure of their luncheons. At last the bell rang; and again it clanged forth, when ten numbers were exhibited on the board, and the confusion of tongues commenced. Outlaw, whom Lynch had come from Newmarket to ride, was favourite; and Queen of the Bees, from her Baldoyle running, with Killick up, was second in demand; but Mr. Hunter was unable to assign even a place to either of them, for Prophecy won a good race by a neck from the steeplechaser, Alberic, and Condore was half a length off, third. As winner of the Irish Derby, it was but right that odds should be laid upon Ben Battle for the Queen's Plate, which he won by ten lengths—which could have been ten times ten—from his only opponents, Jigginstown and Niochi. A dozen, which proved the largest field of the meeting, weighed out then for the Anglesey Stakes, for two-year-olds; and we cannot congratulate the Curragh trainers upon the appearance of their youngsters, for a more sorry-looking lot has seldom competed for so valuable a prize. There was a good deal of mystery about certain trials, and in the end we fancy the knowing ones burnt their fingers; for Salamis and Wild Duck had been put together that very morning, it was said, and the former had

proved herself the better. The public, however, as soon as the numbers went up, made Wild Duck favourite, and accepted 6 to 4 about her; but the knowing ones then appeared upon the scene, and backed Salamis down to 2 to 1; whereupon Wild Duck receded to double these odds; but the public were right, for Wild Duck won very easily by four lengths, while Salamis finished fifth. My Lady, who had recently been victorious at Alexandra Park, proved second best, and Valourous was third. Lord Drogheda, the senior Steward, and one of the best supporters of the Irish Turf, scored the next win with the little-fancied Minette, who completely spreadeagled her five opponents for the Kildare Handicap, which was *not* a bright specimen of the art of putting horses together. The Scurry Corinthian Stakes concluded the programme, and, Corinthian only in name, was won by Mr. Long's Julia. The off-day, Wednesday, drew even fewer to assist at the sport, which was tame in the extreme. Ben Battle walked over for the Queen's Plate; Mr. Cockin, whose colours were almost invincible here a few years ago, ran two for the Curragh Plate, and just won with Bunbeg, his second string, Beadroll, who ran in last year's Derby, being a moderate third, separated from the winner by Ladybird. Maid of Erin cantered away with the Marble Hill Stakes for two-year-olds; and then the Nursery Stakes produced a field of eight and an amount of betting that has not been recently seen on the plains of Kildare. An astute party had brought Herald from Epsom, and they backed him with spirit; the supporters of Rosalind and Salamis also supporting their pets for much money, nothing else being really backed. The race was a good one from the start, and the *trio* on whom the heavy metal had gone singled themselves out from the others a quarter of a mile from home, and, after a rattling set-to, Herald won by half a length, all out, and a length divided the other two. Of the twenty-one subscribers to the Wellington Stakes six faced the flag, and it was considered a good thing for Countersign; but she suffered defeat at the hands of young Wynne, a real chip of the old block, Denny of that ilk, who landed Prophecy, a rank outsider, a clever winner by half a length.

Thursday at the Royal Meeting always draws a large attendance, and it was, in comparison to the previous days, a very large one indeed. The number of passengers, indeed, at Kingsbridge fairly took the officials by storm, who were not at all prepared for their transit; additional carriages had to be put on, and after much valuable time had been frittered away the train got under weigh, but such slow progress was made that the hour fixed for the first race had almost arrived when the Curragh platform was gained. Several of the occupants had indeed given up all hopes of arriving in time to see the Flying Stakes run for, not being aware that the dilatory train they were in also carried that somewhat needful official, the starter. All's well, however, that ends well, and no sooner were we uncartered than five numbers went up, and very shortly Joy Bells was returned a clever winner by a neck, the much-thought-of Salamis for the third time sustaining defeat. Four of the eight runners for the Stewards' Plate were backed; but none of them managed to gain either first or second honours, the finish, which was a magnificent one, and quite worthy of older jockeys, being confined to Chancellor and Concord, little Dalton, on the former, winning a very fine race by a head; while Westlake's handling of the second must not be passed by without a word of praise. Few people, we take it, were more surprised than Chancellor's owner at the result, for the son of his old favourite mare, Claret Cup, had not performed well on either of the two previous days, not nearly so well as Mr. Knox had a right to expect. Odds

were laid on Minette for the Queen's Plate for mares, and the odds would have been landed had a jockey been up; but after Lord Drogheda's mare had won the race at the chains, her rider kindly made it a present to Ashworth, on Cutty Sark. As before remarked, only five did battle for the Railway Stakes, Wild Duck being favourite, the field having but a slight call. Maid of Erin was next fancied; and Duhart, with Maidment for her pilot, found backers at 4 to 1, the others, Mestiza and Ballyroe, finding small support. And the talent were right, for although Wild Duck was nearly down on her head, a hundred yards from home, she won anyhow from Duhart, who ran much better with a jockey up than she had done on Tuesday. A Welter Handicap brought the meeting to a close, whereof Chancellor, ridden by Maidment, was returned the winner by a head, from Tinkling Sound, with Mr. Beasley up, after one of the best finishes ever seen; and we must congratulate Mr. Beasley, not only upon his excellent horsemanship, but upon his behaviour at the post, with which we regretted to have to find so much fault the last time his name appeared in 'Our Van.' No one could possibly have ridden a finer race; and Maidment himself afterwards confessed he was nearly being done.

That there is a *want of go* at the Curragh no one can deny; but we regret to see advocated (especially in the columns of the only sporting paper in Ireland) the introduction of hurdle-racing and steeplechasing, in order to draw a better attendance, and, as a natural consequence, more grist to the mill. Shades of Sir Hercules, Birdcatcher, Faugh-a-ballagh, and all ye Irish Giants of old, look down, frighten away, and prevent the perpetration of such monstrosities! There is steeplechasing enough, and to spare, in Ireland already, if indeed the newly-formed tracks can be called steeplechase courses. Why, then, degrade the time-honoured Curragh with putting up obstacles that any donkey can get over, in order to pander to the morbid taste of the day. Punchestown and the Fairy House are steeplechase courses indeed, fair, safe, and natural; but they are the only good ones that we know of. The other *bippodromes*, for they deserve no better name, are all unnatural, and therefore unsafe and unfair; moreover, perfectly unlike anything a horse ever meets with in the hunting-field. Let us hope, then, that the day may be far away when we shall see the glorious Curragh so sacrificed. No doubt the Stewards and their officials have a difficult game to play; but the right men are at the head of affairs; and if the stakes were made more attractive, better sport would surely be the result. The Turf Club may not be in a position to add more money from their funds; but we cannot help hazarding an opinion, that if the railway company—which, by-the-by, monopolises the whole of the racing traffic of the south of Ireland—Punchestown, The Curragh, Cork, The Heath, Carlow, Limerick, &c., to wit—would contribute a 'Railway Plate' to each Curragh Meeting, and run their special trains more for the convenience of their passengers than for their own emolument, they would vastly benefit themselves and afford much support to the, at present, apparently failing fortunes of flat-racing in Ireland.

And now we turn our steps northward ho! to the 'vile, lewd town' whose iniquities and extortions we only pardon for the sake of the historic moor and the contests it has witnessed. There are some curious meteorological phenomena attaching to Doncaster which it might be as well for the learned to explain. It never rains there, at least in any quantity. Last year we remember we found the ground hard and dry, though there was a tremendous storm on

the first day, and on this occasion it was like the turnpike road; and Billy Elliott—whom we found the solitary occupant of the Rooms—was quite eloquent on the weather and solemn on the scarcity of water. We satisfied ourselves, from personal observation, that the racecourse could not well be harder, 'and we bitterly thought of the morrow,' when the dicky-legged ones would be giving it a trial. And what a Leger we had, and what hours of confusion and chaos we went through on that Leger morning! But we must not anticipate; let us begin at the beginning with the arrival of George Frederick on Monday afternoon, when Doncaster judgment was at once pronounced against him, no one who had seen him giving him a good word, and some remarks being exceedingly severe. Then, an hour or so afterwards, came Apology, who was in more form; but still there was no enthusiasm even about her, and the critics were all of the captious order. Neither of them improved their positions in the market; and George Frederick, after he had cantered on the Tuesday morning, became in even a worse one. And while the favourites were in this very doubtful plight, curiously enough nothing else was in any better. The offers of the bookmakers were still '10 to 1 bar two,' and there was practically no third favourite. Mr. Cartwright professed not to understand it; the two Special Commissioners who had been down to Wroughton to see George Frederick were ready to stake their reputation on his being sound and well; and Custance, who was to ride him, said he was delighted with his mount. Surely here was an array of confidence and talent that ought to have brought George Frederick to 6 to 4 at least—but they did not. The more his owner professed, the worst favourite became his horse; the more the two zealous Specials, *arcades ambo*, both in print and private life, staked their reputations, &c., the more did the bookmakers lay. It was not treating Mr. Cartwright and the Specials well or with respect, we must say, but the fact was, whenever these Turf Instructors' names were mentioned, the bookmakers contemptuously sprung a point against the unfortunate George Frederick, and said something about the Specials, which we will not sully our pages by repeating. So things went on all through Tuesday, and the state of the market interested us more than the Champagne or the Great Yorkshire Handicap. Through the absence of Prince Charlie and Tangible the Fitzwilliam lost much of its interest, though there were Blenheim, Thorn, and Wallsend to meet in it; and, as a two-year-old beat Roquefort last year, many people thought that Lord Portsmouth's good-looking colt would do the same for Blenheim. But Wallsend, we suppose, is not so good as La Jeunesse, for Blenheim won very easily, and Thorn might have been second only Osborne eased him near home. It was a poor Champagne, bar the winner, Camballo, for Régalade can't stay, and Alpha—a son of Vespasian, that Mr. Gretton bought at Mr. T. Walker's sale—was no good, though Porter thought otherwise. It looked for a moment or two as if it was going to be a race between Camballo and the Earl of Dartrey (the Rigolboche colt), but the former won easily at last. Whitewall was very fond of Field Marshal for the Handicap; and Jim Perren came up to us on the previous afternoon, as we were walking away from the course, and begged us to be on, 'for,' said Jim, 'the horse was never better in his life.' He was certainly very favourably in, but we fear he has taken to running cunning, or he wants a Fordham on his back; for he would never, though he made the running to the Red House, run into his bridle, and stopped to nothing, when Conundrum collared him. The race was left to Bertram and Louise, Constable on the latter, and it was the general opinion that jockeyship won the day. Emarton, who



rode Bertram, did not seem able to get him out, and Louise beat him by a head. It must be remembered, however, that Lord Rosebery struck Louise out of the Leanington Stakes, because he thought she had a much better chance for this race, and therefore she might have had a bit in hand, though Mr. Clark's fiat was only a head. People came back and dined, with a good deal of George Frederick on the brain, but nothing transpired about him until late in the evening, about an hour before the closing of the Rooms, when three members of the Jockey Club—who had sought inspiration, it may be supposed, from some unfailing oracle—made their appearance on the scene, headed by Sir Frederick Johnstone, and that honourable Baronet commenced straightway such a fusillade against George Frederick that it was soon seen it was all up with him. Mr. Cartwright looked on in gloomy silence the quondam favourite's backers in mute dismay, while the gentlemen bookmakers seemed pleasantly conscious of having performed a virtuous action. Whether they really knew something, or only did it for a lark and meant to have backed him back the next day—whether remorse visited their pillows and uneasy dreams of George Frederick winning in a canter murdered sleep, we cannot say, but when their servants brought them the morning 'S. B.' with the news that George Frederick was scratched, we are warranted in supposing that their feelings were much relieved. For it was too true. 'His leg had filled in the night,' and it was Mr. Mannington's opinion that it would ruin the horse to run him. So Mr. Cartwright proceeded to Messrs. Weatherby's office and struck him out; and when the commissioner whom he had told the previous day that he intended to have 'a thou' on the horse in the morning called for his instructions (the said commissioner having backed the horse for 600*l.* himself), this was the news that awaited him—and then 'to breakfast with what appetite he may.' It was hardly believed at first, and Custance was among the sceptics; but the real truth soon forced itself on our unwilling minds. The Derby winner scratched! We had a great idea that he would not win, but we expected at least a run for our money. Of course there were all sorts of things said, witty things (more or less), angry things, unwarrantable things. A time-honoured joke on his owner's name was brought to bear on the situation, and jocose inquiries as to whether Mr. Cartwright had not taken the first morning train *en route* to the Principality were rife. The aristocratic bookmakers were congratulated on their superior prescience, and received the compliments of their friends with modesty. The bookmakers tried to look not unduly elated, but they are bad hands at concealing their emotions; and Mr. Steele was so preternaturally solemn that a child might have known he had had George Frederick in his pocket. Some kind inquiries were made after the two Special Commissioners, and several people seemed anxious to offer them some marks of their esteem, but they were not to be found. Few people comparatively paid attention to Mr. Hudson's or Lord Scarborough's yearlings (though Mr. Chaplin, by-the-way, found time to give 1,500 guineas for a Miner colt, and a very good-looking one); and it was only the Apology sensation that knocked George Frederick as clear out of our heads as he was out of the race. For Apology was, if you please, scratched too—or if she was not, it was a mere question of time. She

had pulled up lame after her morning gallop, and here was a Newmarket trainer of credit and renown ready to make what Mr. Riderhood called an Alfred Davy of the fact, if necessary. Mr. Launde had been telegraphed to, and the order for striking the mare out of the Leger was expected every moment. She was at 50 to 1, she was at 100 to 1, she was at 100 to 6, she was at 100 to 8, she was at 10 to 1. And all this was taking place about an hour before the time set for the races to come off, and everybody was (metaphorically) standing on their heads, and bookmakers were rushing about offering insane prices—and, as we have said before, it was a scene of chaos and confusion. What it all meant was this. The mare had been pulled up rather suddenly in her morning canter, and she 'pecked,' from crossing her legs or something, and because Osborne jumped off her back to see what was the matter and she was led back to her stable, hence arose this groundless panic—the rumours that she was dead lame, the scratching, and all the rest of it. A panic, we know, is most catching, and both backers and layers that afternoon were for a couple of hours like a flock of frightened sheep, ready to follow any one's lead. It is just possible too—for even the cleverest and sharpest may be deceived—that the bookmakers thought she was as 'safe' as George Frederick. Only on that supposition can we explain their actions. The prices we have above mentioned might have been, and were, had at different intervals during the two hours or hour and a half before the race. Even when seen in the paddock and after she had cantered, 5 to 1 might still have been got. She evidently did not move with freedom on the hard ground, but in other respects she looked pounds better than she did at York. 5 to 1 against the Leger favourite! Was ever heard such a case? To show how unreasonable and unreasoning was the panic—in the false start, because she was rather slow in beginning—some bookmaker shouted, '10 to 1 against 'Apology!' Whether he was taken or not we can't say, but the mare was not entirely deserted by her friends. It required some amount of courage, though, to back her in the face of this fierce opposition. The shouting gentlemen with books and pencils had been so right about George Frederick, why should they not be right now? So some of her former staunch supporters, among them Mr. Chaplin, forsook her, to their cost, and those who were on her and could not lay off looked upon their money as gone.

Atlantic was voted the gentleman of the lot of thirteen that emerged from the paddock, headed by Volturno and the two French horses, Feu d'Amour and Boulet. He looked wonderfully fit, and so indeed did Leolinus and Trent, and Sir Richard Bulkeley's colt divided many suffrages with Lord Falmouth's. Feu d'Amour, who had Custance on him, is as narrow as a rail, but when extended his action left little to be desired. The best movers though were Atlantic and Trent; and the latter, as was generally anticipated, skimmed over the hard ground like a bird. There was one break away, which would have been a start but for Boulet (it was then the rash bookmaker offered 10 to 1), and when Mr. McGeorge did lower his flag, John Osborne and Apology were nearly in the same position as when the former rode Lord Clifden in the Leger of '63. As they swept up the hill out of sight, with Boulet making the running, and Atlantic going like great guns, Johnny was still in the rear; but

when they could be seen again, he had brought the mare through his horses, and at the rifle butts, where Atlantic was seen to compound (he had broken a blood-vessel going up the hill), she was in the first four. At the Red House she was with the leaders; at the bend she was in front, and it was all over. Amidst tremendous cheering and a scene of wild excitement, she headed Leolinus easily, and won without an effort by a length and a half. Such enthusiasm—and we have seen a great deal on the Town Moor—was never before exhibited in our recollection. The cheering was renewed again and again as Osborne rode the good mare back to the paddock; it swelled to a louder volume when the 'all right' was pronounced, and we really thought it never would cease. Of course the reason for this great enthusiasm was obvious. The mare had been knocked out, bandied about like a shuttlecock, her pretensions laughed to scorn, suspected of being as 'safe' as George Frederick, reported to be struck out, deserted by many of her friends—to all appearances a beaten animal before the flag fell. And well she had triumphed. Undoubtedly not quite up to the mark, and evidently disliking the hard ground, she had yet won the fastest Leger on record in a common canter, and had left the horse who beat her, when unfit, in the Great Yorkshire standing still. No wonder, then, that all Yorkshire cheered her, her jockey, and her venerable owner, who was not present to see her run; but above all, like good sportsmen as they are, they cheered Apology.

Hunting news from Leicestershire is most promising, and all the packs, in spite of hard ground, have been hard at work for some weeks.

The Quorn commenced cub-hunting on the 20th of August, fully ten days earlier than their usual time, but the harvest was early and foxes plentiful, so Mr. Coupland thought it was no use to be idle, particularly with a strong lot of young hounds to work. Their first morning was at Bradgate Park, where there was a good show of cubs in the Earl of Stamford's coverts; the next was Quorn Wood, where they had plenty to do. After several days in the Forest they met at Lockington, which reminded us of poor old Jack Storey, who was always a *stout friend* to the Master of the Quorn, and whose coverts were seldom drawn blank. He is well represented by the present proprietor of that beautiful estate, Squire Curzen, who is a staunch preserver of foxes on the Derby side of the Quorn country. After rattling the cubs in both of Mr. Curzen's coverts the hounds went off to Whatton, where they got away with an old fox and had a first-rate 20 minutes 'to ground' at Lockington.

Monday, 7th September, the first day on the Melton side of the country, they drew Grimston Gorse and Old Dally Wood, found plenty of the right sort. They ran a fox to ground at Grimston, and, although very unusual, the order was given 'to dig,' where they came not only to Charley but also to a big badger. On the 8th of September these hounds had a most successful morning in Squire Dashwood's coverts at Stamford Park, where they found plenty of foxes and killed a brace. Mr. Dashwood, in former days, was hard to beat over Leicestershire, and always rode the best of cattle. Squire Herrick of Bean Manor Park, one of the oldest members of the Quorn Hunt, and one

of the largest landed proprietors, whose coverts are never known to be blank, afforded a good morning on the 10th, also killed a brace. The following day was at Clifton, near to Nottingham, where there are always plenty of foxes, but the day was hot and no scent.

Friday, the 18th, was Barkby Holt, now grown into a splendid covert; and, thanks to that *admirable* tenant of the hall and shooting (Mr. Thomas Brooks), all his coverts are full of foxes. After a good hour of hard work for hounds they killed one, and went on to Colonel Burnaby's little covert at Baggrave; here was a sight worth getting up at 4 A.M. and riding miles to see. No less than six foxes left this little stronghold without being headed or pursued, when the order was given to go away with the next, which gave them a little gallop round by Lowesby Hall. On Saturday a fair day's sport in the Staunton Harold Woods; and Monday was fixed for the famous Gartrie Hill, that was never drawn blank last year, and had no less than fifteen finds on different days. It belongs to the Squire of Little Dalby. This morning, as at Lockington, was a melancholy blank at the covert side. In the absence of Captain Hartopp, who was such a thorough good sportsman, that all who knew him could but appreciate him, it is impossible to say what the show of foxes here was, at least ten to a dozen; and after two hours' hard work they ran to ground, then drew the spinnies without success. The hounds were ordered back to the covert, where they found a half-tired cub and killed him. They then went on to Adams's Gorse, found another splendid lot of six or eight in this little place; they chopped one, and, after a nice spin, killed another—making up to the present time ten brace in fifteen days. Mr. Coupland's hounds were most successful at the Yorkshire Hound Show, taking three first prizes, and the young entry are doing well.

Melton will be very full this year.

Hunting has been going on in Hampshire all this month, but the scent has been so wretchedly bad that the hounds could hardly keep the line. Mr. Deacon, although he has had a bad attack of gout, and rides with list boots, has managed in sixteen days to kill sixteen cubs; he has some rare preserves of foxes in his country, amongst them Mr. Jervoise's of Herriard, where Mr. Deacon could go and kill ten brace before the regular season begins, and do no harm. What would some of the Hambledon game preservers say to this?

The Hambledon have not been quite so successful with cubs. Hounds are in beautiful condition. Phillips hunts the bitch pack, and Mr. Walter Long the dog pack, and he is coming on as a huntsman remarkably well; and on Saturday, September 12th, had a very hard day with the cubs round Beacon Hill and killed, and that famous hound Tunelet, which never would eat a bit of the fox, that morning enjoyed as large a piece as any hound in the pack.

The directors of the London and North-Western have agreed to issue hunting season tickets from the 1st of October as well as from the 1st of November as formerly. This new arrangement will we apprehend prove a great convenience, for although many men do not begin before hounds are regularly advertised in November, yet all have to leave off about the 5th of April, when their hunting ticket ceases to be of any use; and as October comprises part of

the legal Long Vacation, many might gladly avail themselves of this change to get some cub-hunting during that month. Apropos of this, a friend tells us that last season he hunted fourteen days in October, and only three in April, which speaks for itself; but in order to suit the strictly conservative party, who saw no necessity for a change, the directors have issued two sets.

A good bit of shooting, and at the same time something of a coincidence, happened last month near Horsham. Sir George Pocock on the memorable 8th of September, 1855, at the storming of the Redan, had his left arm carried away at the shoulder by a grape shot, and his right arm shattered by a rifle ball. On the same day this year, he, with the one wounded arm, shot sixteen birds out of seventeen shots, taking them as they got up, and they were pretty wild too. This is wonderful shooting, for Sir George's gun was a single-barrel.

A friend of ours was walking down the Edgware Road the other day, when he was attracted by one of the old-fashioned serious organs, on which the 'Adeste Fideles' was being ground. Approaching nearer, he found that the grinder was blind, notices to that effect being posted fore and aft, while besides on his back was hung a large placard with the following strange announcement:—'Kind friends, I am entirely blind. *I am suffering from 'amorusus.'* Our friend, who is an exceedingly proper and well-conducted young man, was much shocked, and did not give the serious grinder the donation he had intended.

We are glad to record that 'Cooper's Coach' is going to have a winter season. The first in the field, or rather on the road, and the last to quit it, is he whose portrait has been one of the latest additions to 'Baily's Gallery.' On Monday, the 19th of October, the Afternoon Dorking will leave the Burford Bridge Hotel at 10.30 or 11, and it will leave Hatchett's on Tuesday, the 20th, at 12.15, and get to Burford Bridge about 2.30. It will go out of London on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, and return from Burford Bridge on the alternate week-days, resuming in the spring, as soon as daylight will permit it, daily running. The surplus horses, some eight or ten in number, will be sent to Tattersall's on the 26th of October. They will not be the worst of the stud, but those Mr. Cooper can best spare, and more than one decent hunter will be found among them in good condition. There are three or four packs of hounds easily reached from Burford Bridge or Leatherhead, at either of which places there is good accommodation for man and beast. We should think the coach would be patronised by hunting men. They would have a pleasant drive, and the coachman might tell them something.

The Road Club has wonderfully taken root, and members are coming in fast. The house in 4 Park Place is being got ready, and will soon be fit for occupation. The situation is undeniable, as there will be an entrance from Arlington Street as well, and Major Furnivall is looking after the interior economy and seeing to everything. We venture to think the new Club will be a success. Coaching men, and men fond of coaching, are all good fellows—at least so the 'Van' driver's experience tells him—and the Club that contains

them, with a good gridiron, a good smoking-room, and good liquor, ought to be a happy family.

A Bedfordshire linendraper, noted for his love of pike-fishing, not long ago married a smart young damsel some forty years his junior, and all went 'merry as a marriage bell' until, in a short time, an old habit of walking in his sleep recurred to the happy bridegroom. The spouse complained to her parents of the alarm this state of things caused her, for the good man had risen from his bed, cut the counterpane in two, then removed the principal portion of his night-garment, folded up the pieces, and, trying to replace the scissors in his imaginary waistcoat pocket, persisted by inquiring whether there was 'any other article?'

A Nonconformist preacher, travelling with a Gloucestershire auctioneer the other day, boasted of his power of oratory and the convictions he brought home to his flock, adding, 'We ministers all preach from texts as the clergy do, and pretty well to the same end—repentance.' 'Well,' replied the auctioneer, 'I have known a deuced deal more repentance arise in my auction-room than ever came out of your chapel, I'll answer for *that*.'

Mr. Sidney's book on 'The Horse' still keeps on. It might be called 'The Horse and His Riders,' for he discourses as much on men and women as on the quadrupeds. Judging from the September number we are quite astonished at the Infant Samuel's extraordinary knowledge of those feminine garments which are generally kept out of sight. He must have assisted at some private rehearsals, or perhaps been admitted into one of the dressing-rooms when the Circus was at the Agricultural Hall. This is taking advantage of your privileges, Samuel, which we don't think is fair.

Several great improvements have been made at the Royal Kennels during the past year. Nice new houses for the first and third whips have been erected, and other alterations made from suggestions of Goodall, all tending to the comfort of the hounds. Most kennels we visit are, if anything, too small, whereas the fault we find at Ascot is that they are too large, as there are four great lodging-houses and ample accommodation for 200 couple of hounds. The whole would be improved if the buildings were more centralized, and it would be a decided advantage we think if the hunt horses were kept at the kennels instead of at Cumberland Lodge; as, according to the present arrangement, they are always going backwards and forwards, which is awkward, particularly when they have to meet a long way from the present stables. Lord Hardwicke has shown himself so desirous of having everything done well under his Mastership that perhaps he might be induced to move in the matter. Of course we looked at the entry, and a fine lot they were and in famous condition, reflecting the greatest credit on Goodall's kennel management. Amongst the young ones we saw a 'Towler,' who, if he is half as keen as his namesake, will do well, but we hope he will neither babble nor skirt.

One of the saddest stories we have heard for some time, and affecting a good and tried man in the hunting-field as elsewhere, we venture to bring before our readers, and feel sure we shall enlist their sympathies in so doing. Alfred Hedges, for the past fourteen years the respected huntsman of the

Puckeridge, has, through the failure of some London brokers with whom he placed the sum for investment, lost the whole savings of his life, amounting to 1243*l*. We have no hesitation in commending his case to the attention of the hunting world in general as well as to the many to whom Hedges is personally known. He has always been the first to come forward with a guinea whenever one of his brethren was in difficulties or distress, and we hope that will be remembered in his favour now. Many Londoners hunt with the Puckeridge, among them many members of the Stock Exchange. It is not too much to hope that these gentlemen will, for the credit of their calling, come to the help of Hedges now, seeing that his heavy loss has been brought about by the defalcation of some of their body. It is in a case of this kind that one feels it would be a pleasure to be rich. We may add that subscriptions will be received by Mr. J. L. Taylor, of Saffron Walden, and Mr. James Odams, of 109 Fenchurch Street, London.

Two more anecdotes of the late Lord Henry Bentinck have been kindly sent us since our last 'Van,' and, as they are both very characteristic of the man, we give them with pleasure. One day after a good run of about an hour with his hounds, a rather loud Bostonian rode up to Lord Henry at the hill, and said, 'D—— good run, my Lord, d—— good run!' 'Yes,' replied Lord Henry, 'a very fine run, a charming run; in fact, a very good run indeed, *without the d——n.*'

While canvassing previous to one of the county elections, he called on a farmer whom he could not induce to vote for his candidate. 'No, Lord Henry, I cannot,' said the obdurate agriculturist. 'I would as soon vote for the devil as Mr. ——.' 'But if your friend does not stand,' urged Lord Henry, 'may we not then hope for your vote?' It is not known how it was recorded.

A gentleman recently went over the hunting establishment of a well-known and popular M.F.H., who never gives large prices to mount his servants, and, after looking at the kennels, he inspected the stables and critically passed his eye over the horses, and then said to the Master's wife, who accompanied him, 'Well, Mrs. ——, at all events *you are very well off for flesh.*'

The theatres have all reopened and all are, we believe, doing well. We may have more to say about them next month; at present we can only record the reappearance of Miss Lydia Thompson in London after a six years' absence in America. It seems a long time ago now since 'Little Silver Hair' charmed us with her childish grace and pretty face—the dawn of better things to come. Time, however, has been kind, very kind, and there at the Charing Cross Theatre may be nightly seen no longer a 'little' Silver Hair, it is true, but still all the childish grace and *naïveté* on which womanly experience and knowledge of her profession have been grafted. We are no admirers of burlesque, as our readers know, and we have been so dosed with it for the last two or three years that it would be wonderful if we were. It says much for 'Blue Beard,' then—the old story selected by Miss Thompson for her reappearance—that it makes us laugh at, or in spite of, its nonsense, while its dash and go causes us to forget our hostility to this species of entertainment.

Miss Thompson has retained all that charm which before she quitted England had given her the foremost rank in her own peculiar line. She sings as well as ever, and dances just as well as a lady should. She has no captiousness about her, and, though she puts on 'a swashing and a martial outside,' she is still a woman. She is ably supported by Mr. Lionel Brough and an American actor, Mr. Edouin, and if the latter would only restrain a tendency to exaggeration, he would be more amusing than he is. A nonsense song of Miss Thompson's, in which Mr. Lionel Brough takes part, is the hit of the piece, and 'Blue Beard' has fairly taken the town.

If now and then, by way of atonement for sins of omission and commission, we indulge in the mild extravagance of a little dinner, with the wife of our bosom of course, at Richmond or Greenwich, we know beforehand we shall have to pay for it. Verily, mine host, your smiles and your charges are equally a delusion and a snare, but what shall we say of our very polite neighbours across the Channel. Only the other day we had the extreme felicity of being victimised there, and can safely assert that our much esteemed *maître d'hôtel* can and does take a very large leaf out of our book of charges, and we will back a hostelry we wot of, not a hundred miles from Boulogne-sur-Mer, to beat the most extortionate British boniface that ever existed in a canter. We like thee much, Boulogne, and would fain say a good word for thy many attractions, but thou art of the dear dearest of all.

How often these pages are called upon to lay a stone on the cairn of some departed friend the readers of 'Baily' know too well. Barely a month has passed away, but in it the kindred spirit of Brownlow John North has shaken off this mortal coil, and his many friends may perhaps learn here for the first time that death has removed him from amongst them. Fondly attached to the sports and pastimes of our native land, he bore himself as an English gentleman should, but those who knew him, as we did, can remember him best by his kindly disposition and manly straightforwardness.

We hail, if not exactly a new contribution to sporting literature, an old acquaintance under a new face. Mr. Corlett, a gentleman long favourably known in connection with 'The Sportsman,' has become the editor of 'The Sporting Times,' and that journal, which had sunk to a rather low ebb, has renewed its youth (and it had a youth of some promise if it would have steered a straightforward course), and is likely, we think, to run a successful career in the line it has adopted. Mr. Corlett writes well on racing, and few can touch him there. To say that he never commits mistakes would be to say too much, but there is little doubt he is a good all-round judge of what he writes about. 'The Sporting Times' has added a new feature in the shape of sketches of the living sportsmen and sporting men of the day, and one or two of them, M. Lefevre and Mr. Verrall especially, have been very good. There is a crispness about the articles we have seen, a clever condensation that is refreshing after the verbosity we have sometimes to wade through. In the multiplicity of journals—and we may say that in making of them there is no end, and much inkshedding is weariness of the flesh—there yet seems reason for 'The Sporting Times.'



And what shall we say about the great handicaps, over which we shall be for the next week or two struggling and contending? We dare not venture on prophecy. Our last dip into the Sibylline books was not a fortunate one, and that Sibyl who told us Feu d'Amour would win the Derby was an atrocious humbug. We have one or two fancies for the Cesarewitch, but they do not amount to much more, and our favourite fancies are Marie Stuart, Louise Victoria, and Petition. The Cambridgeshire looks a wonderfully difficult nut to crack, but a bold correspondent assures us that the following is the very straightest of tips:—

A CAMBRIDGESHIRE ACROSTIC.

A monosyllable implying blame,  
The prefix to a noble Frenchman's name,  
That without which no angler casts a fly,  
Will give the first to catch the judge's eye.

As Apology has now won for herself a reputation on the turf second to none, having carried the colours of her lucky owner first past the post in the One Thousand, Oaks, and St. Leger, she has richly earned a place in the 'Baily Gallery.' We therefore propose to publish, at an early date, a portrait of this equine wonder, by the celebrated Harry Hall.





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*D.T. Mochie*  
*M*

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# BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

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### SIR DAVID VANDELEUR ROCHE, BART.

AMONG the Irish Masters of Hounds the subject of our present sketch stands out prominently as a thorough sportsman and popular country gentleman of the type with which the sister isle is so familiar. The eldest son of the late Sir David Roche of Carass, Co. Limerick—himself a fine specimen of an Irish gentleman, and one who took a leading part in all county business and pursuits—the present baronet was born in 1833, and after being educated at Harrow, spent a couple of years in France, in the neighbourhood of Blois. Hunting was his passion from boyhood, and on his return from the Continent in 1853, he soon put together a pack of harriers, which he kept for some six years until, in 1861, the Mastership of the County Limerick Foxhounds becoming vacant by the death of Mr. Edward Green, Mr. Roche undertook to hunt the country, and has continued to do so ever since. He is his own huntsman, and heavy-weight as he is, riding fifteen stone, always with the hounds. The pack consists of forty-two couple, and they hunt three days a week. There is no lack of foxes, and the country generally carries a good scent.

Sir David Roche possesses that great qualification in a Master—an immense amount of command over his field. He keeps them in order, and if they are inclined to be wild, a look from Sir David (and there is a great look of the late baronet then) brings them to book. Yet he is most popular, as we have just said, and he has been styled by one who knows him—and it is no mean compliment—‘the Jack Thomson of Ireland.’ He is a very bold rider, likes his horses as he does his hounds—long and low, and is supposed to be one of the best judges of the latter in the kingdom.

He is fond of yachting, greatly attached to all farming pursuits, and takes a deep interest in all those duties pertaining to the life of a country gentleman. He succeeded his father in 1865, married in 1867 a daughter of Lord Clarina, is a Deputy Lieutenant and J.P., and has filled the office of High Sheriff of his county.

## AT THE POST.

ACROSS the Flat of Essex, past the site of the old Duke of Leeds' Stand under the shadow of the Gogmagogs (sacred to the memory of the Godolphin Arabian), and we are breasting the incline out of Six Mile Bottom towards the pine-clad summit of the Bury Hill towering above Newmarket Station. Partridges still linger in coverts about the stubbles fringing scanty breadths of roots with many a bare patch in their midst, and in the covert nestling beneath the ramparts of the Ditch (marking our entrance into the sacred domain of the Jockey Club), pheasants and rabbits are taking their morning walks abroad undisturbed by shrill whistle of whizzing train. On the summit of the Heath's mounded boundary a keeper moves along, his figure clear cut against the sky-line, with retriever at heel; and many a hare, destined for the wrench of sheeted longtail, plays his last autumn gambols in the long grass, so plentifully bushed against the drag of the silk net. The blue mist of autumn wraps the 'silence that is in the lonely woods,' and dank and dewy is the matted herbage beneath yellowing thorns around whose feet fern and bramble are twined, and on whose scarlet berries a noisy, chattering flight are making their first raid. Square-built church towers rise here and there from the fen country like distance posts in some race of giants, and the yeoman, on racing pleasures bent, canters his rough cob along the bordering turf of roads converging upon the galloping ground of Newmarket's eight hundred steeds. Park paddocks are dotted here and there with foals well over weaning cares, and in the distance three grey sheets are circling round the sale inclosure, with its tent rising mushroom-like behind the Ring, and knots of idlers intent on killing a Middle Park Plate morning. Dullingham had not furnished its usual card contingent, by which the vendors at headquarters profited accordingly.

Intending to look in at the business in front of the Rooms, we strike down past Turf Terrace and along the narrow way re-echoing with mincing machines working at Newmarket's staple produce.

'Where is thy blazoned tip, oh man of pork?'

Yonder we descry it, 'going' in red and blue letters for Plebeian 1, Horse Chestnut 2, Galopin 3, with a postscript not altogether complimentary to Holy Friar. We forget now what assertion of Dr. Shorthouse's it was so especially riling to this enterprising vendor of sausages, but we rather think it was the suggestion that the carcasses of Lord Glasgow's huge but hapless steeds were delivered at Segrott's after one of the old Earl's 'shooting mornings.' Be this as it may, a stern ukase was issued denying traffic in his toothsome dainties with the Doctor or his disciples. The manifesto forbidding ready-money transactions does not seem to diminish the interest in racing, nor the busy crowd which throngs round the Infant or claims to be put down in the Nottingham town councillor's book. Plebeian and

Per Se are duly passed through the mangle and converted into 'Flea-bitten' and 'Percy,' and—

'No knight of the shire  
Goes half so well as the Holy Friar.'

might have been the refrain of those who stood by 'the parson' once more. If the chestnut won, he was to be re-named 'Bishop of Lincoln,' they were all sure of that; and Mr. Launde's colours were to be altered to 'black satin, with lawn sleeves and shovel hat.' It seems hard lines for the venerable vicar of Ashby that his diocesan should only call him over the coals after he has bred a great winner like Apology. The episcopal manifesto was rather vaguely worded, and his Lordship was evidently not quite sure of his man when he took Mr. Launde to task for 'training racehorses for the Turf,' thereby seemingly implying that the reverend delinquent was his own trainer. His lay consultee, Mr. Chaplin, might have told him different to that; but in any case he need not have travelled far out of his diocese for correct information on the subject. The Galopin party were especially, and, as it turned out, not unreasonably sanguine about their 'double-dyed Blacklock,' and his subsequent performance must have set Mr. Gee a-thinking whether he could do better than fill up Plaudit's box at Dewhurst with the *quondam* Chevalier of Diss. Punch was authoritatively reported to be an old-fashioned, ragged-hipped Gladiateur-kind of gentleman, and, like his namesake, so got into people's heads that they saw double his worth in him, much to the profit of fielders, who, like washerwomen, never seemed 'full' against the seductive liquor. Mr. Merry had sent from Russley a slice of the old Glasgow blood which had brought him to grief so often in the old Ebor 'Black Duck;' but somehow the public always take affectionately to anything which carries the yellow and black, which has fared so badly this year, by-the-way. 'Joe' and 'Matt' were for once left out in the cold to play second fiddle to brother John; for there was a feeling against Horse Chestnut, and folks deemed rightly enough that the Falmouth lot were 'too much of 'a muchness' to turn out a real clinker. And so things went on until the advance guard of horsemen sent out its videttes upon the Heath, and the carriages began to make for the Rowley Mile finish, in hopes of getting front places. For ourselves we were content to stroll down the shepherd's track on the Criterion hill, and to take stock of a yearling string walking homewards with all the breaker's paraphernalia flapping, jingling, and waving about them, and to conjecture of the future of each, now that his hours of idleness and paddock freedom were ended, and the business of racing-life begun in earnest at last. Halting by that tall, solitary, red-capped pillar, which has seen so many Criterion fields assemble, and heard the mighty annual rush of that rainbow wave sweeping past like a hurricane up the Cambridge-shire Hill, we may wonder, as we gaze down the undulating vista of the Rowley Mile, how soon the envious time may come when its broad surface, so neatly seamed with the bush harrow, shall yield to



the plough, and its antique stands and rubbing-houses be converted to 'more useful purposes.'

'Aye, perish the thought!  
May the day never come,'

when that glorious expanse shall come to such base uses, and the horse no longer reign triumphant over his kingdom of the Heath! The tiny flag floats far away down the course at its T.Y.C. finish, and, careless of Fordham's three victorious mounts in the Lagrange livery, we prefer to study the crowd of horse and foot for a while. The sturdy Lincolnshire baronet on his straw-fronted grey looks equal to the task of breaking single-handed the ranks of Home Rulers; while 'Sir Frederick' and Mr. Crawford, careless of conventionalities, rattle about on their rough little ponies, with trousers up to their knees and a look of thorough enjoyment. Lord Falmouth, on 'Shanks' pony,' looks more like the 'sweet shady side of Pall Mall' on a June morning; and Lord Rosslyn's hack is perfection. Lord Vivian and General Pearson stroll down the cords together; and Yorkshire is well represented by the Lascelles and Vyner brigade. Trainers are here, there, and everywhere, and there is the usual contingent of Cantabs, screwily horsed by Death or Pratt; but mostly preferring two pair of wheels and a hamper. William Boyce hovers about like a flamingo; and we fancy to have seen Lord Calthorpe's cob on canvas somewhere or other. There is a 'popular' Steward of suburban meetings dodging about the Ring; and habits are as plentiful as blackberries, from the exquisite seat and figure of Lady Charles Ker to the 'rolling mountain mass' of a welter grass widow. The worst of Newmarket is, that if you determine to do the paddock and the finish, the favourites are certain to saddle at the Ditch stables, whither, if you choose to resort in hopes of finding them, straightway trainers, with one consent, patronise the Bird-cage. Against the wires of that primitive enclosure let us flatten our noses before betaking ourselves to the Post, and catch a fleeting view of the pretty birds therein. Semper Durus, looking scarcely so hard as his name, strides downwards towards the Bushes as we join the crowd of loungers, and touts, and out-at-elbow stable lads hanging on to the wires like monkeys at the Zoo. The canary-coloured sheet of the Makeshift colt was the first to catch our eye, as, with arched neck, he walked round and round. Plebeian did not altogether belie his name, but there was a look of business-like solidity and substance about him which held many in wholesome dread of the white-legged bay. Per Se was a bit rough in her coat, but long and low, with quarters that looked like climbing. Her owner's name soon got corrupted into 'Lord Dumpling:' and outsiders could make nothing out of Palmyre, whose Delamarre clothing covered no coming Boiard. Maud Victoria looked a terrible little weed, and no credit to the 'Royal family'; while Chaplet was sweet as ever, but had not grown since Epsom. There was none of his Doncaster bloom about Holy Friar, who looked as if he was beginning to grow the wrong way, and his head and neck do not give one the idea of a

stayer. Balfe was a tight little made-up gentleman; Chester a bad specimen of Macaroni's get; and Punch a washy chestnut, very curiously put together, 'disconnected,' as a bystander enigmatically observed. St. Leger had gone the way of too many Trumpeters, and there was the old soft look about him we remarked when Snarry was following the Sledmere lot round the Doncaster Ring last year.

We could not wait to see the laggards, and as the saddling-stalls began to fill, with its anxious crowd outside each, we made our way against the human stream past Ditch Mile and T.Y.C. finish towards the slim post marking the starting point of B.S.C. Morris galloped down to the Ditch stables in the good old fashion, with his saddle strapped round him; and Hunter's crimson cap bobbing along at a steadier pace told us that Perplexe was awaiting him at the Post. There was quite a pretty bit of colour in the distance, by the almost deserted trysting-place where so many cracks have had their finishing touches administered by the Ditch. Chaloner was the first to peel and mount, circling in the Gang Forward scarlet in front of the two blood-red sheets of Hungary. One was soon whisked away, and Morris had his leg up on the two-year-old phenomenon we all saw revel in the Ascot Hill, as, careless of his 9 lb. penalty, he cantered along in front of his baffled field. The liveried 'mouse' did his best to lead a canter for Galopin and Semper Durus halfway to the Bushes, and then from yonder ridge the enemy came pouring down enveloped in a flying cloud of horse-men, each new silk and satin standing brilliantly out from the darker masses surrounding them. John Osborne looked as grave as a judge in his old Doncaster 'victory' jacket, and Maidment for once donned the Blankney rose, concerning which a few stray shots were taken; while Chartist and Killiecrankie were continually mistaken one for the other. Fordham and Punch did not make a pretty pair, but still the knowing ones insisted that the machinery was right, and quite pooh-poohed Custance and his Plaudit pony. Cannon and Per Se were the 'pink of fashion and the mould of form,' and many 'hoped old John Day might win,' in spite of money and affections bestowed elsewhere. Telescope was rather overlooked, and for once in a way 'Archer's mount' had no starting price, and Heath House no followers, with Lord Falmouth's lot 'all of a heap' and Camballo scratched. As the twenty-four fell into ordered line for the first time, a momentary gleam lighted upon their ranks, passing rapidly away again into the weird grey of the distance. Looking up towards the Judge's chair you could see the black masses on either side the course over the brow of the Bushes Hill, while the deep, hoarse murmurs of the Ring rose and fell fitfully upon the ear. Horse Chestnut looked ominously black about the neck and flanks, and Insolvent might have been 'whitewashed' by the time he had ceased his vagaries of breaking the ranks and attempting a voyage of discovery among a heap of dismantled 'dolls.' The huge Russley brown towered like a giant in their midst, standing as still and stolid as Ely towers in the distance. Chaplet let out quite viciously, and Perplexe caught the infection for a moment; but they were soon in

hand again, and before the post was quite reached, red and white flags flashed downwards in rapid succession, and, like a cavalry charge, they were sweeping onwards to their fate. Webb woke up his 'big un' with a side-binder, just to remind him that they were 'going to begin,' and Plebeian's white feet were playing a rattling tune among the leaders; while Punch had to be niggled at to keep him up to the pace, and Chester fell rapidly astern. There was more than one set of arms and legs vigorously at work as they disappeared over the crest of Bushes Hill, and in a few seconds more we could hear the shouting wax louder and louder, resolving itself into a scream at last as the vanguard flew past the man in the box. The few horsemen had all disappeared, and it was in vain we strained our eyes to catch a glimpse of the numbers hoisted at the Ring, which trembling glasses at length revealed. 'How was it won?' 'Where was Holy Friar?' 'How did Balfe run?' Such were the flying questions asked of flying horsemen, as we struggled onwards in search of the incidents of the race. Ill news flies fast, and accordingly we encountered the 'objection' in Abingdon Bottom, and rumours of a second were rife as we strolled towards the top of the town.

And 'shall Trelawny die?'—there be many more than twenty thousand of each county in England, we warrant, who 'will know 'the reason why.' Better still, there are those amongst us, not only anxious for an explanation, but prepared to put their hands in their pockets and supply the sinews of war in place of those proposed to be alienated for 'more useful purposes.' The public is anxious that *the* race of Newmarket's Second October Meeting should not be done away with; but should the Jockey Club not only persevere in the intention to divert their annual grant of a monkey from the Middle Park Plate to supplement a handicap, but also determine to reject the subsidy which will most certainly be subscribed to supply its place, in that case it will merely become a question with contributors to the proposed fund what meeting shall be requested to add the race (under its old name we trust) to its programme. It might be an invidious task even to indicate its destination, but in the dearth of any high-class meeting (excepting at headquarters) between September and November, what a feature it might form on the Doncaster Thursday, or on the principal day of Mr. Frail's new Meeting at Bristol! We can hardly believe, however, in the Jockey Club being so blind to their own interests as to refuse the proffered boon, especially now that it is proposed to be offered, not by any single individual, whose name might not be deemed sufficiently aristocratic for some of the exclusive section of the Turf senate, but by a body, including among its members many of the Jockey Club magnates themselves. It is no disgrace to be poor, and if the Jockey Club receives but a small revenue from those who crowd its festivals of sport, it might, without loss of dignity or prestige, graciously accept what might not unjustly be considered a national tribute to those who control the destinies of the English Turf. The munificent Blenkiron donation was tendered, if not

received, in this spirit, and we cannot but think that its adoption by the Jockey Club should, if undertaken at all, have been carried out, not as if it was a heritage to be ashamed of and suppressed, but as a charge worthy of being carefully cherished and preserved.

We leave the above words just as they were written, although, as we finish penning them, the announcement comes of the continuation of the race in the Newmarket Second October programme. The Jockey Club withdraw their grant, and the breeders of England guarantee a sum equal in amount to that lately added. If it be true that the proprietors of the two largest private breeding establishments in the kingdom each offered to supply the annual grant out of his own pocket, and were each informed that the Club could not accept their liberal offers, such refusal, on the part of the higher powers, is only what we have anticipated in our foregoing remarks. We now see that private munificence proffered to a public body is the bitter pill which could not be swallowed, however richly gilded; but that the gift of associated breeders is less offensive in the eyes of the Club dignitaries. The name of the race, we rejoice to see, is to be maintained, as no one will begrudge that honour to its munificent founder, and an obvious difficulty in re-christening it will then be obviated; for if the breeders are to find the money, they would naturally claim the right of calling it after their own names, and a very pretty quarrel might arise in connection with its nomenclature. The thanks of the racing public are eminently due to Mr. Blenkiron and Mr. Gee for their patriotic efforts to keep so interesting a race in the Calendar; and we sincerely trust that a similar spirit may influence their fellow stud-masters in coming forward to support them; that all petty jealousies and differences may be sunk for the good of the common cause; that none may hang back for the sake of indulging any whim or feeling of pique; and, finally, that a prize guaranteed by breeders should be what it professes in the most catholic sense—contributed by all the fraternity, unlimited by invidious distinctions, and with no necessity for ‘exclusive’ clauses. The contributions from so numerous and influential a class will amount to a mere bagatelle from each to supplement the necessary sum to be guaranteed; and, did it not seem somewhat ungracious in the face of so much alacrity shown in responding to the summons, we might give expression to the wish that the amount agreed to be contributed should be doubled, and the original conditions of the race, before its adoption by the Jockey Club, restored in all their munificence. But to be able to retain the race at all is a great point gained, and after this year’s experience we need be under no anxiety for its future. Yearling books and early betting on the Derby are evidently as much things of the past as racing in heats over the Beacon course, and not ‘all the king’s horses and all the king’s men’ can re-establish a state of things the benefits of which (excepting to bookmakers) were more than doubtful, and mere remnants of an age when mystery and ignorance reigned supreme in matters pertaining to the Turf. As to the cuckoo cry of the result of the Middle Park Plate taking all interest from the Derby, any one blessed with half a grain of sense

would find no difficulty in combating so unwarrantable a conclusion; and let those who think otherwise collate facts, and form theories from results of the late running, and commence to make their books accordingly. There would not be much of the 'reduction to a 'certainty' about their calculations, we fancy; and there might be a good many different first favourites in the different volumes. We hope the Middle Park Plate is now established as firmly in the Newmarket October programme as in the hearts of the public, and we trust many more anniversaries may find the representative of Baily's 'autumn leaves' assisting at 'the Post.'

AMPHION.

## COUNTRY QUARTERS.

### THE ESSEX.

'We will commence "Country Quarters" for the present season with Essex,' said our friend, 'and I must tell you that it is one of the best plough countries in England, the land being rather light generally in comparison with other ploughs, though it holds a bit in wet weather. It carries a very good scent now, in spite of the green sidings to the hedgerows being ploughed up and the land drained, but not so good as formerly. There are capital coverts from which they get plenty of cub-hunting, such as Mann Wood, Brick Kiln, Rowe, Canfield Thrift, Leaden Roothing, Takely Forest, which is neutral with the Puckeridge, and the Blackmore Highwood, a fine big woodland covert, and Lord's Wood, which belongs to Lord Petre. The fields are divided by big banks and a deep ditch, not generally very blind, as the land is well farmed, on one side, and a little grip or root-ditch on the other, so that an Essex hunter soon learns to take care of himself, and can go in any country. On the Roothings, which are light plough, there are few or no banks, but the ditches are very wide and deep, so that you require to go over it in regular Leicestershire fashion. A story is told that a gentleman was following a friend across the Roothings, both being thrown out for a time, and, chancing to take his eye off his leader for a moment, on looking up again could see no more of him than as if the earth had swallowed him up; going on a hundred yards, he found him riding up and down a ditch into which he and his horse had dropped, seeking a place to get out. It was so deep that not even his hat was visible.

'There are several Roothings, and the best meets are Matching Green, High Roothing, Screens, Forest Hall. The Roothing foxes are very wild, stout, and hard to kill, especially a Row Wood one. The country is bounded by the East Essex, Essex Union, and the Puckeridge, from which it is divided by the River Stort. There is generally a good scent when the ground is wet, and the country has this advantage, that it is all alike—that is, there is no very light and no very heavy ground. Perhaps the best part begins at the King William.

‘With regard to its early history, there is no reliable report, yet tradition says that the country was first hunted by Mr. Coke of Holkham, in Norfolk, who had a kennel here. This must have been in the days when there were no boundaries ; but it is known that he had a kennel at Harlow Bush.

‘One of the earliest Masters must have been Mr. Newman of Knavestock, the portrait of whose huntsman, Richard Farebrother, is the frontispiece of the edition of Beckford, which was published in 1806. Pierce Egan, in his “Book of Sports,” has immortalised Tom and Dick Rounding of Woodford, who, he says, lived together fifty years. They commenced their hunting with Will Dean, Dick Farebrother, and Tom Hatterill, as also with the foxhounds of Andrew Archer, and Mr. Coke, and other gentlemen until the year 1792. Then they established a pack of foxhounds and hunted a great portion of Essex, a circumference of upwards of one hundred miles, having runs equal to any pack that ever hunted the country. As the foxes in Essex are so varmint-bred, Dick has been heard to say to Tom, “There will be no end to such a fox !” “But we’ll try, Dick,” replied Tom ; “and so let’s be off and see which has the best bit of blood.” And a celebrated fox-hunter in Essex often said, “I compare Dick and his grey horse to the moon ; the longer and faster I ride, no nearer can I get to them.” The Roundings did not possess an acre of ground in the country, but they were very popular with all the landowners and farmers, and they continued to hunt the hounds until 1815, when Dick died of a fever.

‘Colonel Cook of Kelvedon, however, was the first regularly recognised Master of the Essex Hounds. Before coming to this country he had kept hounds at Thurlow for seven or eight seasons. He lived at Pilgrim’s Hatch, near Brentwood, and used to say that his country began at Whitechapel Church and reached to Hempstead Wood, on the borders of Suffolk. Colonel Cook was born a sportsman, and, as I have told you before, wrote an excellent book on hunting, which, like “Peter Beckford,” should be read by all young men who care about the science of the sport, if there are any who do so now. Some three years after he had given up he was out with Mr. Conyers, and some of his old hounds hearing his voice immediately jumped a hedge out of a lane to get to him. In his opinion the foxes in the Roothings were stouter than any he had ever met with in other countries ; and he said there never was an instance of an old wild Roothing fox having been killed with an ordinary hunting scent ; for if you did not get away close at him at the very best pace, he would never be caught, and if you came to a check it was twenty to one he beat you. The Leaden Roothing was then thought by many to be the best covert, but Colonel Cook preferred Old Park Coppice, at the extremity of the Roothings near Chelmsford, because he had the best runs from it and the foxes were stouter. From here he had four very good runs in one season : one of an hour and twenty minutes, killing near Maldon, twelve miles from end to end ; and

‘ another killing in the open within a field of Takeley Forest ; but  
‘ the greatest distance his pack ever ran in Essex was from Hempstead  
‘ Wood, a covert noted for good foxes, to between Harringham and  
‘ Colne. The Colonel also speaks of the good foxes he found in Mann  
‘ Wood, Brickles, Witney Wood, Lord Maynard’s, Dunmow,  
‘ High Wood, Matching Park, Marks Offrey, and East End. All  
‘ the foxes were stub-bred, and he says he never remembered to  
‘ have found a bad running one from Ongar to Haverhill, a distance  
‘ of thirty miles.

‘ Dunmow was at this time the headquarters of the hunt, and  
‘ many a merry meeting they had at old Malster’s, at the Saracen’s  
‘ Head. Hunting with Colonel Cook were—Mr. Peter Alexx,  
‘ Mr. Jeremiah Audrey, and Mr. Thomas B. Aveling, the brewer,  
‘ a great man for a stanhope and good horses.

‘ In 1804, Mr. Henry John Conyers of Copt Hall, near Epping,  
‘ became the Master, and hunted the country for forty years. He  
‘ was educated at Eton, then went into the Guards, at that time  
‘ hunted in Leicestershire, and was afterwards Verderer of Epping  
‘ Forest. He was one of the finest judges of hunting that ever  
‘ lived, though he would not ride over a potato furrow ; yet he never  
‘ lost his hounds, and even after a fast twenty-five minutes with  
‘ a burning scent, when men would say one to another, “ We  
‘ “ have done the old fellow now,” on throwing up he would be  
‘ seen sitting quite calm and collected ; but he knew every lane,  
‘ gate, and gap in the country, and always had a servant behind  
‘ him in a pepper-and-salt coat, who broke all the locks. Like  
‘ many other good sportsmen, he was somewhat eccentric in dress,  
‘ and wore old leather leggings to protect his knees. When on horse-  
‘ back he never sat still, and his legs were always swinging ; while  
‘ on foot he used to shuffle along rather than walk, being very lame  
‘ from rheumatism. He cared for no distance on horseback, and  
‘ had two well-known flea-bitten hacks which he frequently rode to  
‘ Harlow. The uniform in his time was scarlet coats with black  
‘ collars, and, although the meets at first were not published, Mr.  
‘ Conyers would not take any man as a subscriber under 50 guineas.  
‘ There was a kind of club at the Saracen’s Head (Malster’s), where  
‘ the members, who were the principal gentry and rich London  
‘ merchants, used to meet once a month. Mr. Conyers liked  
‘ biggish hounds, and by no means objected if they were rather  
‘ narrow and flat sided, as he said they stood the long days and  
‘ road work better than the heavier-topped ones. They were bred  
‘ chiefly from the old Lonsdale blood, but latterly he got drafts from  
‘ Sir Tatton Sykes. During his career he had servants who staid  
‘ with him a very long time. His first huntsman was Ben Jennings,  
‘ afterwards so long with Mr. Farquharson in Dorsetshire. Then  
‘ came Holmes, a civil, intelligent man, who came to a sad end ;  
‘ for it is said that, on going down one night into the kennel, to  
‘ stop the hounds fighting, with nothing on but his shirt and top-  
‘ boots, they savaged him and ate him clean up, as his bones,  
‘ boots, and whip were all that was found of him when search

was made. I tell this tradition as it was told to me by an old Essex sportsman who is still living. His whip in 1812 was Jack Cole from the Old Surrey, a stout, old fellow, said to be the best whipper-in of his day, who, as regarded colour, might have been a nigger or a collier, and was commonly called "Black Jack." He was a very hard rider, and when Mr. Conyers swore at him, which he did pretty often, would say, "Just hark at "our old master." He lived on gin, and actually had it for breakfast for seven years; then he went out like the snuff of a candle. Afterwards came Tom Webb, who went to the Quorn as huntsman in 1839, when Mr. Tom Hodson had that country, and afterwards to the Old Surrey as huntsman for one season on Tom Hills giving up, from whence he went to the Pytchley when Mr. George Payne was Master; but there he proved far too slow, and ended his days as an odd man about Tattersall's yard, where he was much employed by the late Mr. Arthur Heathcote. In 1832 came the well-known old Jem Morgan from the Tickham, the son of a Suffolk farmer, who staid for sixteen seasons. Morgan was married three times, and had seventeen children. He was a most cheery man and intrepid rider, and when he got to a rough, queer place would say, "Coom up, horse," and get him through or over anything. He delighted in jumping timber, and to his latest day would go out of his line to ride over a stile. Once after jumping a fence in a very good run he fell and dislocated his shoulder. Calling to Mr. Whitfield to stop, he coolly said to him, "Just lay hold of my hand, put your other hand under "my arm, and pull hard." The shoulder went in with a crack. "All right," said Jem, and, jumping on his horse from the wrong side, went on again as if nothing had happened. He was a very jealous man, and did not like any one to be before him, and would resort to many a dodge to keep back those who passed him. He was also a regular sticker, and once, in the spring of the year, after they had a very hard day and got a beaten fox into Dunmow High Wood, Mr. Conyers said to him, "You had "better give him up and go home, or you will spoil all my hounds." Morgan said, "If you will go home, I'll try to catch my fox; "I wish you'd go home. Do you see that moon? I can have "him now." So at length the Squire went. Then a lot of foot people heard him and came out. He said, "Here, my lads, "I'll give you some beer if you'll form a line and walk the covert," which they did; and getting the fox again on foot, Morgan killed him. He had then twenty miles home with tired hounds and horses, and crossed the park as the clock struck one in the morning. Having put his hounds right, Jem saw the butler and asked if Mr. Conyers was in, adding, "tell him I am going "home." "Who's that?" shouted the Squire; "a pretty time in "the morning to be asking for me. Have you brought my hounds "home?" "Yes," answered Morgan, entering with the fox's head behind him. "You must be tired; sit down and have a glass of "wine," which order Morgan, nothing loth, obeyed, at the same



'time showing the head. "Well!" said the Squire, with a few 'adjectives we need not repeat, "if he has not brought the head ' "home!"

'On another occasion the Squire had called a meeting to get up 'some more money, when he told them he was so poor he should 'soon have to go into the union. After the meeting, especially 'wanting a run, they went to a covert that always held a good fox, 'but drew it blank, and every hound was out except Useful, who 'would not come away. "Get off and catch her and give her a ' "licking," said Mr. Conyers to Will Orvis and young Goddard 'Morgan. Orvis had scarcely entered the covert when he trod up a 'fine fox, who put his head straight for Ongar Park, twenty miles off. 'At Beaulieu Wood Jem Morgan's horse was beaten, but young 'Goddard Morgan, who was very light, got forward and viewed 'their fox, when Mr. Conyers blew him up and declared he would 'spoil the hounds. However they settled to him again so well that 'he became greatly excited, and, coming down a road on Orangeman, 'a horse he bought of Lord Lonsdale, jumped a great ugly place out 'of it, shouting to many who were there, "Out of the way, you ' "d——d Hertfordshire beggars!" and then exclaimed to the 'hounds, "Oh, you little beauties! I would not take a thousand ' "guineas for you, if you do but kill him!"—which they soon did. ' "Boy!" said he, turning to Goddard Morgan, "we should never have ' "killed this fox but for you; don't say a word about my being so ' "poor," and gave him a sovereign. Mr. Vickerman had the head 'made up on a silver cup and gave it to Morgan, who has it now. 'In 1848, Jem Morgan went to the Essex Union, where Mr. Scratton 'was Master. His whip here for fifteen seasons was poor Will 'Orvis, who, at Mr. Conyers' death, went to Sir Charles Slingsby. 'He had a most extraordinary voice, and it was said he could be 'heard half a mile off; but Mr. Conyers used to say that he never 'had any voice until, when a lad, he once whipped him out of a 'ditch. Goddard Morgan has told me that he began hunting on 'a mule, was then living with Mr. Dalyell, the Master of the 'Puckeridge, and from him came back to the Squire.

'Mr. Conyers would often send his men off at seven in the morn- 'ing from Copt Hall (which was quite on one side of the country), 'so that some of the meets were almost forty miles from the kennel, 'and the hounds sometimes had thirty-five miles home when they 'did not sleep out at Mr. Sam Adams's, the miller, who lives near 'Langley, and they would not get back before eight, or even nine, 'and the men rode the same horses all day. Mr. Conyers would 'have three hacks on the road, and always rode with a slack rein. 'He would frequently after hunting get into a postchaise and go up 'to the House of Commons: although not a member, he was very 'fond of hearing the debates. Strange to relate, fond as he was of 'hunting, he rarely or ever had a fox in his own coverts, and by 'some he was even suspected of killing them; but it was not so. 'It is said that he had pitfalls made and caught them alive, when he 'would drive out in his old yellow gig and put them down else-

‘ where, and sometimes send a man to shake one from a bag, with  
 ‘ which he had some extraordinary runs; but again, I have heard  
 ‘ that there were always cubs on his property. He preserved  
 ‘ pheasants, and asked all his subscribers to have a day’s shooting.  
 ‘ He did not give what would now be considered large prices for  
 ‘ his horses, but was a capital judge and lucky in buying, and they  
 ‘ were well looked after by his stud-groom, Tom Judd.

‘ One morning as two gentlemen were riding to covert with Mr.  
 ‘ Conyers, they were joined by a Bedfordshire friend who did not  
 ‘ know the Squire by sight, and who said to them, “Have you seen  
 ‘ “ what ‘ Bell’s Life ’ says about that d——d old fool Conyers?—  
 ‘ “ that he only gives a pound a leg for his horses?” Mr. Conyers  
 ‘ very quietly said, “Pray, sir, do you know that d——d old fool  
 ‘ “ Conyers?” “No, I don’t,” was the answer. “Well, then, it’s no  
 ‘ “ use to beg my pardon; but I am that d——d old fool Conyers.”  
 ‘ When he arrived at the meet at Claybury, he said, “Here, Morgan,  
 ‘ “ come out and ride your horse round, as they say in ‘ Bell’s Life ’  
 ‘ “ I only gave 4*l.*, whereas I beg to state I gave 85*l.* for him;”  
 ‘ and then he made the whips ride theirs round also. It was as  
 ‘ good as a play to be out with him; he was a most amusing man in  
 ‘ society, but very curious and short-tempered in the field, though  
 ‘ he was delighted to get a stranger out that he might talk to him—  
 ‘ or sometimes at him; and he was occasionally very severe on what  
 ‘ he euphoniously termed “those confounded heavy-bottomed beggars  
 ‘ “ from the Puckeridge.”

‘ When doubtful of a fox he would very audibly say to a friend,  
 ‘ “If we find here I shall give the keeper a sovereign.” Once  
 ‘ coming with Mr. Dyson to a hunting wicket which was nailed up,  
 ‘ he gave a labouring man a shilling to undo it, and said, “Now you  
 ‘ “ must not drink Sir Robert Peel’s health, for I should like him to  
 ‘ “ go to sea without a rudder” (for, like Sir John Tyrrell, he alleged  
 ‘ that, as a landowner, he was a great Protectionist). The labourer,  
 ‘ who was wise in his generation, said, ‘No, Squire, I won’t; but I  
 ‘ shall drink fox-hunting;” which reply of course mightily pleased  
 ‘ him. He would occasionally stand in a gateway as the field passed  
 ‘ by and make very audible comments, such as “There goes a  
 ‘ “ d——d good fellow; he gives me five and twenty pounds!” “There  
 ‘ “ goes a tanner!” “That is a fiver!” or, “Here comes a mangy  
 ‘ “ beggar who gives me nothing at all!” And his most pointed obser-  
 ‘ vations were principally directed at one of his most intimate friends  
 ‘ who lived at West Hatch. Hunting with him in his early days  
 ‘ were—

‘ The Rev. Joseph Arkwright of Marks Hall, father of the present  
 ‘ Master, a brilliant rider, and so quick to hounds that he could  
 ‘ generally get a field ahead of the rest; Mr. Goodeve, a lawyer, and  
 ‘ a good man over a country; Mr. Winstanley, the auctioneer;  
 ‘ Mr. Wilkinson, Mr. George F. Aston, who then drove down  
 ‘ from London, and for some years afterwards hunted from Banbury  
 ‘ and Winchester; Mr. Rush of Elsenham, a racing man, who  
 ‘ hunted also with the Puckeridge; Mr. Wilson, a cloth mer-

‘chant; Mr. Neave of Dagnam Hall; Major Crosse, a friend  
‘of Mr. Conyers, who used to say that if a man had a clean pair  
‘of breeches and a shilling in his pocket he could go anywhere;  
‘Lord Maynard of Easton Park, was an excellent preserver of  
‘foxes; his son, the Hon. Charles Maynard, in the Blues, was a  
‘devil to ride, and often got a blowing-up from the Squire, he  
‘never turned right or left for anything, and in the summer, I  
‘have heard, exhibited feats of horsemanship in the Park. Sir  
‘John Tyssen Tyrrell of Boreham Hall was always very fond of  
‘hunting, and liked big Leicestershire horses, on which he used to  
‘sail away close after the fox, when the Squire would holloa out,  
‘“There goes the farmers’ friend—look at him!” His brother also,  
‘Parson Charles Tyrrell, was a very good and steady man over a  
‘country; the brothers Henry and Tudor Quarre of Matching  
‘Green, the former of whom died during the past month, aged  
‘eighty-three, who went well in green coats; the Golden Ball  
‘(Hughes), who hunted from Chigwell; Mr. Kidd, a miller of  
‘Norton Heath; Mr. Thomas Dawson of Woodford, a great friend  
‘of Mr. Hodson, who had nice horses, and rode them well; Mr.  
‘Jolliffe Tuffnell of Great Waltham, a fine rider, had a famous  
‘horse called Pattipan; Mr. Joseph Samuel Lescher of Boyles Court,  
‘who hunted also with Lord Petre, it is said he once heard that  
‘hunting was good sport, so went out to see for himself, and liked  
‘it; Tom Masterman of Woodford; Mr. Woodbridge, a partner in  
‘Hoare’s brewery, who lived at Dunmow, was a good sportsman and  
‘supporter of the hunt, also a good rider, and had a famous lop-eared  
‘horse which he bred, he afterwards went into Bucks, about 1850;  
‘Mr. Chadwick of Knavestock, Mr. Podmore of Woodford, Mr.  
‘Sheffield Neave, the Master of the Staghounds, which Mr. Conyers  
‘abominated and abused, went very straight; Lord Rosslyn, when  
‘Master of Her Majesty’s Staghounds, was invited by Mr. Conyers,  
‘who mounted him, but he said he had never seen such a country,  
‘and did not wish to see it again; Mr. Lennox of Snaresbrook, called  
‘Lord John; Mr. William Whitfield, well known on the Turf, and  
‘afterwards in the Harborough country and with the other packs  
‘round Rugby, who had always some nice, well-bred horses, which  
‘he made very handy, and rode as straight as anybody; Mr. A. A.  
‘Hankey, stood his horses at Epping, and was a very neat man in all  
‘his appointments; Mr. John Drummond, the banker of Charing  
‘Cross; Dan Peters, a silk mercer, who always drove from Shore-  
‘ditch in a yellow gig, rode a chestnut mare with a spot on her  
‘quarters; Mr. B. B. Colvin, a nephew of old Dyson, a noted  
‘short-horn breeder, who had a pack of harriers, and rode horses  
‘worth a deal of money. He was a great man for a grey, and is  
‘represented on one in his picture; Mr. Haynes of Riding-house  
‘Lane, so well known about London with his blue coat and brass  
‘buttons, and John Wright, the pad-groom, were the only two men  
‘that Mr. Conyers never blew up: he never bought a horse without  
‘showing it to the former, with whom he was always very friendly;  
‘Mr. L. Doxat of Woodford, and Mr. Greaves of London; Mr.

' Taylor, a fishmonger in Piccadilly, was especially smart on a good  
 ' sort of horse; but Mr. Conyers once said, "Take the hounds  
 ' "home; there is no scent; the country smells of fish." Jemmy  
 ' Cassidy, of the Sun and Whalebone, who formerly trained for  
 ' Lord Exeter at Burghley, was most energetic in trying to  
 ' make his customers comfortable, used to be pilot to the London  
 ' division, and a capital one he was: no man in England, how-  
 ' ever, has had worse falls; Mr. James Randell of Mark Lane,  
 ' who always came down the night before to be fresh for the next  
 ' day's work, when he was very fond of jumping gates: he after-  
 ' wards hunted from Rugby and Buckingham, where he was very  
 ' popular: he died suddenly, in February 1874; Mr. Charles  
 ' Soames and Mr. Nat Soames, both sportsmen; Mr. Wilson of  
 ' Canfield, a good preserver of foxes; Mr. George Hoggart, the  
 ' auctioneer of Old Broad Street, a very big man, who wore a Jolliffe  
 ' hat like a boat, and rode a very fine old grey horse; and with him  
 ' Bob Hill, the tobacconist, of Shoreditch, and Thomas Burrell of  
 ' Leyton, a salesman in Smithfield, who was passionately fond of  
 ' hunting; Mr. James Robinson from London, who always rode  
 ' thoroughbreds, and was somewhat eccentric, being very particular  
 ' about the width of his bridle and bits: he was a capital man for about  
 ' twenty minutes, but then generally went home; Mr. Thomas Mashiter  
 ' of Priests, who is esteemed by everybody, and has done more for  
 ' hunting than most people; Little Teddy Foster of Snaresbrook,  
 ' who was Mr. Conyers' Secretary; Mr. Pryme of Thoby, a very  
 ' wealthy man, who wore loose top-boots and generally a green coat;  
 ' Mr. Thomas Hodgson of Wanstead, an old friend of the Squire;  
 ' and his brothers, John and Henry; the latter lives now at Gilson  
 ' Park, near Parndon Station, which once belonged to Sir Thomas  
 ' Plummer, and which Mr. John Hodgson bought and rebuilt about  
 ' the time of Mr. Conyers' death; Mr. Purrier of Snake's Lane,  
 ' who drove down in a tandem, a most particular man about horses,  
 ' and one of Anderson's best customers; Mr. C. R. Vickerman of  
 ' Thoby Priory, was a great supporter of both the fox and stag-  
 ' hounds. It is said that when he first came out he fell into a deep  
 ' dry ditch, and Mr. Conyers stopped the hounds and told Morgan  
 ' to help him out, because he had that morning promised him a sub-  
 ' scription, and he thought he might change his mind. When any  
 ' one who did not subscribe over-rode his hounds or headed the  
 ' fox, he would foam at the mouth with rage, and say, "Who are  
 ' "you? Cut his bridle. Confound him! he does not give me hay,  
 ' "corn, or anything else." Mr. Vickerman always rides a good horse,  
 ' and is still fond of a jump. Mr. Coope, the brewer; Mr. Robert  
 ' Field of Pyrgo Park, a connoisseur in china; Mr. Augustus  
 ' Bode of Pilgrim's Hatch, a rare old-fashioned sportsman, who  
 ' saw more hunting on one old horse than most men can with  
 ' a large stud; and Mr. John Burge, who lived near Romford, went  
 ' well.

' There were several farmers who rode well. Amongst them  
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Charles Stallibrass of Harlow Bush, who, after a bad fall near Ongar was bled, and, the bandages coming off, he bled to death, and his brother John were two as good men to hounds as any in the country; Mr. George Collins of Hoddesdon, a good preserver of foxes; Mr. Bush, of Bucketts Hill, a horsebreaker who used to recommend horses; Mr. George Goodwin, a maltster of Harlow, a great friend of Mr. Conyers; Mr. Harry Johnson, a contractor for sewers; Mr. Webb of Hatfield, where the hounds rested the night before going to hunt the Dunmow country, whom the Squire usually addressed with, "Hullo, my little Webby!" was a real old-fashioned sportsman: he still comes out on a pony, looks well, and has been recently married; Mr. Hawes, a banker, who had a great many falls; Mr. Hopkins of the Stock Exchange, who afterwards went to Guilsborough in Northamptonshire, but went a little too fast even for that good-scenting country.

About 1844, were Mr. Tabor, Mr. Helme, and Mr. Henry Vigne of Walthamstow, who has kept harriers for over forty years, a rare sporting, cheery old fellow. Also Mr. Champneys Minchin, to whom, when on a high bank with an ugly drop into a hard road, Mr. Conyers said, "Come along, my little gentleman." He came and nearly jumped on to him. With Mr. Minchin was Mr. Frederick Heysham on his well-known horse Julian, the sire of many good hunters.

Also Mr. Knight, from the South Essex; Mr. Cawston from London, an estate agent; Mr. Horatio Kidd of Spurriers, now of Linton in Cambridgeshire, a first-rate man; Mr. Skinner, Mr. Robinson, Mr. Dan Mildred, the banker, of Woodford; Mr. Shanks, the coach-builder, and Mr. B. Slane, from London.

About this time, and for several years, there was a celebrated bob-tailed fox in Row Wood, which they hunted a great many times. Men always took their best horses to this fixture, as he gave them a run of sixteen or seventeen miles, generally going over the same line, and being invariably lost in the same place. The Squire said he would give 100 guineas to kill him. Strange to say, he always came back to this covert the same night; but, unlike Mr. Meynell under similar circumstances, Mr. Conyers would not take advantage of knowing this fact.

In 1850, the gentlemen of the Essex Hunt gave Mr. Conyers a beautiful silver testimonial—a design of treeing a fox, which cost 850*l.*—at a public dinner at the Shire Hall, Chelmsford. It consisted of a group representing Mr. Conyers, Jem Morgan, Orvis, and favourite hounds and horses.

Up to the very last Mr. Conyers took the very greatest interest in his hounds, and used latterly to go out in a carriage when he could no longer ride. One day somebody said to him, "Mr. Conyers, there is a man overriding your hounds." He simply said, "Well, I am very sorry for it, but I can't swear any more." It is needless to say that his language was always very emphatic; but at the dinner at Chelmsford, when returning thanks for the testimonial, he explained the cause by saying that when

‘ he was a young man in the Guards the sergeant-major said to him,  
‘ “Mr. Conyers, hold up your head, sir, and swear at the men, or  
‘ “they will not think anything of you.”

‘ I have heard that just before his death he sent for Mr. Richard  
‘ Tattersall and said to him, “I must have my horses sold, as I  
‘ “can’t live ; it is all up.” Just as Mr. Tattersall was leaving the  
‘ room, having promised that his wishes should be strictly attended  
‘ to, he called him back, and said, “I must have them sold on  
‘ “a Monday ; none of your d——d Thursdays.” It is curious,  
‘ but perfectly true, that on the morning he died the hounds would  
‘ not keep quiet, and nothing would pacify them. Tom Firr, now  
‘ huntsman to the Quorn, was then living at the Essex kennels,  
‘ and slept there with his brother to keep the hounds quiet in case  
‘ they should fight ; and he has told me that on the morning of Mr.  
‘ Conyers’ death, about three o’clock, they all sat up on their  
‘ benches and began howling. Firr and his brother went down to  
‘ stop them, but did not succeed, for as soon as they had quieted  
‘ one lot and went on to the next the first began again, and they  
‘ were obliged to let them go on as they liked ; the howling lasted  
‘ half an hour. The servants in the house who heard it said that  
‘ Mr. Conyers was dying at that very time in his easy-chair. Was  
‘ this a coincidence, or something strange that passes our philo-  
‘ sophy ? The next Master was Mr. Henley Greaves, who lived  
‘ at Marden Ash, near Chipping Ongar, while the kennels, which  
‘ he rented of Mr. Fane, were at Great Myless, near that place.  
‘ Mr. Greaves had at this time six as fine weight-carriers as ever  
‘ were seen, and although he walked 21 stone, he would cram  
‘ along as if he were only 12, and was one of the quickest men  
‘ to hounds for his size in the kingdom ; for when he came to a  
‘ place too big for him to jump, he would dismount, turn his horse  
‘ over, and be up and away again without losing a minute. He had  
‘ a wonderful eye for a country, and woe betide a whip who made  
‘ a mess of opening a gate ; but he was a rare man to break a  
‘ servant in. Foxes were, however, now so exceedingly scarce in  
‘ some places that he paid the head of a noted gang of poachers  
‘ to prevent their being stolen or sold ; and no doubt if he had not  
‘ feed them they would have had every fox in the Roothings. He  
‘ was a keen man about sport ; never missed but one single morn-  
‘ ing’s cub-hunting, and that was when he was very busy shifting his  
‘ things from Leicestershire to Essex ; never stopped at home from  
‘ illness, or was known to wear gloves winter or summer, or a shirt-  
‘ collar, but always had on a blue bird’s-eye scarf. His huntsman  
‘ was John Treadwell, now with the Old Berks, who is admitted to  
‘ be one of the best that ever lived. The first fox he ever killed was  
‘ at Pyrgo Park, with a single hound called Marksman (afterwards  
‘ bought by Lord Macclesfield), who held him firmly until the body  
‘ of the pack came up. It was a tremendously hot morning, and  
‘ Mr. Greaves said, “You are beat, Treadwell ;” but he answered,  
‘ “I will not go home without him ;” and then Marksman caught

‘ him single-handed. Treadwell held the situation four seasons, and ‘ then went to the Quorn when Lord Stamford was Master, where ‘ he remained six years, up to the time of the great sale at the ‘ Quorn Kennels. His other servants were, first, Jem Bacon, from ‘ Lord Southampton, who went to the Quorn the following season, ‘ and was succeeded by little Dan Berkshire, who came to Mr. ‘ Greaves from the H.H. when Mr. Pearse was Master.

‘ Hunting at this time were the present Lord Petre and his ‘ brothers, the Honourable Frederick and Arthur Petre; Mr. James ‘ Parker, Mr. Abbot, Mr. Davis, Mr. Charles Ducane, now ‘ Governor of Tasmania; Mr. Eyre, who now hunts with Mr. ‘ Tailby and the Cottesmore; Mr. Alfred Cox, now of Osberton ‘ in the Atherstone country, who then lived with Mr. Henry ‘ Harris at Dagnam; Mr. Charles Young of London; Mr. F. A. ‘ Fane of Priors Kelvedon, who kept a nice lot of harriers or ‘ beagles, after which the field used to run, and is now a staunch ‘ preserver of foxes; Sir Charles Smith of Abridge, Mr. John B. ‘ Gore, Mr. William Rhodes, and Mr. Tom Watson, a very ‘ fine rider, kept their horses at Cassidy’s; and the late Mr. ‘ B. J. Angell, was first entered to hounds with Mr. Conyers ‘ when his mother lived at Woodford; Mr. George Heatley of ‘ Woodford, was a very good rider, and made more out of a screw ‘ than most men could; Mr. Teddy Boards of Edmonton, Mr. ‘ Raincock of the Stock Exchange, now a large farmer in Surrey; ‘ Mr. Daniel R. Scrutton, often came out with Mr. Greaves; ‘ Charles Stallibrass of Henham, and his brother John of Haslewood ‘ Common, also were still going well—capital fellows; and also ‘ James Stallibrass of Ongar, who is still alive. They were all three ‘ good men with hounds; Mr. W. Westwood Chafy, in 1857 lived ‘ near Ongar, and crammed along tremendously. He was a great ‘ supporter of the hounds, and a good friend to the hunt servants in ‘ Essex, as he was in every other country in which he hunted; ‘ Mr. Cooper, whose personal appearance was very like Ginger ‘ Stubbs; Mr. Tom Walmesley, Mr. Waters, who used to stay with ‘ Mr. Conyers; Mr. Palmer of Nasing, Mr. Dyson of Waltham, ‘ before spoken of, a great contractor for horses for the army; ‘ Frank Barker of Ingatestone, owner of the well-known prize-taker ‘ Bird-on-the-Wing, who was killed through his horse rearing and ‘ falling back on him at the Islington Show, and his brother. ‘ There was also a capital farmer, Mr. Saunders, who lived close by ‘ the kennels, kept two hunters, and went out regularly; Mr. Adlam ‘ of Abridge, the tailor, one of the oldest men in the hunt, and now ‘ in his fifty-third season; Mr. Jemmy Dawson of High Beech, in ‘ Epping Forest; and Abraham Causton came out occasionally.

‘ In 1857, the Rev. Joseph Arkwright of Marks Hall succeeded ‘ Mr. Henley Greaves, and built the present kennels at Harlow, in ‘ the design of which he was assisted by Dick Simpson. His first ‘ huntsman was Charles Barwick, who had been first whip with ‘ the Atherstone, when Mr. Selby Lowndes hunted that country. ‘ Tom Wilson, from Lord Henry Bentinck, succeeded him in

‘ 1859, whose whips were James Dent, from Lord Henry Bentinck, and Edward Mills. Wilson went to the Quorn, under the Marquis of Hastings, and from there to Lord Henry Paget, and died in 1874, after a long illness.

‘ Mr. Arkwright was a wonderfully keen sportsman all round, and was said to be the best rider, the best shot, and the best preacher in the country. Before taking the Essex, Mr. Arkwright had hunted chiefly with the Atherstone from Normanton, and very rarely came out with Mr. Conyers or Mr. Greaves. He used to sit on his horse as if he grew out of him. He could ride anything, and went very straight, as if he meant it. He was fond of a large pack, and took a great many hounds into the field, sometimes as many as thirty-six couples, and when they threw up too frequently instructed his huntsman to cast back, by which he often lost his fox. Mr. Arkwright died in 1864, and, although seventy-two years of age, still rode right well up to the end, and always wide of hounds.

‘ In addition to many whose names I have before told you were— Sir Charles C. Smith of Suttons, Mr. Haughton, Mr. Wallington, Mr. Edward Eyre, a good sportsman, who left Essex to live near Grantham; Captain E. Disney of The Hyde, a good friend to foxes, and fond of driving a team; Mr. E. Boards of Edmonton, a good rider; Mr. J. Webb of Hatfield Broad Oak, Mr. J. Hall, and Mr. E. Block from London, Mr. J. Branston Stane, Mr. William Tuffnell, Captain Tomline, a hard rider, from the Fitzwilliam country, and lately a Master of Harriers in Thanet; Mr. J. Windus of Epping, Mr. C. Clive, Rev. Mr. Bellman of Henham, Mr. Peter Sullins, a farmer, who used to be a clipper across country; Mr. Collins, a farmer of the old sort; Mr. E. Saunders, a farmer near Ongar; Mr. John Archer Houblon, a great supporter both of the Essex and the Puckeridge, of which he was once a manager, he preserves strongly, never hunts at all now, and has not for some years; Sir H. Bowyer Smith, Mr. J. Perry Watlington of Moor Hall, Harlow, a most active, hardworking man at all county business; the first to put his shoulder to the wheel when anything has to be done; is one of the best supporters and most liberal subscribers to the hounds.

‘ In 1864, Mr. Loftus Arkwright, of Parndon Hall, brother of Mr. Robert Arkwright, the Master of the Oakley, succeeded his father, and has hunted the country ever since with a subscription of 1600*l.* a year, with an occasional cap for poultry expenses. Mrs. Arkwright is a very fine horsewoman, and has hunted with these hounds for thirty years. Since Mr. Arkwright’s unfortunate illness he has not hunted for some time: his being obliged to give up riding is a bad job for the country.

‘ Tom Wilson continued the horn, and was for nine seasons with this pack until, as I told you, he left to go to the Quorn in 1867. His nerve failed him from a too free use of “jumping powder;” and I fancy he never hunted because he liked it, but because he was paid for doing it. He was succeeded by Stephen Dobson from



' the Rufford, a nice servant, who rides well and is always with his hounds, very quiet and good-tempered to all, and understands his duties both in the field and kennel. He is here highly respected, as he was with the Rufford, where, on leaving, he was presented with a silver cup, for his uniform sportsmanlike conduct.

' About this time James Dent, a very keen man, who had been whip here for eight years, also left and went to hunt the Roman hounds. He was succeeded by Richard Christian, from the Hon. George Fitzwilliam, in 1867, now with Mr. Tailby. He was a great favourite with all, and only left because there was a little uncertainty about Mr. Arkwright continuing the country when he was first knocked over by ill-health. Dobson's first whip is Robert Allen, who has lived with Captain Percy Williams, Sir Watkin Wynn, and Lord Leaconfield, and went back to the Rufford when Dobson was likewise with that pack, when Colonel Welfitt was Master. About Christmas time the usual muster is about 150; on Saturday all the Londoners come down, but not so many as formerly, as trains run so inconveniently to take them back to dinner. Amongst Mr. Arkwright's followers and supporters not before mentioned have been and are—Lord Petre, a perfect rider, has not hunted the last three seasons on account of ill-health; Mr. Anthony Trollope, the well-known novelist, one of the best fellows in the hunt, who makes every one happy, is a hard rider in spectacles, likes a bit of stag-hunting on a Tuesday, and gets many nasty falls, which he does not seem to mind; Colonel Hay, who has not hunted lately; Mr. Arthur Pryor of Hylands Park, Chelmsford, a good rider, liberal supporter, and very popular, hunts also with Mr. Offin and with the Quorn; one of the principals in France and Hamburg; Sir T. Fowell Buxton of Warlees Park, is good when he comes out, which is not often; and the same may be said of Mr. E. N. Buxton, who is very popular; Major Howard of Goldings, Mr. Octavius Coope, M.P., of Rochetts, a good supporter and fond of hunting, but goes more with the Essex Union; Mr. Edward Ind of Coombe Lodge, a very good sportsman, but more of an Essex Union man, comes out generally once a week; Mr. Andrew Caldecott of Pishiobury, a quiet, good sportsman; Mr. Caldecott of Hoddesdon, Mr. E. Caldecott of Trueloves, Mr. R. Caton and Miss Caton of Nine Ashes, who rides very well; Mr. R. Heathcote of Woodford, Mr. Osgood Hanbury, jun., of Howe Hatch, an Essex Union man, who only comes out occasionally, and with him Mrs. Hanbury, who rides very nicely; Mr. Hetherington of Blackmore, who has now left; Mr. R. Cotton of Snaresbrook, Mr. Albert Deacon, of Briggens Park, keeps good horses and rides them properly—is also fond of stag-hunting; Mr. Thomas Dutton Ridley of Chelmsford, is a good sportsman, who understands all about it, and turns out in an old-fashioned green coat: he is one of the best men across Essex, and has three sons as good; Mr. J. Royds of Kelvedon Common, a dear old gentleman, and a great favourite of all; Mr. E. Cunliffe of Marden Ash, one of the best heavy-

' weights, and very hospitable; General Mark Wood of Bishop's  
 ' Hall, Chigwell Row, does not hunt now, but is a staunch preserver :  
 ' there is always a good show of foxes in his coverts, but in the field  
 ' he is represented by his son; Captain Tuffnell of Langleys, a first-  
 ' rate sportsman and rider; Colonel Wigram, a guest of Mr. Ark-  
 ' wright's, who knows more of the flying fences in Mr. Tailby's  
 ' country, used occasionally to take the command in the field in Mr.  
 ' Arkwright's absence; Mr. Louis Soames of Roden Lodge, near  
 ' Ongar, the Secretary; Mr. A. G. Robinson, who used to live at  
 ' Dagnam Priory, but has left; Sir Arundell Neave of Dagnam Park,  
 ' is all for foxes and hunting; Mr. Thomas Mashiter of Priests,  
 ' Mr. Harvey Foster of Coopersale, is a clipper across country;  
 ' Mr. Henry Meyer of Brickhills, is exceedingly hospitable, and  
 ' takes every pains to preserve foxes—is a bruiser across country,  
 ' and the rougher it is the better he likes it; Sam Reeve of Ingate-  
 ' stone, lately dead, was one of the best men in that country and  
 ' rode good horses; Old Joe Reeve of Willingale, who is recently  
 ' married again; and John Reeve of High Roothing, Bury, a good  
 ' old sportsman; Mr. T. Quarre of Matching Green, always has a  
 ' litter in Man Wood, of which he is owner, and, although in his  
 ' eighty-third year, hunts three days a week. The ladies say he  
 ' is a dear old gentleman; and Mr. George Hart of Canes, always  
 ' likes to have a fox for his friends.

' How about accommodation?

' Well, for quarters there is the Saracen's Head at Dunmow, kept  
 ' by Mr. Cates, in whose family it has been for years, where there  
 ' used to be fair stabling. The Sun and Whalebone, when kept by  
 ' Cassidy, was the great rendezvous of the Londoners, but now it is  
 ' just as if it were shut up, although there is room for forty horses.

' The George at Harlow, kept by Mr. William Ryder, is a good  
 ' house; and the Green Man by Mr. W. Brambridge. Both are  
 ' good houses with good stabling, where horses are well cared for.  
 ' Several come by the early train to Harlow, as you can get from  
 ' there into the Roothings.

' The Lion and the King's Head at Ongar are both fair. There is a  
 ' rail to Ongar, and it is the best place for the Roothings, and it  
 ' would be more frequented if the passenger train accommodation were  
 ' better.

' In the Leaden Roothing the King William, which is the centre,  
 ' is very good, and the stables are more modern. Many horses  
 ' are sent on here over-night, and there is good accommodation for  
 ' servants and horses.

' Epping has had its day, although there are two good inns there.

' At Bishop Stortford, Mr. Patmore will make you comfortable at  
 ' the Railway Hotel, and has fair stabling; and there is also the  
 ' George at Ingatestone. Horses stand at livery at Barker's.

' At Chelmsford there is the Saracen's Head, kept by Mr. Moule;  
 ' some horses stand there.

## FRANK RALEIGH OF WATERCOMBE.

## CHAPTER IX.

BEN's impatience to be up and doing, though expressed in terms demonstrating little respect and no veneration for things human or divine, was nevertheless looked upon both by his master and the field as only the natural outburst of a man anxious to show sport and devoted to his work. There was one present, however—John Brock the Quaker—whose sense of morality appeared to be painfully shocked by Ben's imprecations. More than once he was on the point of quitting the sinner's company in disgust; but, on farther reflection, he came to the conclusion that if he earnestly denounced the profanity, he should satisfy the scruples of his own conscience, and perhaps do something towards improving the man's tongue for the future.

'Art thou aware, friend,' he asked solemnly, 'that thy speech savoureth of iniquity, even like unto that of Balaam, the son of Bosor?'

'Who be they?' said Ben, interrupting him gruffly. 'Up-country mongrels, I reckon—no pace, and too free with their tongues. Us had once got a hound called Bowser, and a rare un he was on a cold drag; but I never heered tell of t'other name.'

A look of unutterable compassion passed over the Quaker's face as he shrunk back like a snail into his shell, on hearing this fearful confession of ignorance on Ben's part; but as his character by nature was a persistent one, he gathered fresh courage and returned quickly to the charge, hoping to impart some ray of light to the man's dark mind.

'Friend, thou art in error,' he said, with just a touch of timidity in the tone of his voice. 'It was no dog of which I spake, but a fellow-creature and sinner like ourselves, even Balaam, who was rebuked for his iniquity.'

How long John Brock might have continued his lecture cannot well be ascertained; for Ben, failing in the first place to catch the name, but now calling to mind the incidents of the sacred story, he gave speedy proof that he was not quite so ignorant as the other supposed him to be. 'Awh!' he said, in the broadest vernacular; 'but I zim 'twas nort but an ass as rated him.'

This bit of satire on so serious a subject was too much for the Quaker, who, instantly comprehending the analogy implied by Ben's remark, was not a little relieved from his embarrassment by hearing the word given to throw off the hounds. Twelve couple, springing to the silent signal of Ben's hand waved in the air, dashed off to the river. A few crossed at once boldly to the opposite bank, touching as they did so on every stump or stone that reared its head in mid-stream; while others of less aquatic turn were busily occupied in poking their inquisitive noses into dark subterranean hovers, some of which lay fathoms deep among the tangled roots of overhanging trees.

But before the ding-dong of the chase has fairly commenced, and before even the stern of a hound has indicated the recent presence of an otter on the stream, let us take a glance at the grand, high-crowned, old-fashioned hounds that compose the pack of Mr. Raleigh of Watercombe. They are now full of spirit and animated with hope; and now is the time, not in the kennel, to catch and admire the style and fair proportions, yea, the character, of individual hounds. It will be too late when the game is found and the hurly-burly begun, to look for straight legs and symmetrical forms; the eye and ear will then be too intent on the work done, too charmed either by old Midnight doubling her tongue with rapturous melody as the bubbles rise like a chain of pearls under the point of her sensitive nose; or, it may be, by the roar of the gallant Rufus, as he thunders at the door of the fisherman, and summons him to quit the stronghold in which he is intrenched. These attractions, added to others, not the least of which is that of 'gazing' the otter, will so completely absorb the attention of every spectator when the animal is found, that he will have neither time nor inclination to devote a moment's attention to the points of a hound. Then, perhaps, the most defective hound in shape is the most distinguished one in work; nor does it matter a button if he is throaty, thick in the shoulder, or out at elbow. 'Handsome is that handsome does' at such a time.

Well, now for the Squire's hounds. In the first place, they were anything but a level pack, the height ranging from 19 to 25 inches at the shoulder, and the bone varying at the elbow to an almost equal degree—the wiry little Harlequin, for instance, being as light in the limb as a weedy racehorse; while Hannibal, a very giant in strength and stature, might be likened to a hunter up to 20 stone. It was a favourite maxim at Watercombe that, to get together a killing pack, it was necessary to select hounds best suited for the ever-varying work of the chase: a light, quick, small hound for cover, a big-strider for the open; a steady, old-fashioned hound to hold the line on road or fallow; but that all should fling on a scent, hit and speak, and drive hard.

The prevailing colour of the hounds was that known by the name of badger-pie, varied with just a sprinkling of hare and lemon-pie, which last gave a light, mottled appearance to the pack, and enabled the eye to catch it at long distances on the brown moor. The Squire was very proud of his foxhound blood, and would have been indignant indeed had any one ventured to doubt that it was not as pure as that of Meynell's, or any other kennel in England. Still there were a few among his field, and notably one, a Major Randall, formerly in a light dragoon regiment, who was somewhat hypercritical on the subject. He had been quartered at Northampton, and having hunted for one season with the 'Pytchley Wild-boys,' as old Will Rose used to call them, he was an uncompromising advocate for the go-ahead system, originated first in that and the Quorn country. To see the hounds when they came to a check burst asunder like the stars of a rocket, and then spread instinctively to every point of the compass, straining eagerly with noses down to recover the lost scent, was a

period of martyrdom to the 'flying Major,' who, had he been the Master, would have steamed ahead and endeavoured at a hand-gallop to do instantly for them what they were so long in doing for themselves. He would have led them, in fact, as he would his own squadrons, if not to a more decisive, to at least a more brilliant, victory, preferring the blaze and the kill of thirty minutes to the best long-winded run ever hunted by hounds.

For many years the Major had been a constant attendant on the Squire's pack, and, consequently, was well aware that in seeking for fresh blood, the latter had never scrupled to resort to kennels in the north of Devon, famous for their retention of the old staghound blood, and that, unquestionably, many of his best line-hunters were hounds traceable to that strain. This, in his estimation, was so great a fault in their pedigree, that whenever a hound clung with unusual pertinacity to a line of scent, hitting it, perhaps, here and there at wide intervals over a dusty fallow, the Major's impatience was apt to get the better of his good manners, and he would growl out audibly, 'There, that's the old Towler blood coming out again; 'a touch of the tar brush from that staghound Bellman, which 'they'll never get rid of!'

One day, however, Ben Head, happening to overhear him amusing the field with a similar uncomplimentary critique on one of his most dependable hounds, remarked to his master, ' 'Tis a poor 'ignorant cratur, sir, that Major; wherever did he larn it? Know'th 'nort about hunting, no more than a babby; I hop' your honour 'won't hearken to he. I wish they up-country hounds had a got 'un agen, mak'th my stomach hayve to hear un.'

Major Randall, notwithstanding his carping habit, was a good friend to Ben in the long run; for many a capful of half-crowns would he collect for him, whenever the pretext of a kill, or even a run to ground, enabled him to do so.

From the foregoing observations on the mixed blood of the Watercombe kennel, it will be gathered that the old style still prevailed in that establishment, and that the veritable high-class foxhounds, such as at that time were coming into fashion under the auspices of Meynell, John Warde, Osbaldeston, Lord Monson, Lord Yarborough, Sir Thomas Mostyn, Colonel Berkeley, the Dukes of Rutland, Grafton, and Northumberland, Lord Darlington, and last, though not least, the sixth Duke of Beaufort—men, who collectively expended millions in bringing the foxhound to its present perfection—had not as yet gained a firm footing in that distant shire. Still, Mr. Raleigh, favoured as he had been from time to time with the acceptable gift of a doghound, always a badger-pie with a high crown, long face, and feathered stern, from the far-famed Badminton kennels, could boast an infusion of the right sort in his own; and thus, with the staghound cross he had resorted to, he had succeeded in breeding a rare killing pack, hard drivers on a hot scent and clingers to a cold one—hounds that admirably suited the character of the country he had to deal with.

Moreover, for the double purpose of hunting the otter as well as

the fox, the pack could scarcely have been so perfect in their work but for the valuable close-hunting quality and grand tongue inherited from the staghound strain; qualities that enabled them, not only to find more otters in one season than high-bred foxhounds would find in three, but to impart a full, sonorous music to the chase, lacking which otter-hunting loses one of its chief charms.

Such then were the hounds now thrown on the river Aune in spite of its brown waters, so unfavourable to sport—a rough-and-ready lot that stemmed the swollen tide as eagerly as if a long dry summer had reduced it to its lowest ebb.

‘After all,’ observed the Squire, addressing his field and glancing at the stream, ‘I believe I have done you all a signal service by my late arrival; the river is evidently going down, and in another hour it will be as clear as crystal.’

‘The old story,’ whispered Major Randall to a young officer of a like temperament:

“*Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis.*”

‘This is the black wash coming down from the moor, and if the bogs were flushed by last night’s rain, it will take a week to drain off the top water; better take it as it is than wait for a fall.’

‘The river has gone down six inches already,’ said Frank, pointing to a peg he had stuck in the bank when he first reached the meadow, ‘and by the time we draw up to Diptford Cot, Ben says, if we’ve the luck to find an otter, the flood won’t help him to save his hide.’

They had travelled a mile or more up stream, the men and the ladies pottering and coffee-housing by the way, as if the object of the chase were the last thing thought of and a matter of utter indifference to most of them, when a hound, throwing his tongue vigorously, stopped the clatter in a twinkling, and brought the whole field in a whirl to the spot; among the foremost were the ladies, fluttering with excitement, while even the face of John Brock the Quaker was lighted up with radiant expectation. Not a hound, however, seconded the challenge, though again and again, from the dark fringe of alders that shaded the bank and swept o’er the stream, the same tongue summoned the rest of the pack with an earnest note.

While every eye was peering into the bushes, and many were persuaded, from the ardour of the hound, that he must be close on some game, if not the right sort, Ben Head’s voice was heard on the opposite side of the river roaring to the kennel-boy to make haste up and flog the hound. ‘I tell ee ’tis a mash-hen, yeu grat thickhead,’ he shouted savagely; ‘rin up, du, ’tis that fule of a puppy again, cut un in tu, I zay.’

The boy, who was at some distance from the spot when the hound first spoke, now rushed forward to the bushes, brandishing a heavy whip in the air, as if he was quite ready to execute Ben’s order to the very letter; but, although he dashed head-foremost into the thicket, the hound was too quick for him, and not only escaped into mid-stream, but carried out the game he had been hunting, a fine moor-hen, chopped up in his massive jaws.

'War' riot, Waterman!' shouted Ben, furiously; but he might as well have shouted to a shark in the act of gulping his prey. The hound—a grand young badger-pie—gave a chop or two and bolted the bird like a handful of meal. 'Us have a tanned un for it over 'and over agen,' said the huntsman, with a mortified air; 'but 'there, it's all up wi' un, I zim; he's a blidded now and us shall 'never cure un; 'tis a bad job, fai.'

Shortly after this interlude another of an equally vexatious character to Ben Head's feelings again disappointed the hope of not a few. A hound, called Neptune, also a puppy, came to a solid mark in a high, perpendicular bank, overhanging a still pool on a bend of the river; with tooth and nail he tore at the mud and roots obstructing the entrance, as if he were frantic with rage, then threw his tongue like a hungry lion roaring after his prey. Ben, of course, knew it was riot from the first moment, but, from his silent eagerness to get at the hound, notwithstanding the depth of the water through which he waded waist-deep, it was generally inferred that his object was to encourage him; and under this delusion the action of the man and hound excited the greatest interest. That feeling, however, was soon dispelled, as Ben, thrusting his pole into the hollow recess, turned out a whole nestful of half-fledged kingfishers, and then seizing the hound by the hind leg, dragged him, now under water and now above, to a shallow place, where he dressed him with his double thong till the hound yelled again.

Mrs. Cornish and one other lady were so shocked that they ventured to remonstrate, but Ben, with the glare of a wild beast in his eyes, exclaimed, 'Yeu'm welcome, mam, to go a bird's-nesting, 'ef yeu plaize, but I bant a going to larn our hounds to sich 'ways.'

'What a brute,' whispered Mary to her mother, as she turned the pony's head away and watched the parent birds hovering in the agony of despair over their helpless young, while the rough stream carried them on its surface to certain death. But, much as appearances were against him, and fierce as his manner was on such occasions, Ben was no brute in reality; but, on the contrary, behind and within that rough crust beat a heart tender and kind as a woman's. When he chastised a young hound, he did it, on principle, once for all; dealt no half measures, but impressed the lesson on him fully for the rest of his life. 'Tis no use,' he would say, 'playing with vice or overlooking a fault; catch him at it and then 'tan him to the tune of music; and, my word for't, yeu'll never be 'ca'd to du it agen.'

Bred in a kennel, and endowed with an unusual share of common sense and observation, no man understood the nature of a hound better than he did. For instance, the reflective power, almost akin to reason, possessed by that animal, drew from him many a remark in nowise complimentary to the intellect of his fellow-creatures. His usual argument ran thus: 'A hound is no fule, I zay, like some folks be; when a puppy rin'th to sheep, tak' and tan him well, and the next time he zeeth them he zays to hisself, "Naw, I bant agoing

“to du that agen, for I knaw I shall get tanned for it.” What’s that but raison, I should like to knaw? Ef on’y Bob Ma’shall wid du likewise (this was a noted poacher, frequently sent to the treadmill,) he widn’t ha’ to ride that wooden hoss quite zo often.”

The hounds had now reached Diptford Cot, and the river, as predicted by Ben, had fined down during the last hour from brown-stout to pale-ale colour, a condition well suited to the requirements of the chase. Here, however, a short delay took place, owing to the celebrity of the Cot, a small way-side inn, for the beverage called ‘white-ale,’ the composition of which has been a secret long confined to one family in the South Hams. ‘Tuned up,’ that is, with a little spirit added, it has ever been a favourite drink at Christmas-time, being, it is believed, a strength-giving, stimulating liquor, and at the same time so very grateful to the palate that old gourmets have pronounced its flavour to be perfect. But white-ale, as it is there called, will not travel, more’s the pity; and thus the mixture is confined to that immediate neighbourhood, not only to the loss of the public, but especially so to the proprietors of this valuable and well-kept secret.

‘There’s meat and drink in that trade; heat’t where it go’th,’ said Ben, tossing off a pint of it, and declaring he felt it pierce like a lot of needles into the very marrow of his bones. It was now close upon mid-day, and up to this point not a hound that could be depended upon had indicated the trace of even a stale scent either on the main channel or at the mouths of the many small tributaries that fell into the river.

Major Randall, who contrived by hook or by crook always to rub the Squire’s hackle the wrong way, had a long story to tell of a Dorset gin picked up near the Cot, the cross teeth of which were ‘an inch long, designed expressly for trapping otters. ‘With such ‘an infernal machine on the river,’ he said, bitterly, ‘how can you expect to find an otter on it? You may as well look for a beaver.’

‘Who has seen this gin, and where was it found?’ inquired the Squire, as if he doubted the accuracy of the information. ‘I didn’t think we had an enemy on the water from Loddiswell to Aune Head.’

‘No more yeu ‘an’t, Squire,’ said a sturdy young farmer, who had been listening to the conversation; ‘us be a deal too fond of sport in these parts to teel sich thing; and as vor the lang teeth of un, I reckon the tongue of he as told that cram’s a deal longer. ‘I’d gi’e a hogshead o’ cider mysel’ to zee the man as vound un.’

The Major’s eye flashed fire; but as he had only heard the tale, and couldn’t substantiate it, he allowed no other sign to escape him, showing that the cap fitted, and that this plain-spoken language was meant for himself. Probably, like an old soldier, he felt, as he scanned the stalwart frame and fearless bearing of the speaker, that ‘discretion was the better part of valour;’ and so, instantly changing his tactics, he observed: ‘I didn’t think it likely to be true, Squire; but how do you account for the many blank days you have had on the Aune?—and this, as it appears, will be no exception.’

He had scarcely done speaking ere a joyous note from old Juniper



sounded like a trumpet-call through the vale, proclaiming to all who knew the bound the cheering probability that the Major would speedily be proved a false prophet. 'Have at him, Juniper!' shouted the Squire and Ben simultaneously, while the whole pack dashed to the authentic summons, like dragons through the deep, and in one minute were in full swing. There had been little sun during the day, so the night-drag, still fresh and steaming, brought out a crack of music that literally made the old woods ring with joy.

'Verily, friend,' said the Quaker, as, addressing Frank, he carried his broad brim in his hand, and tugged after the chase, 'verily I marvel not that thy facetious friend, Goodwin, spake so rapturously of this melody.'

'It's a fine drag, sir,' said Frank, 'and I'm so glad you enjoy it; but it's only the fises going now. Wait till they find, and then you'll hear the full band.'

It was a woodland ride, running almost parallel with the river by which the field now passed in pursuit of the hounds; and as John Brock was not quite so adroit as the rest in avoiding the overhanging bushes that impeded his way, a surly old bramble, with spines long and sharp as the teeth of a shark, seized his hat ruthlessly from his hand and sent it whirling into the stream below. The Quaker for a moment was in despair, doubting whether he should fall back and follow his hat, now dancing merrily down stream, or stick to the hounds. One or the other he felt sure he should never see again; for Frank, his 'guide, philosopher, and friend,' had gone ahead and had not witnessed the accident; while the rest of the field, as they rushed forward in the wildest excitement, were far too occupied to wait and lend him a helping hand. While in this dilemma, an old fisherman, carrying his rude, hazel fly-rod at full length, suddenly emerged from the bushy bank, like Mercury in the fable appearing to the perplexed countryman, and, seeing the hatless, bewildered condition of the Quaker, he instantly inferred he could be none other than the 'mazed man' who had recently escaped from a lunatic asylum in the neighbourhood, and for whose capture a large reward had been offered by the proprietor of that establishment. So, having jumped to this conclusion, he proceeded at once to question him as to his antecedents and identity with the lost man.

'Where d'ye come vor, zur, and where be going thickey way? I zim I've a zeed yeu avore down to Dr. Langford's at Glympton Great House? 'An't ye got no hat, then? Left he at home, I reckon?'

'Friend, thou art in error,' said the Quaker, comprehending this last question better than the rest. 'My hat hath fallen into this stream, and if thou wilt exercise thy piscatorial art and fish it out for me, I will reward thee with this half-crown.'

The hat, floating brim uppermost, and buoyant as a Welsh coracle, happened at that moment to appear in view on an open bend of the river close below them; and the fisherman, discovering he had made a mistake as to the 'mazed man,' catching sight of it, undertook at once to give chase and recover it for the owner.

'Then,' said the Quaker, 'I commit this business to thee and thy rod, friend. Do thou follow me with the hat, while I go to join the hounds.' So saying, he darted off with the ardour of an enthusiast, and, bareheaded, overtook the pack just in time, as they were marking their otter under a hollow bank overhanging the stream.

'Well, there!' said the fisherman, staring after him, 'I've a zeed many a queer thing in my life, but niver—no, niver zeed a Quaker 'long wi' hounds avore.' He brought the hat, though, about an hour afterwards, and duly received his promised reward.

'Look below, I zay, zum of ee,' shouted Ben, as a bubble or two, brighter than silver, rose to the surface and indicated some movement in the dark waters beneath. 'Look below, Tammy, and kip 'yeur eye on the stickle, du ee.'

The otter had slipped out for an instant; but being headed on every side, and not liking the wild uproar and commotion that disturbed the pool, he turned short, and again sought the stronghold in which he had just been found. A fine volume of scent, however, rose to the surface, and being carried downwards by the stream, the hounds in a body swam with it, giving out a peal of music that made the trees on the bank quiver like aspens.

'What are they doing now?' inquired the Quaker, incautiously addressing Ben in that critical moment.

'If I was to tell yeu, yeu widn't know,' said Ben, seizing his horn and ringing out a blast that made the pack instantly wheel round, spring to land, and fly to the signal that never deceived them. 'Stand back, gen'lemen, du ye; the old Prince is at 'un agen. Hark-ye! he's a tackling ov un like a rale tiger.'

'Heugh, Gaze!' screamed Frank, perched like a watchful heron on the stump of a tree some twenty yards up stream; 'he's gone by like a flash of fire, and with a tail as long as a comet's.'

'Have at him, my lads!' screeched the huntsman, and every hound dashed in, making the water white with spray, and speaking to the grateful scent with tumultuous joy. Up stream he went, passing over the first stickle like a shooting star, and giving the Quaker, who was in close attendance on Frank, a fine view of his strength and size. Never did a man take to the chase more kindly than he, and never was the hunting instinct implanted in our nature more quickly and fully developed than in that man on that day. He didn't say much, but his countenance spake volumes of delight, and the most cursory observer might have seen he was bitten for life. A year or two afterwards John Brock took to fox-hunting, rode a good horse, and became a regular attendant at the covert-side; nor, maintaining as he did, that the recreation was not only innocent but necessary to his health, did he meet with any serious opposition from his co-religionists, till one day he put on a red coat and the hunt button, and then the Society ostracised him without mercy.

For an hour or more the otter held his way up stream with unflinching perseverance, the hounds requiring no help, and giving him the musical honours with a full band close in his wake. Ever

and anon the rolling wave that followed him, as he glided over the shallows, displayed his great size, and made some of the knowing old hounds spring to the front and grab at his hide; but as yet he was too tough a mouthful for any single set of jaws, and on he struggled bravely in defiance of such attacks. At length he reached a long pool, deep and dark as the Stygian lake, evidently his point from the first, and there, taking refuge in the roots of an oak-tree which proved to be hollow, he gained a stronghold that bid fair to save his life. His portcullis was down, for the bole of the tree was partly immersed in water and no terrier could get in to bolt him; while, after the sharp pursuit from which he had so narrowly escaped, crowbars and the stamping of many heels were treated with equal scorn.

Even Ben was in despair and the Squire at his wits' end; theholt had often before been found impregnable, and the hounds, from their inability to wind him, had all grown slack and ceased to throw their tongues. But a *Deus ex machina* was at hand in the person of the Quaker: 'Knowest thou, friend,' he said to Frank, 'to whom 'this land and tree belong?'

'The owner is here, I believe,' said Frank, pointing to an old-fashioned farmer in a fustian coat; 'he is called Hoppin, and will 'give you, I feel sure, a jug of cider, if you are thirsty after the 'sport.'

'My tongue needeth no cider at present, I thank thee, young 'friend; but I would fain see that tree cut down and the wild 'animal dislodged therefrom. Thinkest thou money would buy 'it?'

'Buy anything, no doubt,' said Frank, wondering what the Quaker would propose next; at the same time he shouted to Hoppin to come up and secure a customer if he was disposed to sell the oak as it then stood.

The farmer, however, who at once comprehended the object in view, flatly refused to take any money for the tree: 'Naw,' he said, 'I b'ant a going to sell un, but, ef you want to turn out thikky 'otter, I'll cut un down for ee and welcome.' Then calling to a farm-boy, he continued, 'Rin home, Rab, and fetch th' axe; 'mistiss wan 'th zum kindling for th' house and us 'll zoon knock 'un down.'

In less than ten minutes, Hoppin, jerking every thought of cupidity to the winds and animated only by a genuine love for the chase, had thrown off his coat and was dealing blows on the butt of the tree that made it tremble to its topmost leaf. He had chosen a weak spot, and at every stroke of the axe, swung with tremendous force, it fell half-buried in the decayed timber; but not until daylight was admitted and the bum-bailiff, Prince, popped into the cavity, could the writ of ejectment be served on the tenant within. Then, however, a terrible tussle ensued—a fight, it sounded, for dear life—while, outside the tree, the excitement of the hounds was a sight never to be forgotten.

At length came a short lull, and then a scream from Ben that

sent every hound bounding into the pool. The otter had bolted, but, no longer fancying the water, had shot across, and, landing in a brake on the opposite bank, he threaded it to the upper end, when, hard pressed by the hounds, he just managed to reach the water, and, again crossing it, landed in the meadow within five yards of John Brock's feet. Off went his hat, and never was a wild beast greeted with a finer view-halloo than burst from the Quaker's lips at that sight! But the hounds needed it not, for though the beast was a stout one, the odds were against him; and they pulled him down at the end of the meadow—an old dog-otter, weighing 24 lbs.

### 'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—Newmarket Notes.—Autumn Abridgments.

A SUNSHINY morning on the Warren Hill, than which at Newmarket can there anything be more delightful? We are all there, and by 'we' is meant that little Turf world which, during the Cesarewitch week, 'that seminary of iniquity and ill manners' (the words are Lord Chesterfield's, and not ours) holds within its walls. Truly, 'motley's your only wear' on the Warren Hill on that Cesarewitch morning, as it was in Arden Forest. There are peers and parvenues, Jews and Gentiles, rich men and poor, knaves and fools, jumbled together in admirable disorder. There is North country and South; and the North is full of Chimes, and the South talks of Mornington. The touts, gentle and simple, gather round that latter hero, who is making his first appearance this season before such a critical audience, and a very evil time of it does the favourite for the big race pass. Every one abuses him. He is lame behind, he is a roarer, he will not be in the first six, or even the first twelve; he is an impostor of the deepest dye; the while stands Mr. Brayley placidly regarding him, but uttering never a word. In the eyes of Newmarket the horse is beaten before he has gone to the post, and though the 'seminary's' judgment and opinion are not always valuable, they were right this time. The Admiral is said to have interviewed him in his box, and the gallant handicapper was remarked to wear a rather elated air after it was over. Mornington, no doubt, told him something; and if Hessleden could have given a hint to his backers—but, alas! it was too late. The wonderful Truth gelding was all the rage at last, and proclaimed to be a genuine good thing of the Swindells' type, with which we had been long unfamiliar. His owner had been reticent about him at first, and was inclined to think him a bad horse; but the certainty was revealed at last, though a fortnight before the race 'Lord Frederick' told us that 'one of the favourites must win.' He was very near the mark, and perhaps with the eye of a prophet he saw what that favourite would be. It was hidden from our gaze though at that time, and Mr. Swindells did not remove the veil. But to return to the Warren Hill. What else did we see? Gamecock taking a gentle canter, and moving beautifully; Eole II. looking extremely fit, and Sir John Astley fondly regarding Scamp. Chimes is out with little Mills on her; she is the place certainty of the race, and Yorkshire is on to a man. We hardly see why Chimes is to get a place, but we submit, and meekly follow the Yorkshire lead. We are ready to back

and swallow anything in fact, for *our* hopes went down when Marie Stuart was scratched; and as we refuse to believe in the favourites, why anything might win. Beyond a sneaking affection for Eole II., with Fordham on him, we have not a fancy; but we will boldly say here, what few people dared to say after the race, that we would not have backed *Aventurière* unless under a special revelation, and we don't think we should have done it then.

It was such a quiet *Cesarewitch* day that, looking on the course, the array of carriages in which the riotous undergraduate and the painted lady from Bury St. Edmunds were conspicuous by their absence, it all seemed too good to be true. You could walk down by the rails, and there were only a few of the neighbouring county families with their pretty womenkind, the farmers with theirs, and the Newmarket *habitués* also with theirs. There were welshers of course, but the rough element was decidedly absent. The Stand was well filled, and the right sort of people were on it—some new and fair faces, calling to mind old times, and some old faces which yet were not old. It was a lovely afternoon, the early part of it; and why the great race was set so late, whereby we lost all that loveliness and had darkness for our portion, passes all understanding. October afternoons are apt to be capricious, and we thought that the Stewards would have liked to take advantage of the brightness of the first two hours, but, in their wisdom, they fixed the race at nearly four o'clock, when the shades of evening, accelerated and intensified by a heavy mist, were descending on the Heath like a pall. So, practically speaking, we saw very little of the *Cesarewitch*, but most of us saw enough. It was not a very pleasant sight. All the beauty of the race had been knocked out of it by the gloomy atmosphere, that only showed us a dark mass in which there was no colour, coming across the flat from 'choke jade.' And when colours were distinguishable, few comparatively remembered that Mr. Swindells was running in a new or wrong one, and the appearance of a white jacket in the row caused much speculation. It was the Truth gelding, and his owner's prophecy to us in Piccadilly, the fortnight previous, that one of the favourites would win, looked very much like coming off; for the Truth gelding certainly had the call of Mornington at the fall of the flag, and here he was coming down the Bushes Hill with a lead of everything in the race—Hessleden dead settled, and Mornington nowhere to be seen. Mr. Swindells is a very self-contained man, and so is his *alter ego* Mr. Armstrong, but there must have been a fluttering of the voices in Corioli (*Anglicè*, the brougham) when Archer came up the hill, and Glover, on *Aventurière*, shot to his head. It was a question, we take it, of the strongest boy, and Glover was that one. Archer had been wasting, and had ridden three races that day. He is a very good boy, but he is only a boy; while you need but look in Glover's face to see that he is a man. A finer finish, however, had never been seen for a *Cesarewitch*, and it put that of Cardinal York and Corisande quite into the shade. Gamecock—'the German hero,' as people would persist in calling him, simply, we suppose, because he was bred in Hungary—ran wonderfully well; but what shall we say about Hessleden? Those diligent and quick-eyed gentlemen who note 'the runners up' said he was about eleventh; and what Sir Frederick and Lord Rosebery thought of the performance we should be curious to know. A good deal was said at the time and up to the day of the race of a big bet that Mr. Gomm, a Birmingham gentleman training in William Goater's stable, laid Steel at Doncaster, namely, 10,000 to 400 against Hessleden. From the eagerness with which Steel took it, it was supposed he knew something; and so, when the horse,

on the strength of a great trial with Louise, became such a favourite, and was pronounced 'the greatest handicap certainty of modern times,' people shook their heads and pined 'poor Mr. Gomm.' That gentleman, however, bore himself with great equanimity, and did not appear to be at all uneasy, while his friends lamented over him and thought it a great shame that 'poor Gomm' 'should have been put in the hole.' It was curious, certainly, that a member of the stable should have laid against the horse; but Mr. Gomm bided patiently while the world was full of Hesseldeu, doubtless somewhat consoled by William Goater's opinion, which was, that as Hesseldeu had always been a bad horse since he had had him, he could not see how he was to be made a good one in four and twenty hours, alluding to his journey to Ilsey to be tried. Whatever that trial was, there is no doubt now that it was all wrong, that Louise or Hesseldeu, or both, deceived them, and that the latter, when he ran in the Cesarewitch, was the bad horse his trainer said he was. So 'poor Mr. Gomm' had the best of it after all, and we daresay when he met Mr. Steel after settling day, would have a little joke with the leviathan, which we trust the leviathan appreciated. Mornington broke down, and there really appeared some truth in what a tout told us, that 'he was lame all round.' How the public stood him is a wonder. We don't think Mr. Brayley did, at least for much. The horse was a godsend to the ring, and we would recommend some of the betting bookmakers to buy him and keep him bottled up until next Cesarewitch. The Admiral will put about 6st 4lbs. on him, the flats will be sure to back him, and they (*not* the flats) will win a heap of money. Let them think of it. Louise Victoria ran very badly, and we presume has seen her best day. Eole II. could not stay home, and Chimes could not stay at all. Peut-être was a good fourth, and as it was known that his jockey, the French Covey, galloped him all the way from the Stand to the post, we ought in some measure to have been prepared for his subsequent performances.

There certainly is no getting away from these French horses. We cannot and dare not raise that shameful cry of Gladiateur's time, that they have a year in hand. That was a disgrace to us, as a nation, and to the so-called 'sportsmen' who uttered it, but all that is passed away. We have had so many rebuffs and defeats since then that our bumpiousness has been taken out of us, and we submit to our neighbour's victories patiently. At least we did, but now we are beginning to grumble again, and the defeat of Lily Agnes, Trent, Leolinus, &c., by Peut-être has roused a feeling (comical to say) of something like indignation! Indignation at what? Admiral Rous was supposed to have been vexed at the win of Montargis last year, and to have felt that he had been hoodwinked somehow, but surely he cannot say that now. Peut-être was by no means favourably handicapped in the Cesarewitch—quite the contrary. His form did not tell us very much, and if he *had* been an 'airing' or two, we believe that form of exercise is not unknown in this country, and has been practised, as the Admiral knows to his cost, with much effect in several celebrated stables. It is very wrong, of course, and in some future Turf millennium will probably not exist; but here it is now, and has to be dealt with. Our great handicapper cannot surely blame himself for the weight he put on M. Aumont's horse. He looked a dog horse when he was over here at Ascot, and Harry Jennings, if he knew what a treasure he had, like a wise trainer, kept his own counsel. The horse may have improved, too. Look at Aventurière's running in the Oaks when she was behind Lady Patricia, and who will say she is not a better mare by nearly two stone than

she was then? Why may not *Peut-être* have similarly improved since he finished behind Boscobel in the Ascot Derby?

But, after all, handicaps are delusions and snares, and we turn with relief to the Middle Park Plate, though, that by-the-way, has some conditions in it which we cannot help thinking unfortunate, as partaking too much of a handicap character; but as we are in a minority here, we will not go into this part of the subject. We have only to record the brilliant race for the great Two-Year-Old contest of the year, and to re-echo the general remark that rarely had there been seen such a lot of good ones in one field. In the saddling inclosure did the four and twenty hold a rather distinguished *levée*. If they were worth looking at, those who came to see them were worth looking at too. There was an ex-Queen, of stately yet gentle carriage, whose misfortunes, and the fortitude with which she has borne them, have extorted sympathy and admiration even from the enemies of her house and name; there were Duchesses and Countesses who had beauty as well as breeding; and there were commoners who could well hold their own in such a *mêlée*. Newmarket has within the two or three last years been rather deserted by women-kind, and we sadly missed for some time the fair face of Lady Hastings and the pleasant presence of Lady Westmorland. Others, nearly as fair and pleasant, have now come in their room, and the saddling inclosure, the Heath, and the Stand bloomed with them. So be it. Some brutes in human form have said that women are in the way at Newmarket; indeed, we heard the remark on the occasion, and we sincerely hoped that the utterer was well on Punch and the Truth gelding. And that reminds us that we were all glad to see M. Lefevre back again, for we missed his pleasant greeting on the First October, and Newmarket feared it had lost him altogether. But there he was, with his partner Count de Lagrange, come down to enjoy some racing and shoot the Chippenham coverts. But we are forgetting the *levée*-holders in looking at their attendants. Everybody of course, after the Queen of Naples, wanted to see Holy Friar, and so well did he look in the pink of condition, and evidently having done well on his work, that he made those who were not on him quake in their shoes. 'Pavo' would not go near him, and a distinguished Special (one of George Frederick's own) had brandy administered, and was led out of the inclosure. Good-looking as the others were, taken on the whole, there was something about Holy Friar that made him a king among them; and the next best-looking was, oddly enough, Plebeian. When, four years ago, we saw a very useful stamp of steeplechaser and hurdle-jumper, Joey Ladle by name, win the Drogheda Plate at Punchestown in a canter, no vision of the future revealed to us that we should see a brother of his one day win the Two-Year-Old Derby, and we certainly should have disbelieved the vision if it had been revealed. But there he was this afternoon, as good-looking a youngster as need be, not quite the 'second West Australian,' as Mr. Christopher called him, but still very handsome; and in a few minutes more we were to see him beat that hitherto invincible son of Hermit who had passed by us so proudly. Mr. Christopher and Mr. Foy, to whom the colt jointly belongs, were very fond, and of course, with Tangible in his stable (though there had been no regular trial), he could tell them something. Punch, a washy, loose-built chestnut, was the hope of the French stable, *Per Se*, a very neat racing-like filly, that of Danebury. She is the property of Lord Dupplin, a new adherent to that once celebrated establishment, and great would have been the rejoicing, and great the satisfaction of the Daneburyites of old times, if she had won. The stable had a great following once, and the following

were 'on' that day, and stuck to their colours in the subsequent wrangle like men. But we are anticipating. The levée over, we all hastened to our various posts of observation, and the conflicting opinions were many. Those who were on Holy Friar felt confident; those who were not, uneasy. Perhaps the Galopin men were nearly as sanguine as the followers of Ashgill; for, reports to the contrary notwithstanding, Prince Bathyany's horse had been doing remarkably well, as his appearance testified. The way he had come up that hill at Ascot could not easily be forgotten, and yet the horse did not go very kindly in the market, and 6 to 1 might have been had about him up to the finish. The Makeshift colt, Mr. Merry's dark one, and big enough for a four-year-old, was fancied by his stable, but we should expect him to do better next year than this. Mr. Chaplin had taken some long shots about Chaplet during the First October week, but they were not followed up, as there were offers of 50 to 1 against her this afternoon, while Horse Chestnut for a place was an investment eagerly sought. But they are at the post, and the afternoon being a much better one for seeing than Tuesday, we could take in the four and twenty at a glance. The start was magnificent, and for a few moments nothing seemed to have an advantage until Holy Friar was clearly perceived on the right hand in advance of Balfe, Perplexe, and Plebeian. One or two of the great unknowns began to drop away soon, but Galopin, Horse Chestnut, Per Se, Chaplet, and Punch showed a bold front, the last-named, however, being done with at the Bushes, while the descent into the Abingdon Bottom settled so many more, that Holy Friar appeared to be walking in. Rising the hill, however, he seemed to go slower, and whether it was that Osborne was afraid to move on him, or he thought he had the race in hand, is difficult to say. The only three in the race with him were Galopin, Plebeian, and Per Se, and this trio were running so wide on the left, that it is just possible Osborne did not accurately measure the distance between them. However, it was an exciting finish, and the three placed were nearly as close together as when Frivolity, Sunshine, and Kingcraft struggled home in the memorable Middle Park of '69. Plebeian won, to the surprise of many who had their eyes fixed on Holy Friar; while, on the other hand, those who were on the other side of the course thought Galopin was going to take the prize. There was no doubt what had won, however, though the surprise of some people, who had watched the race at the Bushes, where the favourite was leading about three lengths, at not finding his number among the first three was intense. But now came another excitement, and not a pleasing one by any means. The word 'objection' was heard as the jockeys returned to weigh in, and Mr. Steele, forcing his way through the crowd round the door of the weighing-room, was the first loudly to announce it to the outer world. Cannon, who was on Per Se, had objected to the winner, on the ground that Mordan had bored upon him, crossing over from the right to the left, and thus prevented the mare winning. The news caused immense excitement, and the scene on the course, and afterwards when, racing over, they returned to the town, was one not easily forgotten. In some of the circumstances it reminded us of that memorable Catch'em Alive Cambridgeshire and the mysterious piece of lead at the bottom of the scales. We don't mean to say that the race on this occasion quite came up to the tremendous affair that was, but there was a good deal of feeling, and people gave vent to it. Per Se was, as we have said before, the hope of Danebury, and that meant something more than a mere phrase on this occasion. The palmy days of Danebury are gone, and there seems small chance of their returning; but there may be a fair future yet,



and the win of Per Se, it was generally understood, would materially pave the way for it. So all the old supporters of the once great Southern stable came to the rescue. They were all on Per Se to a man, and to be done by a head, and that a rather suspicious one—for Mordan, there is no doubt, did cross over from right to left—was hard. What specially reminded us of Catch'em Alive's year was the sight, as we entered the Birdcage, of Lord Westmorland haranguing a select circle on the wrongs of Per Se, and it immediately flashed across us that we had seen him haranguing a circle by no means select, because, if we remember rightly, it was composed of sympathising bookmakers, just eleven years previously, on the wrongs of Merry Hart. History repeats itself, but there was no piece of lead here, only a jockey sadly under suspicion. We confess we saw nothing ourselves of the 'cannon' to which Cannon objected, and feel convinced the best horse won; but then Sam Mordan was on him, a very good jockey in his way, but apt to lose his head and to ride very queerly at the finish. The objection was too serious a matter to go into without due deliberation, so the consideration of it was adjourned to the Rooms, where, after the racing, Lord Falmouth, Sir John Astley, and Mr. Stirling Crawford assembled. Danebury was not idle, and there was undoubtedly a strong feeling in favour of Per Se; and it was understood that the Admiral and many other high authorities considered there was something in it. It was almost a case of sink or swim, and 'honest John,' led about by the faithful Megson, did not look so rubicund as usual. An anxious time indeed! The bookmakers offered to take 3 to 1 at first that Plebeian got it, which odds diminished somewhat when the judges were found to be so long in coming to a decision. The space before the Rooms was blocked by more than the usual crowd that assembles there before dinner, and the component parts thereof had evidently no idea of separating until the decision was given. The hopes of Danebury rose. Clearly it was not 3 to 1 on Plebeian, and there was a strong case for Per Se. What would the judge say? A good deal, nearly everything, depended on that. Mr. Clark is cool and collected, as a Judge should be, singularly conscientious (also a judge-like quality), not given to strong opinions, but sticking to them when given. What would he say? It was rumoured that he had said he saw nothing of the alleged cannon, and Danebury fell a point. The other side were quietly confident, though they knew their adversaries were powerful. Mr. Foy was collected, and Mr. Christopher is, as to his countenance, a second Talleyrand. They had won the race and they would get it, they thought. It was a clear thing, no doubt, and, though that unfortunate Sam Mordan was always getting into water more or less hot, and did not always ride as if he had a head on his shoulders (which we believe is, in truth, Sam's great failing), there was nothing in what he did that at all interfered with Cannon's efforts on Per Se. So said Messrs. Christopher and Foy, and so, ultimately, said the judges, Lord Falmouth, Sir John Astley, and Mr. Stirling Crawford, to whom the objection had been referred. 'They declined to interfere with Mr. Clark's decision.' It was a guarded judgment, and no doubt there were difficulties about the case, and the testimony of the various witnesses was contradictory. A very high authority indeed had expressed an opinion unfavourable to Plebeian and his jockey as soon as they passed the post, others had followed suit, and, as we have before hinted, a very strong pressure was brought to bear for Danebury. The time and labour which the three judges bestowed on the case showed that they considered it a difficult one, and that they were fully impressed with a desire that justice should be done. It was done, we believe, though we also believe that

it was a near thing, and that Plebeian's second win was almost as close as his first. It was an eventful Middle Park indeed.

The next day's racing was remarkable for the defeat of Lily Agnes by *Peut-être* in the Queen's Guineas over the last two miles of the Cesarewitch course. Seeing what we all knew about the great race of Tuesday, it was curious that *Peut-être* was not backed, as far as we could make out, for a shilling. In fact the money of his stable was all on *Christiana*, a mare who had pretty well swept the board in France this year, and it would really seem as if Harry Jennings must have himself been ignorant of how good *Peut-être* was. And yet there was the Cesarewitch to tell him—something at all events, if not all. Lily Agnes never was able to gallop with him when he came up to her, and the mare was very well, and 5 to 4 was laid on her. The race was a match between the two from the Bushes, Scamp, Lilian, and even the great Thunder being beaten off. People wondered much, and talked of the Cambridgeshire being 'over' after that, which is a specimen of the talk we always hear about this time. When, the next day, he beat Trent and *Leolinus* in the Newmarket Derby (and he was ridden by Carratt, too), then we all saw that he was about the best three-year-old of his year, as good as *Apology* perhaps, and that he ought to have won the Cesarewitch; and then it was that the wrath of some 'noble sportsmen' was stirred, and they said these French horses must be stopped, &c., &c., and it is really too bad of them to come and beat us in this way. Chaplet won the *Prendergast*, but we don't think her party or confederacy won, for she was about the worst favourite of the three backed, all the money being on Punch, who ran a very bad horse on this occasion, in fact very much like an impostor, and if Count de Lagrange has nothing better than that amongst his two-year-olds, good-bye to the red and blue's chance in '75.

Several changes have taken place since the issue of the last list of Masters of Hounds. The first to attract our notice is that of the *Earl of Hardwicke* in the place of the Earl of Cork, as Master of the Buckhounds; and everybody is looking forward to the thing being very well done under a Master so popular and so full of energy.

Mr. Arthur Newcomen of Kirkbotham Hall has succeeded Mr. J. T. Wharton as Master of the Cleveland. Mr. Newcomen is fond of fox-hunting, and knows all about it.

Then the Hon. Chas. Fitzwilliam has taken the place of his much lamented brother. Colonel Jelf Sharp is the new Master of the Essex and Suffolk.

Mr. Walter Long, Junior, has succeeded his father in the Mastership of the Hambleton, and will hunt them two days a week.

Sir Reginald Graham has taken the New Forest, in the place of Mr. William Standish, and he has made a good beginning. Lord Spencer is once more Master of the Pytchley, to the great delight of all who hunt in that country—especially the farmers, with whom his Lordship is a great favourite. He is a square man in a square hole, and, as one of his admirers said, 'His Lordship means hunting and no mistake; he will hunt the country fairly, and *won't go home to five-o'clock tea.*'

Amongst the men there have been no very great changes, nearly all the huntmen with the leading packs keeping their old places; but Claxton has gone to the South Durham, as Lord Valentia will hunt the hounds himself this season. Will Goodall, from the Belvoir, has succeeded John Squires with the Pytchley; he is very quiet in the field, and singularly like his father, whose qualities he has undoubtedly inherited. George Bollen has left the Shrews-

bury and gone across the Channel to Lord Shannon; and William Wheatley, who was with his Lordship the last two seasons, has succeeded George Day as huntsman to the North Warwickshire. Wheatley is a very good rider, and quiet with his hounds.

Melton and Market Harborough will both be very full this year, and houses and lodgings are in great request at the latter. Hotels have lately been at a discount, arising from the how-not-to-do-it-properly system prevailing, as it does at some other places where hunting men are wont to congregate. Our observations, however, do not apply to Melton, and we have always great pleasure in saying a good word for the George and the Harborough Arms. As regards hotels, we too often find in the present day that the landlords (unlike Lord Spencer) are very round old men in square holes, knowing and caring nothing about their business.

Favourable accounts reach us from the New Forest. The cub-hunting has been most energetic and successful, and there is every prospect of much sport in the coming season. The pack Sir Reginald Graham took into the country last spring is highly spoken of, and he is whipped-in by Jack Goddard, from the Oakley, and Jim Reynolds, from the North Herefordshire. Celebrated as the Forest has ever been for its ponies, it is doubtful if the locals ever saw so clever an animal as Lord Worcester's white polo mare, which has been carrying Sir Reginald throughout the autumn; and she is said to be as capable of distinguishing herself in the hunting-field as she has hitherto done at the Polo Club at Lillie Bridge and other spots where the noble game is known.

The West Wilts, too, reports well of itself under the Mastership of Colonel Everett, who this season takes the horn two days a week. The hounds are said to be in first-rate condition, the horses ditto; there are plenty of cubs, and every prospect of a good season. The opening Meet was on the 15th, at Greenhill.

There was an extraordinary run on the 25th of September with the Quorn, a report of which reached us too late for notice in our last 'Van.' It was a capital hunting morning, and the Meet was at Billesdon Coplow, where a first-rate show of cubs was found, and hounds were running hard from one to another in the Coplow and the Bay for nearly three hours before they got hold of one. The pack then went to Lord Aberdour's gorse and found an old dog-fox, with which the hounds got away close to his brush and literally stopped there, for they raced him for twenty-eight minutes before they knocked him over in the open. The line, a very fine one, was by Quenby, Loseby, and then bore a little to the right by Springfield Hill, leaving John o' Gaunt on the left. The kill was in the bottom, about a mile beyond. A rare morning for young hounds; good scent, plenty of foxes, and we hear the entry behaved very well. No one but Tom Firr, who was riding a wonderful fencer, was in it after the first quarter of a mile, and not a man out saw a yard of it. The Master came up just as Firr was giving the fox to the hounds, and Mr. Johnson and Gibson the first whip were next, and they were about all. And yet young England says it is no use to go out before November!

Captain Desaguliers West, the Master of the Cheltenham Stag-hounds in 1853-4 and 5, has turned up in Cheltenham again stone-blind, but as merry as a cricket, not so well off as he deserves, but blessed with good health. He has been taking his rounds, and, radiating from the Queen's Hotel, where the 'Mayor of Cheltenham' (which is not yet a corporate town) resides, and whose welcome guest he is, has been paying visits to all of his former friends, whom he always meets with a hearty 'Glad to see you!' laughing all the time at the

grim inconsistency of his own words. Among other friends he called on Mr. George Fletcher, the Nestor of the Cotswolds, who for some time has had 'his lamps out.' The two blind sportsmen had a long and pleasant talk of the days when the world was pleasant to their eyes. When the hour arrived for Captain West to depart, he had imbibed quite sufficient whisky-toddy to make him, if he had only possessed optics, see double. His companion, who had to drive about ten miles home, hoisted him into the trap, remarking, 'By George! it's as dark as pitch. I can't see an inch before my nose.' 'That's good,' says the Captain, with a chuckle, 'we're handicapped properly now. I shall have a fair start.' Loss of sight has not injured his nerve a bit, and he is open to a wager that he will ride over six hurdles on an indifferent hunter without falling, provided he can select the *locus in quo*.

'There is something about horse-dealing demoralizing.' So, many years ago, said Mr. Judge Francillon while trying a horse case at Gloucester. As a proof of his claims to authority on the subject, he observed: 'I never bought a horse. I never sold a horse. I don't think I ever shall.' Probably few will care to dispute the truth of the learned judge's declaration, even if they doubt his knowledge of the subject, especially if they choose to study the report of a late inquiry at the Southwark Police Court before Mr. Partridge, who, *mirabile dictu*, actually was well-up in the practice of horse-dealing as well as the law of false pretences as applicable to the noble quadruped. This case, which, somehow or other, was either altogether excluded from the metropolitan press, or else so misquoted as to be perfectly unintelligible, was fully reported in 'The Cheltenham Examiner,' a country newspaper which has on its staff some of the best sporting scribes of the day; and we gather from it that 'a young man from the country,' named Newman, was arrested in London in the early part of last month for obtaining from Mr. Stephen Cox, the well-known dealer in Stamford Street, the sum of £120 by false pretences. A London attorney of eminence, Mr. E. Froggatt, was 'put up' by the prosecutor, while Mr. Frederick Marshall of Cheltenham was selected by the gentleman in the 'stone-wall' country as his champion. The charge against the accused was—to strip it of legal technicalities—of 'setting' a broken-winded horse by some means or other, whereby he passed him off as sound. It is probable that a perusal of the report will leave the reader in considerable doubt as to whether the horse was ever 'set' at all, but from what was openly stated after the trial, we have every reason to suppose that he was very cleverly and successfully operated on, but *how* still remains a mystery. The most amusing part of the case is that the young man from the country showed his horse—a magnificent specimen of a hunter, to all appearance—to Mr. Frederick Jacobs (a very excellent judge of horseflesh), who had a ride on him, and, by the latter's introduction to Mr. E. Cox, the son of the prosecutor, who also had a gallop in Hyde Park, and was as much taken by the horse's excellent manners as he was by his looks, and then, to complete the inspection, had him examined by Mr. Mavor, who passed him *perfectly sound*. A cheque accordingly was paid to the innocent from Cheltenham, who betook himself to the town of his birth, where, let us hope, he laid out the proceeds of his bargain to advantage at The Repository from whence this beautiful steed was procured. The next morning, it seems, 'the fun dropped out.' Mr. Mavor was sent for in hot haste by Mr. Cox, and the splendid hunter was found to be a completely broken-winded screw. Then came the arrest, and next the trial. Mr. George Cox stated how he had purchased the horse, and Mr. Mavor emphatically swore that the horse had been 'drugged,

'set, or loaded.' He gave a most elaborate account how this must have been done, but, on cross-examination by Mr. Marshall, was fain to confess that his evidence was purely hypothetical. Quoting from the report, we read:—'Mr. Marshall cross-examined Mr. Mavor at some length, and some of the points he made created considerable amusement in court. For instance, when he asked the eminent veterinary surgeon if he knew to what process the horse had been submitted, he replied that he did not—that it was merely a matter of surmise; that he had no direct evidence of the fact; that he obtained what knowledge he possessed from his books.—Mr. Marshall: Have you these books in court?—Mr. Mavor: Certainly not. (Roars of laughter.)—Mr. Marshall: Then your evidence upon that point is absolutely worthless. I appeal to the bench.—Mr. Partridge intimated that that was so.—Mr. Marshall asked Mr. Mavor how he accounted for the blunder he made in passing the horse sound. Did he gallop it?—Mr. Mavor: I put it through a thorough test.—Mr. Marshall: Will you answer "Yes" or "No?" Did you gallop it?—Mr. Mavor: No.—Mr. Mavor also admitted that on examining the horse the second time he found no traces on which he could form a conclusion that the horse had been tampered with at all.' The subsequent witnesses failed to establish the charge, which was dismissed, and the horse-dealing fraternity which had gathered together to hear the secret disclosed went away as wise as they came. A very curious but interesting episode in the case was the appearance of the horse in question in court. Mr. Partridge insisted on making him a witness, and before he gave his decision 'had him produced on what Tom Olliver called a *subpaney deuce take 'em*.' 'The horse having arrived,' runs the report, 'Mr. Partridge inspected it in the court-yard. When stripped of its clothing, it presented the most perfect model of a handsome and well-bred horse. As described by Mr. Marshall, it had all the points and features of a thorough hunter—

"With a head like a snake, and a skin like a mouse,  
An eye like a woman's—soft, gentle, and brown;  
With loins and a back fit to carry a house,  
And quarters to lift him right over a town."

'The learned magistrate having looked and spoken his admiration, asked Mr. Llewellyn, one of the witnesses for the defence, to "cough" the horse, in order to satisfy himself of the alleged unsoundness. Mr. Llewellyn had no need to apply the usual pinch to the poor animal's throat, for it had evidently been so constantly operated on by the thumb and finger of curious but cruel critics, that it coughed ere the hand reached it, and Mr. Llewellyn pointed out that it was perfectly sore from the process. Mr. Llewellyn also observed that the horse was not in such good condition as when he sold it to Mr. Newman.' Mr. Cox, we believe, was almost tempted by Mr. Newman's friends to restore the horse to them for 50*l*. We trust that his refusal to do so may not be revoked. To judge from the observations of those who were present at the trial, the quadruped was the only gentleman (barring, of course, the learned advocate who described his qualities so graphically) among the lot who had made him the subject of what certainly seems to read as a successful swindle. Surely a good home can be found for a poor animal possessing all the qualifications of a hunter, with only one drawback, which in a curate, so we find it written in 'The Bab Ballada,' is a touching attraction—'a sweet consumptive cough.'

Yacht-racing at Cowes seems anything but a favourite pastime with its members, and they give it small encouragement; still they have a wonderful

deal of fun in their own way. Goodwood sends such ladies as are seen nowhere but in England, who, changing silk for serge, become only more irresistible; Peers and Commoners lounge about in the freest and easiest of garments; cheery little luncheon and dinner parties are made up, in which the 'right people' are asked, and if a chaperon is now and then qualmish, one cannot expect every yacht to be a 'Bessemer.' By-the-way, though it did blow a gale most of the Cowes week, an evening of 'oily calm' prevented a 'fairly' freighted vessel from catching her moorings in proper time, and caused great anxiety to an anxious parent, who did not receive her daughter back till the small hours, and, if report speaks true, put her head out of the window and blew up the escort in no measured terms. It was rather hard on the said escort, for, like gallant knights as they were, they had taken the greatest care of the fair lady, and would have brought her back hours before, but they could not. The old Wildfire came to her end from not knowing the difference between port and starboard, and it was reported some one played the 'Dead March in Saul' on a concertina, as she was sinking! Now she exists but in the form of a green buoy, which will mark a new fishing spot for those who have no domestic troubles and get no 'pout' at home. The old Egeria soon had the American crippled in the race for the Prince of Wales' Cup, but the Kriemhilda, having the new Scotch cutter to tackle, did not quite 'sweep the sea,' as last year, and her troubles were increased by a 'large shark' bearing down on her one day; and had the Prince of Wales and Count Munster been swallowed in its maw, England and Prussia would have forbidden yacht-racing for ever again. The Ryde week was more stormy even than Cowes, and the Pantomime won her best race, and sailed as no 140-tonner ever did before; all credit to her plucky owner! Colonel Kennard's win round the island with the St. Ursula was received with great satisfaction; and so Ryde week passed off. Southsea Regatta (the Royal Albert Club) was sailed in very light weather, and the yachts left the Solent for the West, again to be packed like herrings at Torquay, and form part of the lovely panorama at Dartmouth, whose entrance, being very narrow and difficult to get out of (when the wind is 'in'), reminds one of a story about a Yankee skipper, who, doing short tacks out of Boston Harbour, says the mate (a Boston man), 'If you go on as you're doin', cap'n, you'll run the vessel ashore.' 'Mind your end of the ship and leave me to mind mine,' was the skipper's reply. But the mate waited till she was in stays, then let down the anchor with 'Waal now, I *have* attended to my end of the ship, cap'n; you may do what you darn please with yours.' The British navy seems to have improved in its 'lingo,' for lately an American parson dined on board an English man-of-war, and on being asked how he had been treated replied in the most glowing terms, and said what struck him most was, that from 'soup to nuts' he never heard a single G-d d—n. We hear good prospects for another year, as the New Thames are likely to come to some arrangement about measurement, and the Havre Club prizes are to be more than ever, thanks to the liberality of our French *confrères*.

Every place must have an aquarium soon, and Margate—the lively, jocund, we are almost afraid, the dissipated Margate—has got a first-rate one in progress. By the time these lines meet our readers' eyes the first block will probably have been laid of the sea-wall, and then the work will go on rapidly. The tank surface will, we hear, be arranged on an entirely novel principle, and several new features—among them a bazaar (and what would an aquarium at Margate be without a bazaar?), an indoor promenade and lounge, a winter

garden, a grand hall for concerts (about the size of the St. James's Hall, London), baths, a restaurant, &c. So it will be seen Margate is not going to do the thing by halves. It would seem as if the directors had taken a hint from that wonderful scheme for a London aquarium which, with a no less wonderful 'council,' burst upon the world some weeks since. That, we believe, went out in the smoke of its own flame; but we trust Margate will be a success and endure. The number of visitors to that popular watering-place would seem to guarantee it.

To speak of the fondness of foreigners for those sports which, even in the memory of the present generation, were thought essentially English is an old story. We have but to look at the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire to know how widespread is the love of racing, and with what difficulty we hold our own, and don't always do that—when

'Furious Frank and fiery Hun charge with all their *cavalry*.'

As we write there is a grand Hunt Meeting at Pardubitz, in Bohemia, *the* great meeting of that part of the world to which flock all the sporting *noblesse* of Austria and Hungary, and for which Mr. Emanuel, of 29 Old Bond Street, has supplied the Ladies' Cup, one of the chief prizes given. We had an opportunity of inspecting it the other day, and can speak in high terms of its elegance of design and general good effect. We hear Mr. Emanuel is likely to receive a commission for one of the Goodwood Cups next year.

By the death of Lord Forester we lose one of the finest riders that ever got into a saddle. Born in 1801, he was a contemporary of the late Lord Clanricarde, of Lord Chesterfield, of Mr. Biddulph of Chirk, and 'Student' Dyke, when at Christ Church, Oxford, and rode with them over Sir Thomas Mostyn's, the Duke of Beaufort's, and the Duke of Grafton's countries. He was then in his salad days, *teste* 'Nimrod,' a bold horseman, and he more than fulfilled his early promise subsequently in Leicestershire. In 1830 he became the Master of the Belvoir, and in 1858 he resigned that post, having hunted that country, as it perhaps never before had been hunted, for eight and twenty years. Tom Goosey was his huntsman for many years, and he was succeeded by the celebrated Will Goodall, who died in 1859. Lord Forester had a splendid seat and perfect hands, and he was, like the majority of the Foresters, a very good-looking man. Those who have an engraving from Sir Francis Grant's well-known picture of 'The Melton Breakfast' will look on the figure with its back to the fire, and think there is another of that gay company gone from the scene.

The name of John Clerke Free, landlord of the Three Swans, Hungerford, has been known far and wide to many a good sportsman, not only in the Craven, but other countries. He was something more than the landlord of the Three Swans, as those of our readers who studied the annals of the Craven in 'Country Quarters' of last December will know. His daring riding, his little practical jokes with Boxall, his zeal for sport, are there fully related. His many friends—and he had many to whom his good qualities and his infinite worth endeared him—now have to lament his death. A kinder-hearted man and a truer sportsman did not exist. Full of a humour that never offended and of a courage no danger could daunt, John Free will be sorely missed, not only in Hungerford, but throughout the county.

A good story is told of poor old Jem Hills, who was taken to see some of the wonderful equipages in Hyde Park. A very indifferent driver flashed past in gorgeous livery, holding on to his horses' heads, and shaking his reins with

a rapid upward and downward movement. 'There now,' exclaimed Jem, 'that chap's father must have been a *sawyer*;' and eying the action and round back, 'he's been top o' the pit himself surely.'

*A propos* of the Park, a certain sixty-per-cent. gentleman was ordered to try a little change of scene, and to take a breather in Rotten Row *vice* the extra hour in Burlington Street. On his first attempt he espied a victim leaning across the rails whose bills had been renewed that morning. 'Good afternoon, Captain. How do you like my thoroughbred? He's a pedigree horse, and 'I know you're a judge.' 'Got by Usury out of Extortion, I should think,' was the smart reply.

A distinguished naval officer of our acquaintance happened to meet with two bright specimens of the genus Yankee on the occasion of a visit to Jerusalem, one of whom, after a long and silent inspection of the interesting wonders, exclaimed, with an extra nasal twang, 'Well, sir, I never thought Peter or Paul 'or those old Biblical chaps ever fancied they'd be making this place half so 'interesting to us strangers.' Verily, a little knowledge is a dangerous thing.

The Puckeridge Hedges Fund is hopefully progressing, we are glad to be able to report. A sovereign slipped into the hand of any secretary of hounds who would 'be kind enough to collect on the opening day by some of the numerous Nimrods who will be commencing the season, would soon make good the deficit; or, better, if sent direct to Mr. J. L. Taylor, Saffron Walden.

Mr. Blyth, *the sole owner* of Winslow, died at Maidenhead the first week in October. Shortly before his death he refused 4500*l.* for the horse, who will now be brought to the hammer.

Out of a multitude of revivals and stage novelties now before the town, we have to congratulate the little theatre in the Strand on having secured a *pièce de resistance* which promises to be as great a success as any of the comedies that have preceded it from the same pen. In 'Old Sailors' Mr. Byron has supplied a feast of amusing dialogue, both original and refreshing, which takes the house by storm, and keeps the audience convulsed with laughter from beginning to end. The acquisition of Miss Marion Terry, who takes the part of Clara Mayfield, gives additional interest to the representation; and the hearty applause bestowed on the new piece on the early nights of its career has been sufficiently marked to demonstrate without a doubt that a long and successful run may be relied upon. 'Loo, or the Party who took Miss' follows suit with all the vivacity and humour that belongs more particularly to entertainments of this class produced at the Strand.

In our obituary of this month we regret to have to include the name of the well-known Mr. Williams of Glôg, in Glamorganshire. The true type of an old-fashioned Welsh Squire, he was for nearly eighty years devoted to the hunting of fox, hare, and otter, while his Welsh-bred hounds were celebrated as much for their fine tongue as for their driving qualities in the chase. It was his habit for many years to appear at early morn before his porch-door, and there give a rattling halloo for a favourite hound called Rouser, till the valleys of Llanwyno re-echoed his cheer. Let us hope that he has departed to a better country, which he would enjoy all the more if, in the company of Rouser, he could realise the sentiment of Pope's Indian—

'Who thinks, admitted to an equal sky,  
His faithful dog may bear him company.'

A good deal has been said about racing clergymen lately, and we have purposely refrained from the subject, because we have an opinion thereon that does



not tally with the majority of sporting men. It has, however, been alluded to 'in another place.' At the same time there is no harm in recalling a story of old times, when sporting parsons were common and bishops good, easy men. Many alive now in Hampshire will remember it and its hero. The latter was a worthy disciple of the port-wine and topboots school, and not only attended races, but rode at them. One Sunday morning the clerk after service gave notice that there would be no service on the next Sunday afternoon, as 'Parson' would be gone to Lewes Races. Lewes Races began then on the Monday, and Mr. — rode off immediately after morning service. These proceedings, even in those not over-particular days, offended some people, and a neighbour of the culprit's waited on the Bishop of Winchester, and represented that Mr. — had neglected his duties and gone to some races. 'What of that?' said the bishop. 'But he's going to ride,' added the informant. 'Is he?' replied the prelate; 'then I'll bet you what you like he wins!'

The victory of *Peut-être* in the Cambridgeshire just as we are packing the 'Van' admits only of a few words. He ran a great horse, and had his field settled from the first. *Khedive* shared the fate of many of those bottled-up horses who are supposed to have retained the speed they once possessed; and the Curate did not get his preferment. Our tip, *Fideline*, backed for thousands in France, was in front up to a certain point, but failed to stay. The pace was first-rate, but owing to the misty atmosphere *Dent's* chronograph was useless. What will be done to the French horses if they go on beating us in this way it is impossible to say. There must be a treaty of reciprocity drawn out by the French and English Jockey Clubs, though our neighbours are not very fond of free trade in racing. At all events our horses in France ought to have the same advantages as enjoyed by French horses in this country.

From the well-meant tip which we served up to our subscribers last month, it will be easily understood that our own investments on the big handicap were not of a prosperous character, but still our case was not so heart-breaking as that of our friend *Rabbits*, who found himself the father of twins in the morning, and the backer of *Chieftain* and *Lord Gowran* in the afternoon (not for a place of *course*).

1874.

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HUNTING.

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LIST OF HOUNDS—THEIR MASTERS, HUNTSMEN,  
WHIPS, KENNELS, &c.

Those marked with an asterisk [\*] have not replied to our application.



## STAGEHOUNDS (ENGLAND).

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
HIS MAJESTY'S ( <i>Windsor, Slough</i> )	Tues. & Fri.	Earl of Hardwicke.	Frank Goodall.	Richard Edrupt H. Hewson William Bartlett R. Reynolds	Royal Kennels, Ascot, Berks.
ANGERSTEIN'S, Mr. ( <i>Thelford, East Harding</i> )	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. W. Angerstein.	John Hickman.		Wooting Park, Brandon, Norfolk
BERKHAMPTSTEAD ( <i>Berkhamptstead, Tring</i> )	Wed.	Mr. Richard Rawle.	Master	Mr. H. Browne Mr. J. Rawle	Berkhamptstead Common, Herts
DEVON AND SOMERSET ( <i>Dulverton, Minehead, Dunster, Winsford, Ex- ford, Porlock</i> )	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. M. Fenwick Bis- sett	Arthur Heal	George Fewings	Rhyll, near Dulverton, So- merset
EALINGWOLD ( <i>Easingwold</i> )	Wed. & Fri.	Mr. John Batty.	Mr. Dixon Batty	Thomas Cass	The Lund, Easingwold
FREWES, Mr. E. ( <i>Hastings, St. Leonards, Rye</i> )	Thur.	Mr. E. Frewen.	Master	J. F. Coates E. Slater	Nocturam, Sussex
NEVILLE'S, Mr. T. ( <i>Winchester, Alresford</i> )	Wed.	Mr. T. Neville.	Thos. Lock	Henry Lee	Chilland House, near Win- chester
PETRE'S, Hon. H. ( <i>Ingatesstone</i> )	Tues. & alter- nate Sat.	Hon. H. Petre.	Master	W. Douce John Collar	Westlands, Ingatesstone, Essex
ROTHCHILD'S, BARON ( <i>Leignton Buzzard</i> )	Mon. & Thur.	Baron Rothchild.	Frederick Cox	Mark Howcott.	Mentmore, near Leighton Buzzard
SURREY ( <i>Croydon, Red Hill</i> )	Tues. & Sat.	Mr. W. M. Robinson	J. Bentley	T. Ding	Smitham Bottom, near Couladon.
WATSON'S, Mr. FARNELL ( <i>Horsham, Dorking</i> )	Mon. & Fri. in 1 week, & Th. in the other	Mr. W. W. Farnell Watson	Mr. W. Farnell Wat- son, Jun.	J. Thwaites G. Elliott	Hanford, near Dorking.
WAVELEY ( <i>Halesworth</i> )	Mon. & alter- nate Thur.	Mr. Chas. Chaston.	Master	W. Blake F. Blake	Mendham, Harleston, Nor- folk.

## IRELAND.

WARD UNION ( <i>Dublin, Dunboyne, Ra- tooth</i> )	Mon. Wed. & Sat.	A Committee	Charles Brindley	James Brindley	Ashbourne, co. Meath
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## FOXHOUNDS (ENGLAND).

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
ALMRIGHTON. (Newport, Shifnal, Wolverhampton)	Mon. Tu. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. T. F. Boughey.	John Todd.	J. Scott Geo. Cottrell	Whiston Cross, near Shifnal
ALNWICK AND COQUETDALE (Alnwick)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Major Browne.	Richard Lyon.	S. Morgan.	Green Rig, Bilton, and Bre- mish Eglington
ATHERSTONE (Tamworth, Rugby)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. W. E. Oakeley	George Castleman.	Thomas Pedley Sam Hayes	Witherley, near Atherstone
BADWORTH. (Ponterfract, Doncaster)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. J. Hope Barton	T. Morgan.	William Jones R. Hepworth	Badsworth, near Pontefract
BARTON-PANTON & MR. (Holyhead, Llanelly)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. W. Barton-Pan- ton	Master.	E. Haynes Richard Roberts	Garreglydd, near Holyhead
BEAUFORT & DUKE OF (Malmesbury, Tetbury, Chippenham, Sodbury)	Mon. Tues. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Duke of Beaufort.	Marquis of Worcester Charles Hamblin, K.H.	Heber Long Walter Barnard	Badminton, Chippenham
B. C. C. H. . . . . (Denbigh, St. Asaph)	Mon. & Thur.	Colonel Wynne.	Masters.	Henry Wells, K.H. C. Pegg	Cood Coch, near Abergele
BEDALE (Bedale, Thirsk, North- allerton, Ripon)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Captain Conway Mr. John B. Booth.	Alfred Thatcher.	Robert Walker. Ed. Henderson	The Leases, near Bedale
BELVOIR HUNT . . . . (Grantham, Melton Mow- bray)	Mon. Tues. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Duke of Rutland.	Frank Gillard.	William Blakeborough Alfred Orbell Tom Chambers	Belvoir, Grantham
BERKELEY . . . . . (Cheltenham, Gloucester)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Lord Fitzhardinge.	W. Beckhouse.	Ben Barlow R. White	Berkeley Castle, Gloucester
BERKELEY, OLD. (Rickmansworth, Watford)	Mon. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. Leicester Hibbert Mr. O. Blount	John Comins.	C. Shepherd William Gibbs	Chorleywood, Rickmans- worth
BERKSHIRE, OLD. (Abingdon, Faringdon)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Lord Craven Mr. T. Duffield	John Treadwell.	James Hewgill. Eli Skinner	New House, Abingdon
BERKS (SOUTH). . . . (Reading)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Fri.	Mr. J. Hargreaves.	Richard Roake.	H. Grant John Louch	World's End, Reading
BICESTER & WARDEN HILL (Bicester, Buckingham)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Viscount Valentia.	Master.	Richard Russell, K.H. John Beat	Stratton Audley, near Bices- ter, Oxon
BLACKMOOR VALE (Sherborne, Henstridge Ash)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Fri.	Sir Richard Glyn, Burt.	John Press.	J. Overton John Comins, Jun.	Charlton Horethorne, near Sherborne, Dorset

BLANKNEY (Lincoln, Seasford)	Mon. Wed. Thur. & Sat.	Col. Edward Chaplin	Henry Dawkins	William Cooper W. Boxall	Blankney, near Lincoln
BLUNATHRA (Kewick)	Mon. Wed. & Sat.	Mr. John Crosier	John Porter	W. Boxall	The Riddings, Thelkeld, near Kewick
BORDER UNION (Longton, Langholm)	No day fixed.	Mr. W. Routledge	J. Kennedy, K.H.	Crook	Bowcastle, Cumberland
BRALES OF DERWENT*	Wed. & Sat.	Major J. A. Cowen	Siddle Dixon, Jun.	E. Brown	Coal Burns, Blaydon-on- Tyne
BRANHAM BRIDGE (Sholley Bridge)	Mon. Wed.	Mr. G. Lane Fox	E. G. Kingsbury	Henry White	Bramham Park, near Tad- caster
BRANHAM MOOR (Boston Spa, Tadcaster)	Fri. & Sat.	Earl of Yarborough.	Nimrod Long	John Hollidge	Brooklesby Park, Ulsaby, Lincolnshire
BROOKLESBY (Brigg, Caistor, Great Grimsby, Market Rasen, Lincoln)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Earl of Yarborough.	Richard Sherwood	William Burton Fred Watson	
BURSTON, THE (Red Hill, Edenbridge)	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. H. Kelsey	Mr. Gerard Hoare	John Killick	Smallfields, Burslow, Surrey
BURTON, THE (Lincoln)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. F. S. Foljambe, M.P.	William Dale	William Hawtin	Reepham, Lincoln
CAMBRIDGE SHIRE (St. Neot's, Cambridge)	Mon. Tues. & Fri.	Mr. C. S. Lindeall	John Bailey	John Peake Jem Bartlett	Caxton, Cambridgeshire
CATTISTOCK (Dorchester)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. John Codrington	Tom Hills	Frank Turton T. Samson	Evershot, Dorchester
CHESHIRE* (Northwich)	Mon. Tu. Th. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. H. R. Corbett	John Jones	Charles Malden Samuel Bacon	Forest Kennels, near North- wich
CLEVELAND (Middlesboro', Saltburn, Redcar)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. A. H. T. New- comen	Richard Sherwood	J. Trevick	Warrenby, Redcar
COTSWOLD (Cheltenham)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. A. H. Sumner	Charles Travis	Will Bowers	Cotswold Kennels, Chel- tenham
COTSWOLD, NORTH* (Broadway, Evesham)	Tues. & Sat.	Mr. Algernon Rush- out	Master	J. Atkinson R. Fridlington, K.H.	Broadway, Evesham
COVENTRY & EARL OF (Pershore, Worcester)	Tu. Th. & Sat.	Earl of Coventry	Robert Price	W. Tame Will Jones	Croome, Severn Stoke
COTSMORE (Oakham, Rutland, Mel- ton Mowbray)	Five days a week	Earl of Lonsdale	John West	D. Paiting James Jones	Barleythorpe, Oakham
CRADOCK'S, MR. (Croft Spa, and Darlington)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. C. Cradock	Tom Champion	William Neal	Hartforth Hall, Richmond, Yorkshire
CRAYEN (Hungerford, Newbury)	Mon. Wed. Sat. & bye day.	Mr. R. Harcourt Capper	George Orbell	W. Armstrong G. Day	Walcot, Hungerford, Berks
				W. Hewgill	

## FOXHOUNDS (ENGLAND)—continued.

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
CRAWLEY AND HORSHAM (Cuckfield, Horsham, and Handcross)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Lieut.-Colonel A. M. Calvert	George Loader . .	James Budd . . .	Staplefield, Crawley, Sussex
CUMBERLAND (Carlisle, Penrith)	Mon. or Tues. & Friday	Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Bart., M.P.	Major Wybergh. .	T. Watson . . . .	Roskill, Raughton Head, Carlisle
DARTMOOR . . . .	Tues. & Sat.	A. Monro, Esq. . .	William Boxall . .	Robert Lightfoot . .	Woodlands, Ivybridge, Devon
DEVON, SOUTH (Ivybridge, Plymouth)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. Thos. Westlake	Master . . . . .	Alfred Shepherd . .	Oakford, Kingsteignton, Newton Abbott
(Newton Abbott, Torquay, Teignmouth)				W. Derges . . . . .	
DORSET, EAST . . . .	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Hon. W. H. B. Port- man, M.P.	Thomas Dyer . . .	Joseph Moss . . .	Bryanstone, Blandford
(Blandford, Shaftsbury)		Mr. C. J. Radclyffe .	A. E. Friend . . .	Stephen Goodall . .	Hyde, Wareham, Dorset
DORSET, SOUTH . . .				Levi Sheppard . . .	
(Dorchester, Wareham)				J. Davis . . . . .	
DURHAM, SOUTH . . .	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. John Harvey . .	Wm. Claxon . . .	J. Beavans . . . .	Hardwick, Ferry Hill
(Stockton, Darlington)				C. Hawkes . . . .	
DURHAM, NORTH . . .	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. Anthony May- nard	H. Haverson . . .	W. Hawksley . . .	Newton Hall, Durham
(Durham)		Mr. Loftus W. Ark- wright	Stephen Dobson . .	G. Stevenson . . .	Harlow, Essex
ESSEX . . . . .	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.			Robert Allen . . .	
(Chipping Ongar, Har- low)				Fred Firr . . . . .	
ESSEX, EAST . . . . .	Tues. Thur. & Fri. and	Mr. W. H. White	Master . . . . .	Joe Sorrel, K.H. . .	Black Notley, Braintree
(Halstead, Braintree, Witham)	Tues. & Fri.			W. Grayson . . .	
ESSEX AND SUFFOLK* .	Tues. & Fri.	Lieut.-Col. Jelf Sharp	Master . . . . .	K. Startam . . . .	Stratford St. Mary, Col- chester
(Colchester)				B. Morgan . . . .	
F. B. H. . . . .	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. George Williams	James Babbage . .	J. Morgan . . . .	Truro and Helstone
(Truro, Helston)				C. Stevens . . . .	
EXMOR . . . . .	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. Abraham Phelps	Nicholas Snow . .	Daniel North . . .	Porlock and Oare
(Porlock, Linton)				Jem Steer . . . .	
FITZWILLIAM'S, EARL .	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Earl Fitzwilliam . .	Master . . . . .	James Roffey . . .	Wentworth, Rotherham
(Rotherham, Wentworth)			Joseph Orbell, K.H.	G. Marphin . . . .	
GARTH'S, MR. . . . .	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. T. C. Garth . .	Charles Brackley .	Thomas Austen . .	Haines Hill, Twyford, Berks
(Reading, Wokingham)				Henry Povey . . .	
GRAFTON'S, DUKE OF .	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Duke of Grafton . .	Frank Beers . . .	T. Smith . . . . .	Wakefield Lawn, near Stoney Stratford
(Toncaster, Buckingham)				Edward Cole . . .	

GROVE* (Redford, Bawtry, Don- caster)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Fri.	Viscount Galway, M.P.	John Morgan	Charles Howard Robert Vincent	Grove, near Redford, Notts
H. H. (Alton, Alresford, Win- chester, Basingstoke)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. H. W. Deacon	Master	Richard Turner R. Collington	Ropley, Alresford, Hants
HAMBLEDON (Bishop's Waltham)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. Walter J. Long, Jun.	Master and T. Phillips	F. Mandeville W. Newman	Droxford, Bishop's Waltham, Hants
HAYDON (Haydon Bridge)	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. A. J. B. Ord	T. Cowing	A. Cowing J. Dickinson, Jun.	Bardon Mill
HEREFORDSHIRE, S. (Hereford, Ross)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Captain B. Helme	Master	Walter Bell C. Woolford	White Cross, Hereford
HEYTHORPE* (Chipping Norton)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. Albert Brassey.	Stephen Goodall	John Hazelton. W. Wells	Common Hill, Chipping Norton
HOLDERNESSE (Beverley)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Fri.	Mr. James Hall.	George Ash	David Dalby W. Gray	Etton, near Beverley, Yorks.
HURSLEY (Winchester, Southampton)	Mon. & Fri.	A Committee	Alfred Summers	John Rowe	Pitt, near Winchester
HURWORTH (Croft Spa, Darlington)	Tues. & Sat.	Visct. Castlereagh.	George Dodds	Will Brice G. Pocock	Hurworth, near Darlington
ISLE OF WIGHT (Newport, Ventnor, Ryde, Cowes)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. John Grimes Harvey	George Jones	Charles Jones W. Manners	Marvell, near Newport, I. W.
JOHNSTONE'S, SIR H. (Scarborough, Pickering)	Tues. & Fri.	Sir Harcourt John- stone	Mr. S. Hill Chas. Darwick, K.H.	William Cross	Snainton, Yorkshire
KENT, EAST (Dover, Canterbury, Folke- stone)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	The Earl of Gail- ford	Ben Painting	G. Cox Edward E. Abell J. Wood	Waldershare Park, Dover
KENT, WEST* (Farningham, Sevenoaks, Tunbridge Wells)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Hon. Ralph Nevill.		John Pitts Joseph Bacon	Wrotham Heath, near Sevenoaks
KERRISON'S, SIR E.* (Eye)		Sir E. Kerrison	Master	Charles Aberfield	Oakley Park, Eye
LEAMON'S, MR. (Tavistock)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. W. Leamon	Master	Mr. T. M. Leamon	Willstrew Park, Lamerton, Tavistock
LECONFIELD'S, LORD. (Pétoorth)	Mon. Tu. Th. & Sat.	Lord Leconfield.	Charles Sheppard	T. Crainston	Petworth Park
LEDGERY (Ledbury, Malvern)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. C. Morrell	Master	Walter Dale T. Dawson, K.H.	Ledbury
LEIGH'S, MR. GERARD (Luton, St. Alban's, Har- penden)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. John Gerard Leigh	Charles Ward	W. Haines C. Harris W. Goodall	Kenebourne Green, Luton



## FOXHOUNDS (ENGLAND)—continued.

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
LLANGIBBY & CHEPSTOW. (Newport, Chepstow, Usk) LUDLOW. (Ledlow, Tenbury) MAESGWYNE. (Carmarthen, St. Clears, Narberth) METNELL, THE. (Burton-on-Trent, Derby) MIDDLETON & LORD. (Malton) MILTON. (Milton, Peterborough, Stamford, Oundle, Huntingdon) MONMOUTHSHIRE. (Abergavenny) MORGAN'S, HON. GODFREY. (Newport, Mon.) MORPETH. (Morpeth) NEW FOREST. (Southampton, Christ- church) NONPOLL, WEST. (Southampton, Lynn) NORTH PYTCHELY, THE. NOTTS, SOUTH. (Nottingham, Bingham) OAKLEY, THE. (Bedford) OPPIN'S, MR. (Billericay, Chelmsford, Brentwood) OXFORDSHIRE, SOUTH. (Thame, Oxford)	Mon. Thur. & Sat. Tues. & Fri. Tues. & Fri. Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat. Mon. Tues. Wed. & Fri. Mon. Wed. Thur. & Sat. Mon. & Thur. Mon. & Thur. Tues. Thur. & Sat. Tues. Thur. & Sat. Three days a week Mon. & Thur. Mon. Wed. & Frid. Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat. Tues. Thur. & Sat. Mon. & Fri.	Mr. John Lawrence. Mr. Chas. F. Lewis Mr. C. W. Wicksted Mr. W. R. H. Powell Lord Waterpark. Mr. S. W. Clowes, M.P. Lord Middleton Hon. Charles Fitz- william Mr. F. C. Hanbury Williams Hon. G. Morgan, M.P. Mr. John Cookson Sir Reginald Graham, Bart. Mr. A. Hamond Mr. G. L. Watson Mr. John Chaworth Musters Mr. Robert Arkwright Mr. John Offin Earl of Macclesfield	Evan Williams The Master. John Rees Charles Leedham George Orris George Carter The Master Master Mark Robinson Master Robert Clayden Fred. Percival The Master Master Edmund Bentley Master	John Hollings William Lockey H. Bervan T. Davies Richard Summers J. Tasker F. Goodall Edward Burton John Hills W. Sheppard Samuel Roberts, K.H. S. Herbert Charles Barrett C. Barrett, Jun. John Rance John Goddard. J. Reynolds James Tasker S. Smith H. Brown Joseph Ford Fred Enever G. Shepherd, K.H. Charles Atkinson Tom Whitmore, K.H. R. Masterman Joe Bailey W. Drayton G. Morgan, K.H.	Llangibby and Crick, near Chepstow Onibury, Craven Arms, Shropshire Maesgwynne, Whitland, S. Wales Sudbury, Derby Birdsall, near Malton Milton, near Peterborough The Spitty, Abergavenny Tredegar Park, Newport, Mon. Newminster, Morpeth Lyndhurst, Hants Gt. Maesingham, Rongham Brigstock Kennels, Thrap- ston Annesley Park, Notts, and Wiverton Hall, Bingham Milton Ernest, Bedford Great Burstead, Billericay, Essex Shirburn Castle, Tetsworth

PEMBROKESHIRE (Haverfordwest)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. C. H. Allen	Master	Cornelius Williams	Haverfordwest and Priskilly Forest
PEMBROKESHIRE, SOUTH (Pembroke, Tenby, Narbeth)	Tues. & Fri. Mon. & Tues.	Mr. Henry Leach	George Griffiths.	Thomas Palmer	Lawrenny, South Pembrokeshire
PENLLIARGARE (Swansea)	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. J. T. D. Llewelyn	D. Benson	W. Rosser	Penllergare, Swansea
PORTSMOUTH, EARL OF (Eggesford)	Thur. & Sat.	Earl of Portsmouth	C. Littleworth	George Shepard T. Dowdswell	Eggesford, N. Devon
POKESIDE (Bishop Stortford, Buntingford)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. N. Parry	Alfred Hedges	Thos. Beeson W. Shepherd	Albury, near Ware, Herts
PYCHLEY (Northampton, Murchet Harbor, Rugby)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Earl Spencer	Wm. Goodall	T. Goddard Charles Burditt	Brixworth, Northampton
QUORN (Leicester, Loughboro', Melton Mowbray)	Mon. Tues. Fri. & Sat. sometimes Thurs.	Mr. J. Coupland	Tom Firr	George Gilson Robert Smethurst	Quornden, Loughboro'
RADNOR, EARL OF (Salisbury)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Earl of Radnor	John Dale	A. Dale Bill Crutcher	Longford Castle, Salisbury
RADNORSHIRE & W. HEREFORD (Kington)	Mon. & Fri.	Colonel Price	Rice Jones	W. Price	Lyons Hall
ROLLE'S, HON. MARK (Torrington, Bideford, Burnstaple)	Four days a week	Hon. Mark Rolle	Charles Norris	R. Stevin A. Smith	Steuvenstone, Torrington, N. Devon
RUFFORD (Newark, Southwell, Mansfield)	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. J. J. Barrow	Henry Jennings	F. Payne W. Whiting	Rufford, Ollerton, Notts
SHREWSBURY (Cherch Stretton, Wem.)	Mon. & Thur. & Tues. & Fri. 5 days a fortnight.	Mr. R. L. Burton Reginald Cholmondeley Hon. R. G. Hill.	Thomas Wiggins	J. Simmons Wm. Hayward H. Judl, K.H.	Condover, Shrewsbury
SHROPSHIRE, NORTH (Shrewsbury, Whitchurch)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. T. M. Kendall	John Parker.	T. Garrett G. Morris Thos. Horseman	Lee Bridge, Preston, Brookhurst, Salop
SINKINGTON (Pickering, Helmsley, Kirby Moorside)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. G. F. Luttrell	Henry Sebright.	James Woolley John Burge	Dowerhayes, Carhampton
SOMERSET, WEST (Dunder, Williton)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & alternate Sat.	Mr. R. J. Streatfield	George Champion	Edwin Brooker Robert Whalsley	Ringmar, near Lewes
SOUTHDOWN (Brighton, Lewes, Eastbourne)					

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
SOUTHWOLD (Hornsea, Louth, Spilsby)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Fri.	A Committee . .	Dan Berkshire . .	W. Povey . . . .	Belbaford, Hornsea
STAFFORDSHIRE, NORTH (Stoke-upon-Trent)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Marquis of Stafford	Stephen Dickens .	E. Bartlett Tom Ridley . . .	Trentham
STAFFORDSHIRE, SOUTH (Lichfield)	Tues. & Fri.	Capt. J. M. Browne.	Master . . . .	C. Habberfield J. Boore, K.H. . .	Moat Bank, Lichfield
STANTON DALE. (Whitby, Scarborough)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. W. Allenson .	G. Jackson. . . .	R. Davis . . . .	Stanton Dale, near Scarborough
SUFFOLK . . . . (Bury St. Edmund's)	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. E. Greene, M.P. Mr. E. Walter Greene	Mr. E. Walter Greene G. Frost, K.H.	W. Percy T. Enever . . . . T. Newman	Bury St. Edmund's
SURREY, OLD . . . . (Croydon, Godstone, Wey- terham)	Mon. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. W. Mortimer .	Samuel Hills . .	Sam Frost Thomas Hedges . . T. Johnson	Garston Hall, Coulsdon
SURREY UNION . . . . (Guildford)	Mon. Wed. Thur. & Sat.	Hon. Francis Scott .	George Summers .	Philip Bishop . . .	West Clandon, Guildford
SUSSEX, EAST . . . . (Hastings, St. Leonards)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. C. A. Egerton .	Fred Gosden . .	Harry Pacey . . .	Battle, Sussex
TALBOT'S, MR. . . . (Leicester, Market Har- boro')	Mon. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. W. Ward Talbot	Master . . . .	Richard Christian, K.H. William Grant — Morley	Skeffington, Leicester
TEDWORTH, THE . . . . (Andover, Marlboro')	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	A Committee . .	John Fricker . .	G. Sears . . . . John Baving H. Strike . . . . W. Norman	Tedworth, Marlboro'
TICKHAM . . . . (Paeerham, Sittingbourne)	Five days a fortnight	Mr. W. E. Rigden .	Tom Drayton . .	G. Merriman, K.H. .	Tickham, Sittingbourne
TYVERTON* . . . . (Tipton, Wellington)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. W. C. Rayer .	Mr. W. P. Collier .	Thomas Lewis, K.H. .	Didlescombe, Holcombe, near Wellington, Somerset
TYVI SIDE . . . . (Cardigan, Newcastle Emlyn, Llandysil)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. J. R. Howell .	Master . . . .	William Ambler	Noyald Trefawr, Llandysil, S. Wales
TYNEDALE . . . . (Hexham and Stamford- ham, Belsay)	Mon. Wed. & Frid.	Mr. G. Fenwick .	Nicholas Cornish .	C. R. Thompson . .	Stagshawe, near Hexham
ULLEWATER . . . . (Penrith)	Mon. Wed. & Sat.	Mr. J. W. Marshall	A. Pattinson . .	J. Watson . . . .	Patterdale Hall, Penrith

UNITED PACK ( <i>Bishop's Castle</i> )	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. F. M. Beddoes	J. Harris.	Sam Francis	Choney, Longville, Salop
VALE OF WHITE HORSE ( <i>Cirencester</i> )	Three & four days a week	Sir William Throck- morton, Bart.	Robert Worrall	T. Jordan	Oakley Park, Cirencester
VILLAGE, MR. HENRY ( <i>Lynn, Downham, Sea- ham</i> )	Mon. & Thurs.	Mr. H. Villebois	George Kennett	F. Hollan W. Hawle C. Hagger	Marham Hall, Downham Market
VINE, THE ( <i>Basingstoke, Overton, Kingsclere, Whitechurch</i> )	Tues. Thurs. & Sat.	Mr. W. W. B. Beach, M.P.	James Stracy	Joe Sorrell William Codbrook	Overton, Hants
WARWICKSHIRE ( <i>Warwick, Leamington, Banbury</i> )	Mon. Tues. Thurs. & Fri.	Mr. H. Spencer Lucy	Charles Orris	T. Nevard J. Fridlington	Kineton, Warwickshire
WARWICKSHIRE, NORTH ( <i>Leamington, Rugby</i> )	Mon. Tues. Thurs. & Fri.	Mr. Richard Lant	G. Day	John Press, Jun. James Davis F. Firr W. Nute	Milverton, near Leaming- ton
WESTERN ( <i>Penzance</i> )	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. J. B. Bolitho Mr. T. R. Bolitho Mr. R. F. Bolitho, Jr. Mr. W. Selby Lowndes	J. W. Thompson Master	W. Pendar W. Turrell	Madron, Penzance, Cornwall Whaddon, near Stoney Strat- ford
WHADDON CHASE ( <i>Bletchley, Winslow, Stoney Stratford, Leighton Buzzard</i> )	Tues. Thurs. & Sat.	Mr. T. Winter-Wood	Jas. Alexander	P. Back	Littlemoor Ridden, Bridg- north
WHEATLAND ( <i>Bridgnorth</i> )	Tues. & Fri.	Lieut.-Col. Everett	George Southwell	Charles Woodley Mark Gerush H. Saunders	Greenhill, near Warminster
WILTS, WEST and SOUTH ( <i>Warminster</i> )	Mon. & Tues. Thurs. & Fri.	Mr. F. Ames	Thomas Carr	T. Carr, Jun. T. Smith Matthew Cook	Fern Hall Heath, Worcester
WORCESTERSHIRE ( <i>Worcester, Malvern</i> )	Mon. & Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Sir W. W. Wynn, Bart.	Charles Payne	C. Denton	Wynnustay, Ruabon
WYNNES, SIR W. ( <i>Oneastrey, Wrexham, Elles- mere, Whitechurch, Chester</i> )	Four days a week	Colonel Fairfax	Trueman Tufts, K.H.		Acomb, near York
YORK AND AINSLEY ( <i>York</i> )	Mon. Tues. Thurs. & Sat.				
SCOTLAND.					
BERWICKSHIRE, NORTH ( <i>Dunse</i> )	Mon. Thurs. & Sat.	Mr. Robert Calder	Charles Jones	Charles Burns Jacob Martin P. Whitecross W. Deut	Kelloemains, Edrom, Ber- wickshire
BERWICKSHIRE ( <i>Coldstream</i> )	Mon. Tues. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. Watson Askew	Goddard Morgan		Coldstream, Berwickshire

## FOXHOUNDS (SCOTLAND)—continued.

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
BECULECH, DUKE OF (Melrose and Kelso)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Duke of Buccleuch.	William Shore . .	J. Baily . . . .	St. Boswell's, Roxburghshire
DUMFRIESHIRE . . . .	Five days a fortnight	Mr. J. Johnstone .	Joseph Graham . .	E. Woodcock John Roberts . .	Leafeld, by Lockerbie
EDLINTON'S, EARL OF (Irvine, Ayr, Kilmarnock)	Five days a week	Earl of Edlington .	George Cox . . .	W. Buck W. Smith, K.H. .	Eglington Castle, Irvine, Ayr
FIFE . . . . .	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. J. Anstruther Thomson	Thos. Hastings, K.H.	G. Palmer Fred Whitehall .	Harleswynd
Ditto, West District . .	Mon. Thur. & Sat.	Sir Arthur Halket .	Master . . . . .	John Shepherd James Sharp . .	Pitferrane
FORFARSHIRE . . . .	Mon. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. P. A. W. Carnegie	Master . . . . .	G. Rae, K.H. . .	Lour, Forfar
LANARK AND RENFREWSHIRE (Glasgow)	Tues. & Sat. .	Col. Carrick Buchanan	John Squires, Sen. .	Bob Mellowes T. Noble . . . .	Houston, Renfrewshire
LOTHIANS . . . . .	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. James Hope .	John Atkinson . .	J. Woodley Joseph Firt . . .	Golf Hall, Corstorphine, Edinburgh

## FOXHOUNDS (IRELAND).

BALDWIN'S, MR. GODFREY* (Bandon, co. Cork)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. G. Baldwin .	Richard Gallwan .	Michael Walsh . .	Brookfield, Bandon, and Moulrour, Bantry
CARLOW AND ISLAND (Carlow, Quillon, Newbury)	Three days a week.	Mr. Robert Watson	Master . . . . .	M. Conner . . .	Ballydarton, Bagnalstown
CERRAGHMORE . . . .	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Fri.	Marquis of Waterford	John Duke . . .	D. Ryan . . . .	Curraghmore, Portlaur, Waterford
DURHALLOW . . . . .	Mon. Wed. & Sat.	Mr. G. S. Ware . .	John Walsh . . .	A. Wilson P. Nell . . . .	Doneraile, co. Cork
FERMOT'S, LORD* . . .	Tues. Fri. bye day	Lord Fermoy . . .	John Smith . . .	J. Foley P. Nolan . . . .	Killsbhanigg, Rathcoormac, co. Cork
GALWAY COUNTY . . .	Three days a week	Mr. Burton R. P. Perce	Master . . . . .	P. Barry Joseph Turpin, K.H. .	Moyode, near Athenry
KILDARE . . . . .	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. E. A. Mansfield	Will Freeman . .	George Browne Will Neved . . .	Palmerston, Straffan, Kildare
KILKENNY . . . . .	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. H. W. Briscoe .	John Tidd . . .	G. Smart W. Quinn . . .	Blunden Villa, Kilkenny

R. Corvory

LIMERICK (Limerick)	Three days a week.	Sir David V. Roche, Bart.	Master	John Kennedy, K.H.	Henry Hardy, K.H.	Lisranny, Ardee
LOUTH (Dunleer)	Two or three days a week	Mr. W. do Sulis Fil-gato	Master	John Corrin	John Bishop	Newgentstown, Kells.
MEATH (Navan, Kells)	Mon. Tues.	Mr. W. N. Waller.	J. McBride	H. Reynolds	H. Herleby, K.H.	Oharlow, Farren, co. Cork
MUSKERRY	Thur. & Sat.	Capt. R. T. Rye	Master	P. Welch	T. Herleby	
	Five days a fortnight.			T. Herleby	John Smith	Sbaravogue, Roscrea,
ORMOND AND KING'S CO. (Nenagh, Borrisokane)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Lord Hastings	Master	John Fitzgerald	John Fitzgerald	King's Co.
QUEEN'S COUNTY (Stradbally, Maryborough)	Five days a fortnight	Mr. B. G. Cooby	W. Snaith	T. McAlister	J. Shepherd	Stradbally Hall, Queen's County
SOUTH UNION (Kinsale)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. T. W. Knolles	Master	D. Mullane	D. Mullane	Oatlands, Kinsale
TIPPERARY (Fethard, Clonmel, Cashel)	Tues. & Sat.	Mr. B. F. Going	James Maiden	John Aherno	Patrick Connedine	Fethard, co. Tipperary
UNITED HUNT (Cork)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Earl of Shannon	George Bollen	T. Keaven	T. Perry	Castle Martyr, co. Cork
				C. Curtis	J. Wallace	
WESTMEATH (Mullingar)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & occasion, bye-day	A Committee	G. Rose	W. Mathews	W. Fulton	Callen, Mullingar
WEXFORD* (Ennisecorthy)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. D. V. Beatty	Master	Philip Morissey.	John Morissey	Borodale, Ennisecorthy

## HARRIERS (ENGLAND).

ADAMS'S, CAPTAIN (Carno)	Mon. Thur. & Sat.	Captain Adams.	Thomas Owen	Evan Owen	Carno, Montgomeryshire
ASPULL* (Wigan)	Mon. Wed. & Sat.	Mr. Gerard	James Rigby		Aspull House, Wigan
B. V. H. (Abingdon, Oxford, Didcot)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. C. Dundas Everett	Master	Charles Eynstone, K.H.	Besselsleigh, Abingdon, Berks
BIGGLESWADE (Biggleswade)	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. George Race	Master	Mr. E. Robson	The Road Farm, Biggleswade
BOROUGH & SIB THOMAS, Bart. (Newport, Shropshire)	No fixed days	Sir T. Boughhey, Bt.	Master	James Willes, K.H.	Aqualate, Newport, Shropshire
BRADFORD AND AIRDALE* (Bradford)	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. R. Thompson	Stephen Shepherd	W. Shepherd	Eldwick, Bingley, Leeds

## HARRIERS (ENGLAND)—continued.

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
BRIGHTON (Brighton)	Mon. Wed. & Sat.	Mr. W. T. Dewe	Master	P. Thorpe	Brighton
BROOKSIDE* (Brighton, Lewes)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. John Saxby Mr. S. Beard	John Funnell	J. Sherwood J. Lower	Iford, near Lewes
BURNHAM* (Weston-super-Mare)	Tues. Fri. & bye day	A Committee	J. Binning		Burnham, Somerset
BUXTON AND PEAK FOREST* (Buxton and Chapel-en-le-Frith)	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. R. Bennet	J. Shaw	R. Green	Chapel-en-le-Frith
CARNARVON (Carnarvon, Bangor)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. Will Hayward	Owen Jones		Pen Bryn, Carnarvon
COLCHESTER (Colchester)	Various	Mr. W. F. Luger	Master		East Hill, Colchester
CORBETT & SIR V. M. (Shrewsbury)		Sir V. M. Corbett	Master	W. Davis	Acton, Reynald, Shrewsbury
CORYTON'S, MR. (Saltash)	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. W. Coryton	Master	J. Higman	Pentellie Castle, Saltash, Cornwall
COTLEY (Chard)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. T. P. Eames	Master	Mr. W. D. Eames	Cotley, near Chard, Dorset
COWBRIDGE* (Coalbridge)	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. F. Stacy	Edwin Usher	F. Archer	Llandough, Castle
CRAVEN (Gargrave)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Capt. Henderson	John Tobin	Joe Tancred	Holme Bridge, Gargrave
DAET VALE (Totnes, Ashburton)	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. Charles Bowden	Jeffery Pearce		Staverton, Totnes, Devon
DEARS, MR. JAMES (Winchester)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. J. Dear	Master	Tom Wilding	Winchester
DOVE VALLEY (Uttlesizer)	Mon. & Fri.	W. Frederick Cotton	Master	John Thrilly Anthony Hordern	Roeester, Ashbourne, Derbyshire.
EASTBOURNE (Eastbourne, Lewes, Hailsham)	Mon. & Fri.	A Committee	James Hume	J. Delves	Old Town, Eastbourne
FOVEY (Loctithiel)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. Oliver	— Netherton		Lantyan, St. Sampson's, Par Station, Cornwall

FULLER, JAMES	C. Carnoll, K.H.	Minor	Mr. L. S. Clarko	Five days a fortnight Tues. & Fri.	Minor	Langley Park, Slough
HARVEY'S, SIR ROBERT B. (Slough, Staines, Windsor)	John Brown	G. Farr	Sir Robert B. Harvey	Master	John Jackson	Castle Hill, Bakewell, Derbyshire
HIGH PEAK (Bakewell, Wirksworth, Buxton)	E. George	Master	Mr. R. Nesfield	Master	Lewis Rowlands	Holcombe, Manchester
HOLCOMBE (Ramsbottom)	Jas. Heage	John Jackson	Mr. R. M. Knowles	Master	Major D. Jones	Dolgunissa, Dolgelly
IDRIS SIDE* (Dolgelly)		Master	Mr. E. Walker	Richd. Fridlington	Sir E. Kerrison, Bart.	Danyrallt, Llandover
JONES'S, MAJOR D. (Llandover)	W. Harris	Master	Major D. Jones	Mr. T. G. Edmondson	Mr. W. C. Brocklehurst, M.P.	Oakley Park, Eye
KERRISON'S, SIR E.* (Eye)	A. Wheatley	Richd. Fridlington	Sir E. Kerrison, Bart.	Mr. W. N. Connock Marshall	Mr. R. H. Starkey	Low Bentham, near Lancaster
LONDAL (Hornby, near Lancaster)		R. Smith	Mr. T. G. Edmondson	Mr. Robert Mattock	Mr. W. A. Pughe	Lyme Park, Disley, Cheshire
LYME (Disley, Stockport)	Mark Fallaton	R. Fairclough	Mr. W. C. Brocklehurst, M.P.	Mr. R. H. Starkey	E. Baker	Hendergrove, St. Clear, Liskeard, Cornwall
MARSHALL'S, MR. C. (Liskeard, Bodmin)	Mr. L. C. Marshall	Master	Mr. W. N. Connock Marshall	Colonel Powell	John Owen	Lowton, Wellington
MATTOCK'S, MR. (Taunton & Wellington)	James Rice	Master	Mr. Robert Mattock	Mr. R. H. Starkey	T. Evans	Bwlchyllan, near Llanfyllin
MONTGOMERY, NORTH (Llanfyllin)	James Rice	John Owen	Mr. R. H. Starkey	Mr. W. A. Pughe	S. Dixon	Nant Eos, Aberystwith
NANT EOS (Aberystwith)	Evans Pugh	E. Baker	Colonel Powell	Mr. Edward Garrett	Master	Kenton, Northumberland
NEWCASTLE & GATESHEAD (Aberystwith)	T. Evans	John Owen	Mr. R. H. Starkey	Mr. F. H. Lamb	Mr. H. Yelverton	Clippesby, South House, Norwich
NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK (Yarmouth)	Tom Wilson	S. Dixon	Mr. F. H. Lamb	Mr. J. A. Locke	S. Olloson	Northmoor, Dulverton, Somerset
NORTHMOOR (Dulverton)	Fredk. Enever	Master	Mr. Edward Garrett	Mr. J. A. Locke	R. Hilton	Foxdenton, Chaddation, Manchester
OLDHAM*		T. H. Yelverton	Mr. J. A. Locke	Mr. T. Mayall	R. Jackson	High Peak, Oxenholme, Kendal
OXENHOLME*		S. Olloson	Mr. T. Mayall	Mr. C. W. Wilson	Master	Wilton
PENBROKE'S, LORD (Salisbury, Wilton)	Hon. S. Herbert	Master	Mr. C. W. Wilson	Earl of Pembroke	W. Walmaley	Huntroyde, Burnley
PENDLE FOREST (Burnley)	Mr. W. Flower	W. Walmaley	Earl of Pembroke	Mr. L. G. N. Starkie	Master	Plumpton, near Penistone
PENISTONE	G. Horton	Master	Mr. L. G. N. Starkie	Mr. Hugh Thomasson	W. Bramall	
	J. Mitchell	Master	Mr. Hugh Thomasson		J. Mitchell	

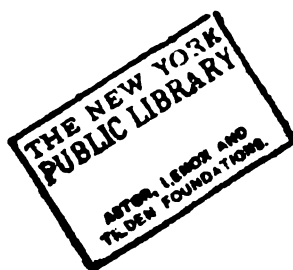


## HARRIERS (ENGLAND).—continued.

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
PORLOCK AND EXMOOR, THE* (Linton and Lymouth)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. Phelps . . .	Mr. Snow . . .	Dan North . . .	Porlock and Oare
PRYSE'S, MR. (Lampeter, Llanybyther, Llandysil)	Mon. Thur. Sat. Mon. & Thur.	Mr. Vaughan Pryse	Master . . .	Jem Steer Thomas Roes . . .	Bwlchlychan, Llanybyther, S. Wales
RADNOREHIRE . . .	Tues. & Fri. & bye day.	Mr. S. C. Evans Williams	John Jones . . .	Elys Lewis . . .	Landrindod and Rhayader,
(Landrindod, Rhayader)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. W. Dering Walker	Master . . .	W. W. A. Beale . . .	Radnorehire
ROONEY MARSH . . .					Honeychild Manor, New Bomey
(New Romney)					Greenfield
SADDLEWORTH . . .	Mon. Wed. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. J. Broadbent .	Master and Allen Schofield	J. T. Schofield. . .	[mington, Hants
(Greenfield, Oldham)	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. C. Peyto Shrubbs	Master . . .	W. Dowden . . .	Vicar's Hill Lodge, Ly-
SHRUBB'S, MR.* . . .	Wed. & Sat..	Mr. T. Webber . .	Master . . .	John Pitts . . .	Greenalinch, near Broom
SILVERTON* . . .					
(Exeter, Tiverton)					
SOUTHPOL . . .	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. A. P. Hallifax .	J. Collings . . .	. . .	Southpool, Kingsbridge, South Devon
(Kingsbridge, Devon)					
ST. COLUMB* . . .	Tues. & Sat.	Mr. John Searle . .	J. Flaminck . .	R. Solomon . . .	Tregualick, St. Columb, Cornwall
(St. Columb, Newquay)					
TAUNTON VALE . . .	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. L. Patton . . .	Master . . .	S. Brice. . .	Stoke St. Mary, Taunton,
(Taunton)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Capt. Cotton . . .	Mr. John White .	W. Turle W. Bushell. . .	Somerset Brooksend, near Margate
THAKET . . .					
(Margate, Ramsgate, Broadstairs)					
TOSQUAY* . . .	Tues. & Fri..	Mr. R. Gee . . .	A. Gregory . . .	. . .	Shiphay, Collaton, Devon
(Torquay)					
TRAFFORD . . .	Tues. & Fri..	Sir H. de Trafford, Bart.	Robert Roberts .	— Gale . . .	Trafford Park, Manchester
(Manchester)					
TUGWELL'S, MR. W. E. .	Two days a week	Mr. W. E. Tugwell .	Master . . .	J. Rose . . .	Devizes
(Devizes)					
V. C. H. . .	Five days a fortnight	Mr. R. F. Birch. .	Charles Pierce . .	E. Goddard T. Roberts . . .	Maes Elwy, St. Asaph
(Denbigh, Rhyl, Holywell)	Tues. & Fri..	Capt. J. W. Yeoles .	Master . . .	John Cox . . .	Coxley, near Wells
(Wells, Shepton Mallet)					
WEST STREET . . .	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. Michael Nether- sole	W. Stockwell . .	. . .	West Street, near Sandwich
(Sandwich, Deal, Dover)					

WHITBY ( <i>Whitby</i> )	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. E. W. Chapman	Joseph Trowdale	John Stonehouse	Poplar Row, Whitby
WHITEHAVEN ( <i>Egremont, Culterbridge</i> )	Mon. Tues. & Fri.	Mr. H. Jefferson	Henry Ous	.	Minehouse, near Whitehaven
WINDERMERE ( <i>Bowness</i> )	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. T. Ullock Major Ridehaigh	T. Chapman.	.	Bowness, Windermere
WIRRAL* ( <i>Birkenhead, Belington, Hooton</i> )	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. J. R. Court.	G. Turner	H. Sheppard	Hooton, Cheshire
WORTHING ( <i>Worthing, Arundel</i> )	Wed. & Sat.	Major Gaisford	C. Champion	Richard Greenfield	Findon, Sussex
YSTRAD MYNACH*	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. George Thomas	Peter Symonds	Charles Wooten	Ystrad Mynach, Newport, [Mon.]
AYRSHIRE ( <i>Ayr</i> )	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. Robert Ewon	Master	Richard Cummins.	Ewenfield, Ayr
HARRIERS (IRELAND).					
ALLENSTOWN	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. J. N. Waller	Master	John Kinnan	Allenstown, Navan.
AUBURN*	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. G. A. D. Adamson	Master	J. Brogan J. Lyons	Auburn Glasson, Athlone, Westmeath
BOOTH'S, SIR R. G.* ( <i>Lisadell, Sligo</i> )	Mon. & Thur.	Sir R. Gore Booth, Bart., M.P.	Richard Holmden	Andrew Pray	Lisadell, co. Sligo
BELLINTER ( <i>Navan</i> )	Three days a week	Mr. J. J. Preston	Master	James Horan	Bellinter, Navan
CASTLE CONNELL* ( <i>Castle Connell</i> )	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. C. J. Finch.	Master	Patrick Bradley Maurice Doyle	Castle Connell, Limerick
CASTLEFROKE* ( <i>Clonakilty</i> )	Mon. & Thur.	Lord Carbery	W. Skourds	.	Castlefroke, Clonakilty, co. Cork
CHADWICK'S, MR.* ( <i>Arva Vale</i> )	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. W. Chadwick	Master	C. Chadwick	Aravale, Tipperary.
CLONMEL ( <i>Carriack, Caher, Felthard</i> )	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. W. A. Riddle	The Master	.	Morton Street, Clonmel
CORK* ( <i>Cork</i> )	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. Richard Martin	W. Burns	Patrick Moloney	Blackpool, Cork
DERRY ( <i>Londonderry</i> )	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. D. Watt	J. Deniece	.	Glendernott Hill, Derry
DROUGHT'S, CAPTAIN* ( <i>Castlerock, Roscommon</i> )	Mon. & Thur.	Capt. G. W. Drought	Master	Joseph Smith	Carquis, Tulak
DUFFERIN* ( <i>Comber</i> )	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. J. B. Houston	P. Byrne.	J. Mon	Comber, co. Down
FERNAGH ( <i>Enniskillen</i> )	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. N. M. Archdale	Master	W. Robinson	Dunbar, near Enniskillen
HENDRICK'S, MR.* ( <i>Naas</i> )	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. T. Hendrick	Master	John Roe Michael Boyle	Kerdiffstown, Naas, co. Kildare

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
IVRAGH* (Banbridge)	Tues. & Sat.	Mr. J. J. Whyte	Martin Quirk		Kilpike, Banbridge, co. Down
KILDARE (Kildare)	Tues. & Fri. and a bye day	Mr. T. G. Waters	Master	John Kelly	Kilpatrick, Monasterevan
KILLISTAGH* (Lisburn, Antrim)	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. T. R. Stanners.	W. Cunningham	John Rea	Lisburn, co. Antrim
KINSALE (Bandon)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. Richard Gillman	Master	C. Rity	Sandy Cove, Kinsale
LECALE (Downpatrick)	Mon. & Thur.	Colonel Forde	J. Rudwick	R. Mitchell.	Seaford, co. Down
MCCLEINTOCK'S, MAJOR* (Omagh)	Mon. & Thur. & Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Major Perry McCleintock	Master	P. McHugh H. Dennis	Seskinore, Omagh, co. Tyrone
MANSERGH'S, MR.* (Thurles and Cashel)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. O. L. Mansergh	Master	Jas. Henebey	Springfield, Holycross
MEATH UNION* (Monaghan, THE*)	2 days a week Mon. Wed. & Sat.	Mr. Philip Blake Lord Rosemore.	Master H. McElroy.	Paul Duffy J. Richardson Pat Rice	Ladyrath, Navan, co. Meath Camla, near Monaghan Duncashlone
NEWRY (Newry)	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. T. Darcy Hoey.	Master		Newbridge
NEWBRIDGE (Newbridge)	Mon. & Fri.	A Committee	John Culleton		Lismany, Ballinasloe
POLLOKS, MR. (Ballinasloe)	Twice a week	Mr. J. Pollok	Master	J. Galway, K.H.	Bookenham, co. Cork
ROCKENHAM* (Cork City)	Variable.	Mr. Noble Johnson.	David Barry	None	Ballyangry, Coleraine
ROUTE (Portrush)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. Hugh Lecky, Jun.	P. Hackett		Ballynace, co. Cork
ROYAL COKE YACHT CLUB* (Queenstown)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. H. Duggan.	John Mulcahy	Capt. Holmes Luke Egan	Eden Vale, Ennis
STACPOOLS'S, MR. (Limerick)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. Richard Stacpool	Master	P. Cunningham	Fellows Hall, Tynan, co. Armagh
STRONGE'S, SIR J. (Tynan, Caledon, Armagh)	..	Sir Jas. M. Stronge, Bart.	Joseph Gardner	G. McAree	The Cupes, Garrylueh,
WARBURTON'S, MR. (Portlinton)	..	Mr. R. Warburton.	G. Mulhall	Richard Kenny J. Mulhall	Portlinton Glasnarget Rathdrum, Wicklow
WICKLOW (Rathdrum)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. W. Comerford.	George Shephard		





*1/2" square photo*

*1/2" square photo*

*Robert Vyner.*

*1/2" square photo, 1/2" square photo, 1/2" square photo*

# BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

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MR. R. C. VYNER.

WE remember, when this summer at Ascot Camballo carried off the Biennial so easily, hearing a bookmaker say, in the simple Doric of Sheffield, and with the addition of a few adjectives that we need not repeat, that 'another of them lucky Vyners' had won. Both brothers have certainly no need to complain of fortune's favours, least of all the subject of our present sketch.

Mr. R. C. Vyner, the younger brother of the owner of Camballo, entered the Grenadier Guards after leaving Eton, and remained in that corps until his marriage. He is a great patron of all sports, and is as fond of the plains of Altcar and the downs of Berkshire as he is of the Town Moor or the Rhoddee. He ought to be very fond of the latter, for Organist, whom he bought in conjunction with Mr. Newcomen, about a month before the Chester Cup, was a grand coup. He is a great supporter, as becomes one of his name, of all the North-country meetings; especially Thirsk, Catterick, Durham, and Ripon, where the violet and white belt, or the mauve cerise of his brother, is always to be seen. Mr. R. C. Vyner is the chief owner and manager of the Hambleton confederacy, which consists of himself and two or three friends. As we have above intimated, he is a great courser, and holds a nomination for the Waterloo Cup, for which he once had a dog much fancied—*Ventre St. Gris*—who ran well.

Mr. Vyner, who is exceedingly popular in general society, is a very good judge of racing, and shines in all those sports in which Englishmen excel. He is, like his brother, a comparatively late acquisition to the Turf, and we wish we could count in its ranks many more resembling the 'lucky Vyners.'

## FOXHOUNDS (SCOTLAND)—continued.

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Town for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
BUCCLEUCH, DUKE OF (Melrose and Kelso)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Duke of Buccleuch.	William Shore . .	J. Baily . . .	St. Boswell's, Roxburghshire
DUMFRIESHIRE . . . .	Five days a fortnight	Mr. J. Johnstone .	Joseph Graham . .	E. Woodcock John Roberts . .	Leafield, by Lockerbie
(Lockerbie)	Five days a week	Earl of Eglinton .	George Cox . . .	W. Buck G. Palmer . . .	Eglinton Castle, Irvine, Ayr
EGLINTON'S, EARL OF (Irvine, Ayr, Kilmarlock)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. J. Anstruther Thomson	Thos. Hastings, K.H.	Fred Whitehall John Shepherd . .	Harleswynd
FIFE . . . . .		Sir Arthur Halket .	Master . . . . .	James Sharp . . .	Pitferrane
(Cupar)		Mr. P. A. W. Carnegie		G. Rae, K.H. . . .	Lour, Forfar
Ditto, West District . .	Mon. Thur. & Sat.	Col. Carrick Buchanan	John Squires, Sen. .	Bob Mellowes T. Noble . . . .	Houston, Benfrewshire
FURFARSHIRE . . . .	Tues. & Sat.	Mr. James Hope .	John Atkinson . .	J. Woodley Joseph Firr. . . .	Golf Hall, Corstorphine, Edinburgh
(Forfar)				James Cooke	
LANARK AND RENFREWSHIRE					
(Glasgow)					
LOTHIANS . . . . .	Tues. Thur. & Sat.				
(Edinburgh)					

## FOXHOUNDS (IRELAND).

BALDWIN'S, MR. GODFREY* (Bandon, co. Cork)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. G. Baldwin .	Richard Gallwan .	Michael Walsh . .	Brookfield, Bandon, and Moulrour, Bantry
CARLOW AND ISLAND . .	Three days a week.	Mr. Robert Watson	Master . . . . .	M. Conner . . . .	Ballydarton, Bagnalstown
(Carlow, Qullon, New-lombarry)				E. Bryan	
CURRAGHMORE . . . .	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Fri.	Marquis of Waterford	John Duke . . .	D. Ryan . . . . .	Curraghmore, Portlaur, Waterford
(Carrick-on-Suir, Waterford)	Mon. Wed. & Sat.	Mr. G. S. Ware . .	John Walsh . . .	A. Wilson P. Neill. . . . .	Doneraile, co. Cork
DHALLOW . . . . .	Tues. Fri.	Lord Fermoy . . .	John Smith . . .	J. Foley P. Nolan . . . .	Killahanigg, Rathcormac, co. Cork
(Mallow, Doneraile)	Three days a week	Mr. Burton R. P. Perse	Master . . . . .	P. Barry Joseph Turpin, K.H. .	Moyoda, near Athenry
FERMOY'S, LORD* . . .	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. E. A. Mansfield	Will Freeman . . .	George Browne Will Neverd . . .	Palmerston, Straffan, Kildare
(Fermoy, co. Cork)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. H. W. Briscoe .	John Tidd . . . .	W. Quin . . . . .	Blunden Villa, Kilkenny
GALWAY COUNTY . . .				E. Covey	
(Athenry)					
KILDARE . . . . .					
(Nass)					
KILKENNY . . . . .					
(Kilkenny)					

LIMERICK ( <i>Limerick</i> )	Three days a week.	Sir David V. Roche, Bart.	Master John Kennedy, K.H.	John Costelloe	Carass, near Croom
LOUTH ( <i>Dundee</i> )	Two or three days a week	Mr. W. de Salis Filgate	Master	Henry Hardy, K.H.	Lisareenny, Ardee
MEATH ( <i>Nasau, Kells</i> )	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. W. N. Waller	J. McBride	John Corrin	Newgentstown, Kells.
MUSKERRY	Five days a fortnight.	Capt. R. T. Rye	Master	H. Reynolds J. Herleby, K.H. P. Welsh T. Herleby	Oherlow, Farren, co. Cork
ORFORD AND KING'S CO. ( <i>Nenagh, Borrisokane</i> )	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Lord Hastings	Master	John Smith	Sharavogue, Roscrea, King's Co.
QUEEN'S COUNTY ( <i>Stradbally, Maryborough</i> )	Five days a fortnight	Mr. R. G. Cosby	W. Snaith	John Fitzgerald T. McAister	Stradbally Hall, Queen's County
SOUTH UNION ( <i>Kinsale</i> )	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. T. W. Knolles	Master	J. Shepherd D. Mullane	Oatlands, Kinsale
TIPPERARY ( <i>Fethard, Clonmel, Cashel</i> )	Tues. & Sat.	Mr. B. F. Going	James Maiden	John Aherne Patrick Conesidine	Fethard, co. Tipperary
UNITED HUNT ( <i>Cork</i> )	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Earl of Shannon	George Bollen	T. Keaven T. Perry C. Curtis	Castle Martyr, co. Cork
WESTMEATH ( <i>Mullingar</i> )	Mon. Wed. Fri. & occasion, bye-day	A Committee	G. Rose	J. Wallace W. Mathews W. Fulton	Callen, Mullingar
WEXFORD* ( <i>Ennisceorthy</i> )	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. D. V. Beatty	Master	Philip Morisy. John Morisy	Bordale, Ennisceorthy

HARRIERS (ENGLAND).

ADAMS'S, CAPTAIN ( <i>Carno</i> )	Mon. Thur. & Sat.	Captain Adams	Thomas Owen	Evan Owen	Carno, Montgomeryshire
ASPULL* ( <i>Wigan</i> )	Mon. Wed. & Sat.	Mr. Gerard	James Rigby		Aspull House, Wigan
B. V. H. ( <i>Abingdon, Oxford, Didcot</i> )	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. C. Dundas Everett	Master	Charles Eynstone, K.H. Mr. E. Iobson G. Barrett	Besselsleigh, Abingdon, Berks
BIGGLESWADE ( <i>Biggleswade</i> )	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. George Race	Master		The Road Farm, Biggleswade
BORGHY'S, SIR THOMAS, Bart. ( <i>Newport, Shropshire</i> )	No fixed days	Sir T. Boughy, Bt.	Master	James Willes, K.H.	Aqualate, Newport, Shropshire
BRADFORD AND AIRDAL* ( <i>Bradford</i> )	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. R. Thompson	Stephen Shepherd	W. Shepherd	Eldwick, Bingley, Leeds



## HARRIERS (ENGLAND)—continued.

Name of Hunt, with nearest Town or Village.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
BRIGHTON (Brighton)	Mon. Wed. & Sat.	Mr. W. T. Dewe	Master . . . .	P. Thorpe . . . .	Brighton
BROOKSIDE* . . . .	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. John Saxby	John Funnell . . . .	J. Sherwood . . . .	Iford, near Lewes
(Brighton, Lewes)		Mr. S. Beard		J. Lower . . . .	
BURNHAM* . . . .	Tues. Fri. & by day	A Committee . . . .	J. Binning . . . .	. . . .	Burnham, Somerset
(Weston-super-Mare)	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. R. Bennet . . . .	J. Shaw . . . .	R. Green . . . .	Chapel-en-le-Frith
BUXTON AND PEAK FOREST* (Buxton and Chapel-en-le-Frith)					
CARNARVON . . . .	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. Will Hayward . . . .	Owen Jones . . . .	. . . .	Pen Beyn, Carnarvon
(Carnarvon, Bangor)					
COLCHESTER . . . .	Various	Mr. W. F. Luger . . . .	Master . . . .	. . . .	East Hill, Colchester
(Colchester)					
CORBETT & SIR V. M. . . .	. . . .	Sir V. M. Corbett . . . .	Master . . . .	W. Davis . . . .	Acton, Reynald, Shrewsbury
(Shrewsbury)					
CORTON'S, MR. . . .	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. W. Coryton . . . .	Master . . . .	J. Higman . . . .	Pentellie Castle, Saltash, Cornwall
(Saltash)					
COTLEY . . . .	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. T. P. Eames . . . .	Master . . . .	Mr. W. D. Eames . . . .	Cotley, near Chard, Dorset
(Chard)					
COWBRIDGE* . . . .	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. F. Stacy . . . .	Edwin Usber . . . .	F. Archer . . . .	Llandough, Castle
(Cowbridge)					
CREAVEN . . . .	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Capt. Henderson . . . .	John Tobin . . . .	Joe Tancred . . . .	Holme Bridge, Gargrave
(Gargrave)					
DAET VALE . . . .	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. Charles Bowden . . . .	Jeffery Pearce . . . .	. . . .	Staverton, Totnes, Devon
(Totnes, Ashburton)					
DEARS, MR. JAMES, . . . .	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. J. Dear . . . .	Master . . . .	Tom Wilding . . . .	Winchester
(Winchester)					
DOVE VALLEY . . . .	Mon. & Fri.	W. Frederick Cotton . . . .	Master . . . .	John Thirly . . . .	Rooster, Ashbourne, Derbyshire.
(Uttoxeter)				Anthony Hordern . . . .	
EASTBOURNE . . . .	Mon. & Fri.	A Committee . . . .	James Hume . . . .	J. Delves . . . .	Old Town, Eastbourne
(Eastbourne, Leves, Hailsham)					
FOVEY . . . .	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. Olver . . . .	— Netherton . . . .	. . . .	Lantyan, St. Sampson's, Par Station, Cornwall
(Lostwithiel)					

FULFORD.	Five days a fortnight	Mr. L. B. Clarke	Master	C. Carnell, K.H.	FULFORD, HUNT LEADERS
HARVEY'S, SIR ROBERT B. ( <i>Slough, Staines, Windsor</i> )	Tues. & Fri.	Sir Robert B. Harvey	G. Farr	John Brown	Langley Park, Slough
HIGH PEAK. ( <i>Bakewell, Wirksworth, Burton</i> )	Tues. & Sat.	Mr. R. Needfield	Master	E. George Jas. Heage	Castle Hill, Bakewell, Derbyshire
HOLCOMBE ( <i>Ramabottom</i> )	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. R. M. Knowles	John Jackson		Holcombe, Manchester
IDRIS SIDE* ( <i>Dolgelly</i> )	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. E. Walker	Lewis Rowlands		Dolgunassa, Dolgelly
JONES'S, MAJOR D. ( <i>Llandoverly</i> )	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Major D. Jones	Master	W. Harris	Danyrallt, Llandoverly
KERRISON'S, SIR E.* ( <i>Eye</i> )	Wed.	Sir E. Kerrison, Bart.	Richd. Fridlington	A. Wheatley	Oakley Park, Eye
LYONSDALE ( <i>Hornby, near Lancaster</i> )	Five days a fortnight	Mr. T. G. Edmondson	R. Smith		Low Bentham, near Lancaster
LYME ( <i>Dialley, Stockport</i> )	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. W. C. Brocklehurst, M.P.	R. Fairclough	Mark Fallaton	Lyne Park, Disley, Cheshire
MARSHALL'S, MR. C. ( <i>Liskeard, Bodmin</i> )	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. W. N. Connock Marshall	Master	Mr. L. C. Marshall	Hendergrove, St. Clear, Liskeard, Cornwall
MATTOCKS, MR. ( <i>Tauslon &amp; Wellington</i> )	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. Robert Mattock	Master	James Rice	Lowton, Wellington
MONTGOMERY, NORTH ( <i>Llanfyllin</i> )	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. R. H. Starkey	John Owen	Evan Pugh	Bwlchyllan, near Llanfyllin
NANT EOS ( <i>Aberystwith</i> )	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. W. A. Pughe Colonel Powell	E. Baker	T. Evans	Nant Eos, Aberystwith
NEWCASTLE & GATESHEAD NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK ( <i>Yarmouth</i> )	Mon. & Thur. Mon. & Thur.	F. H. Lamb Mr. Edward Garrett	S. Dixon Master	Tom Wilson Fredk. Enever	Kenton, Northumberland Clippesby, South House, Norwich
NORTHMOOR ( <i>Dulverton</i> )	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. J. A. Locke	T. H. Yelverton		Northmoor, Dulverton, Somerset
OLDHAM*	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. T. Mayall	S. Olloson	R. Hilton	Foxdenton, Chaddastion, Manchester
OXENHOLME*	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. C. W. Wilson	R. Jackson		High Peak, Oxenholme, Kendal
PEMBROKE'S, LORD ( <i>Salisbury, Wilton</i> )	Three days a week	Earl of Pembroke	Master	Hon. S. Herbert Mr. W. Flower G. Horton	Wilton
PEADLE FOREST ( <i>Burnley</i> )	Mon. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. L. G. N. Starkie	W. Walmaley		Huntroyde, Burnley
PENISTONE	Five days a fortnight	Mr. Hugh Thomasson	Master	W. Bramall J. Mitchell	Plumpton, near Penistone

## HARRIERS (ENGLAND).—continued.

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
PORLOCK AND EXMOOR, THE* (Linton and Lymouth)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. Phelps . . .	Mr. Snow . . .	Dan North . . .	Porlock and Oare
PRYSE'S, MR. (Lampeter, Llanybyther, Llandysil)	Mon. Thur. Sat. Mon. & Thur.	Mr. Vaughan Pryse	Master . . .	Jem Steer Thomas Roes . . .	Bwlchychan, Llanybyther, S. Wales
RADNORSHIRE (Landrindod, Rhyader)	Tues. & Fri. & bye day	Mr. S. C. Evans Williams	John Jones . . .	Bllys Lewis . . .	Landrindod and Rhyader, Radnorshire
ROMNEY MARSH . . .	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. W. Dering Walker	Master . . .	W. W. A. Beale . . .	Honeychild Manor, New Romney
(New Romney)		Mr. J. Broadbent . .	Master and Allen Schofield	J. T. Schofield . . .	Greenfield
SADDLEWORTH . . .	Mon. Wed. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. C. Peyto Shrubbs	Master . . .	W. Dowden . . .	Imington, Hants
(Greenfield, Oldham)	Mon. & Sat.	Mr. T. Webber . . .	Master . . .	John Pitts . . .	Vicar's Hill Lodge, Ly-
SHEPHERD, MR.* . . .	Wed. & Sat.				Greenalinch, near Broom
SILVERSTON* . . .					
(Ezeler, Tiverton)					
SOUTHPOOL . . .	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. A. P. Hallifax . .	J. Collings . . .	. . .	Southpool, Kingsbridge, South Devon
(Kingsbridge, Devon)					
ST. COLUMB* . . .	Tues. & Sat.	Mr. John Searle . . .	J. Flaminck . . .	R. Solomon . . .	Treguslick, St. Columb, Cornwall
(St. Columb, Newquay)					
TAUNTON VALE . . .	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. L. Patton . . .	Master . . .	S. Brice . . .	Stoke St. Mary, Taunton, Somerset
(Taunton)				W. Turle . . .	
THANET . . .	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Capt. Cotton . . .	Mr. John White . . .	W. Bushell . . .	Brookswend, near Margate
(Margate, Ramsgate, Broadstairs)					
TORQUAY* . . .	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. R. Gee . . .	A. Gregory . . .	. . .	Shiphay, Collaton, Devon
(Torquay)					
TRAFFORD . . .	Tues. & Fri.	Sir H. de Trafford, Bart.	Robert Roberts . . .	— Gale . . .	Trafford Park, Manchester
(Manchester)					
TUGWELL'S, MR. W. E. . .	Two days a week	Mr. W. E. Tugwell . .	Master . . .	J. Rose . . .	Devizes
(Devizes)				E. Goddard . . .	
V. C. H. . . .	Five days a fortnight	Mr. R. F. Birch . . .	Charles Pierce . . .	T. Roberts . . .	Maes Elwy, St. Asaph
(Denbigh, Rhyl, Holywell)	Tues. & Fri.	Capt. J. W. Yeoles . .	Master . . .	John Cox . . .	Coxley, near Wells
WELLS . . .					
(Wells, Shepton Mallett)					
WEST STREET . . .	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. Michael Nether-	W. Stockwell . . .	. . .	West Street, near Sandwich
(Sandwich, Deal, Dover)		sole			

WHITBY (Whiby)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. E. W. Chapman	Joseph Trowsdale	John Stonehouse	Poplar Row, Whitby
WHITEHAVEN (Egremont, Calderbridge)	Mon. Tues. & Fri.	Mr. H. Jefferson	Henry Oas		Minehouse, near Whitehaven
WINDERMERE (Bowness)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. T. Ullock Major Richeaigh	T. Chapman.		Bowness, Windermere
WIBBALL* (Birkenhead, Belington, Hooton)	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. J. R. Court.	G. Turner	H. Shepperd	Hooton, Cheshire
WORTHING (Worthing, Arundel)	Wed. & Sat.	Major Gaisford	C. Champion	Richard Greenfield	Findon, Sussex [Mon.
YETTRAD MYNACH*	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. George Thomas	Peter Symonds	Charles Wooten	Ystrad Mynach, Newport,
AYRSHIRE (Ayr)	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. Robert Ewen	Master	Richard Cummins.	Ewenfield, Ayr
HARRIERS (IRELAND).					
ALLENSTOWN	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. J. N. Waller	Master	John Kinnan	Allenstown, Navan.
AUBURN*	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. G. A. D. Adamson	Master	J. Bryan	Auburn Glacken, Athlone,
BOOTH'S, SIR R. G.* (Athlone)	Mon. & Thur.	Sir R. Gore Booth, Bart., M.P.	Richard Holmden	J. Lyons	Westmeath
BELLINTER	Three days a week	Mr. J. J. Preston	Master	Andrew Pray	Lissadell, co. Sligo
CASTLE CONNELL* (Castle Connell)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. C. J. Finch.	Master	James Horan	Ballinter, Navan
CASTLEFREKE* (Clonakilty)	Mon. & Thur.	Lord Carbery	W. Stourds	Patrick Bradley	Castle Connell, Limerick
CHADWICK'S, MR.* (Arva Vale)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. W. Chadwick	Master	Maurice Doyle	Castlefreke, Clonakilty, co. Cork
CLONMEL (Corrick, Caher, Fethard)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. W. A. Riddle	The Master	C. Chadwick	Arravale, Tipperary.
CORK*	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. Richard Martin	W. Burns	Patrick Moloney	Morton Street, Clonmel
DEBBY (Londonderry)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. D. Watt	J. Denicee		Blackpool, Cork
DROGHDA'S, CAPTAIN*	Mon. & Thur.	Capt. G. W. Drought	Master	Joseph Smith	Glendernott Hill, Derry
DUFFERIN* (Comber)	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. J. B. Houston	P. Byrne.	J. Mon.	Carquis, Tulak
FERMANAGH (Enniskillen)	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. N. M. Archdale	Master	W. Robinson	Comber, co. Down
HENDRICK'S, MR.* (Naas)	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. T. Hendrick	Master	John Roe Michael Boyle	Dunbar, near Enniskillen Kerdistown, Naas, co. Kildare

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
IVEAGH* (Banbridge)	Tues. & Sat.	Mr. J. J. Whyte	Martin Quirk		Kilpike, Banbridge, co. Down
KILDARE	Tues. & Fri. and a bye day	Mr. T. G. Waters	Master	John Kelly	Kilpatrick, Monasterevan
KILFELTAGH* (Kildare)	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. T. R. Stanners	W. Cunningham	John Rea	Lisburn, co. Antrim
KINSALE (Lisburn, Antrim)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. Richard Gillman	Master	C. Rity	Sandy Cove, Kinsale
LECALE (Bandon)	Mon. & Thur.	Colonel Forde	J. Rudwick	R. Mitchell	Seaforda, co. Down
(Dunpatrick)					
MCCUNTOCK'S, MAJOR* (Omagh)	Mon. & Thur. & Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Major Perry McClintock	Master	P. McHugh H. Dennis	Seskinore, Omagh, co. Tyrone
MANERGH'S, MR.* (Thurles and Cashel)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. O. L. Mansergh	Master	Jas. Henebay	Springfield, Holycross
MEATH UNION* (Meath)	2 days a week	Mr. Philip Blake	Master	Paul Duffy	Ladyspath, Navan, co. Meath
MONAGHAN, THE* (Monaghan)	Mon. Wed. & Sat.	Lord Rosemore	H. McElroy	J. Richardson	Camla, near Monaghan
NEWRY (Newry)	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. T. Darcy Hoey	Master	Pat Rice	Duncashlone
NEWBRIDGE (Newbridge)	Mon. & Fri.	A Committee	John Culleton		Newbridge
POLLOCK, MR. (Ballinasloe)	Twice a week	Mr. J. Pollok	Master	J. Galway, K.H.	Lismany, Ballinasloe
ROCKENHAM* (Cork City)	Variable.	Mr. Noble Johnson.	David Barry	None	Rockenham, co. Cork
ROUTE (Portrush)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. Hugh Lecky, Jun.	P. Hackett		Ballyangry, Coleraine
ROYAL CORK YACHT CLUB* (Queenstown)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. H. Duggan	John Muloahy	Capt. Holmes Luke Egan	Ballynoe, co. Cork
STAGPOOLE'S, MR. (Limerick)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. Richard Stacpool	Master	P. Cunningham	Eden Vale, Ennis
STRONGE'S, SIR J. (Tynan, Caledon, Armagh)	..	Sir Jas. M. Stronge, Bart.	Joseph Gardner	G. M'Arce	Fellows Hall, Tynan, co. Armagh
WARBURTON'S, MR. (Portarlinton)	..	Mr. R. Warburton	G. Mulhall	Richard Kenny J. Mulhall	The Cupse, Garrylinch, Portarlinton
WICKLOW (Rathdrum)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. W. Comerford	George Shepherd		Glasnarget Rathdrum, Wicklow



‘ them four seasons. His half-brother, Dick Newman, a one-eyed man, hunted them, assisted by his brother-in-law, Henry Cross of Berwick House, near Rainham. They were in no way related to Charles Newman of Scripps.

‘ Mr. Newman was succeeded in 1841 by Mr. Abraham Cawston, who came from Suffolk; he was a large farmer at Mucking, and for many years was the Master, manager, and huntsman of these hounds until he got into difficulties. He was a very hard man.

‘ Going in his day were—Mr. Stevens, Mr. Campbell, Mr. Hoof, Doctor Jones, Mr. Rees, Mr. Charles Young, Mr. Lewis Doxat, Mr. Teddy Boards, Mr. W. W. Chafy, Mr. E. Block.

In 1857 Mr. Arthur Button Cox of Heron Gate, who had some property in the country, became Master. His ancestors were all Buttons, and had lived for many years in the district, but this gentleman took the name of Cox, and the family is now extinct. Mr. Cox’s death was a very singular one. In jumping a fence he threw up his arm, which fell broken by his side, and on his return it was amputated, from which death resulted. The explanation of this very extraordinary occurrence, as given to me, is that the marrow of his bones had become powdered, produced by scrofula of the most horrible description, and caused, it is alleged, by intermarriage from generation to generation. He was one of the hardest men in Essex, and so jealous that once, when some strangers who looked like going had got the start of him, he shouted, “Ware wire!” and on their pulling up, remarked as he passed, “It’s all right; I only wanted to catch you.” Abraham Cawston was his colleague and huntsman, and his kennels were at Mucking Heath, near Horndon-on-the-Hill. To assist him Cawston had Joseph Bailey as first whip and James Davis as second.

‘ The favourite fixtures were North Ockendon, Warley Common, Ingrave Hill, the Dog and Partridge, Stifford, Tilbury Mill, White’s Bridge, and Stanford-le-Hope.

‘ In 1862 Sir Thomas Barrett Lennard of Belhus Park, near Aveley, became Master, but only kept the reins for one season; in fact, I think his heart was more in the stud-farm than the kennel, and he has had Mainstone, Kettledrum, and other well-known horses in his paddocks, and generally a horse or two in training. Although he cares little or nothing about shooting, he had, or has, a capital strain of pointers of Lord Derby’s blood, and at one time kept some very smart beagles, which he followed on foot. He trained a few horses, and both he and Lady Lennard were very fond of private theatricals. His huntsman was John Ransom, a son of old Ransom, the trainer at Hampton Court, who had lived with Roots and Boxall in Warwickshire, assisted by Joe Bailey.

‘ Hunting with him were—Sir Charles Cunliffe Smith, Mr. C. R. Vickerman, Sir William O’Malley, Mr. Albert Deacon, Mr. Edgar Disney, and Mr. Edward Ind.

‘ On the retirement of Sir Thomas Lennard this South Essex country died out. Mr. Henley Greaves bought the hounds, and Mr. D. R. Scratton hunted the country with the Essex Union nearly the same as it was originally hunted by the late Lord Petre.

‘ Having told you of the birth, history, and death, as it were, of the South Essex, I will once more revert to the Essex Union, which Mr. Daniel R. Scratton took in 1849, and held for three seasons, having his kennels at Danbury. Jem-Morgan, from Mr. Conyers, was his huntsman, who went thence to the Old Berkeley, as you will remember, and William Cross was second in command.

‘ In 1852, Mr. Thomas Ward of Woodham took the hounds, William Cross was made huntsman, and Joe Sorrell whip; and, in 1853, Mr. James Parker of Baddow House became Master for one season. No better man ever breathed: a strong Conservative, but too good for himself. Those who have seen it will never forget his cheerful face and hearty laugh, and the fun they had with him. He assisted the Hon. Fred Petre to start his staghounds. He was the handsomest man in the country, having very good features and teeth of extraordinary whiteness. He rode a handsome grey horse, which he bought from Mr. George Sexton of Ipswich, and which he repeatedly bought in at Tattersall’s for 400 guineas. Alas! this poor fellow died at the early age of forty. His servants were William Cross and Joe Sorrell.

‘ In 1854 Mr. Daniel Robert Scratton resumed the country, living at Prittlewell Priory, near Southend, keeping on Cross and Joe Sorrell for one season, and the next he took the horn himself with Will Cross as kennel huntsman and first whip, and John Cross as second, while the kennels were first at Hanningfield and afterwards at Prittlewell. Mr. Scratton’s health did not permit him to carry the horn many seasons; and in 1858, Charles Shepherd was his huntsman, and Harry Jennings, now huntsman to the Rufford, whip. Four years later came Nimrod Long, who moved to Brocklesby in a couple of years, and was succeeded by Henry Rees, from Mr. Shelton, in Monmouthshire, and the Puckeridge. Mr. Scratton bred a capital pack of hounds, and Nimrod Long did not forget their working qualities when he moved to Brocklesby, but had a dip into his old favourites. Mr. Scratton was a great enthusiast in the kennel, as I can prove by having been on the flags with him almost before daylight on a winter’s morning ere starting for the Meet; and few men were more particular as to pedigree. The country he hunted was of considerable extent, and he often vanned the hounds to covert, occasionally taking hold of the team himself. It stretched from Barking, in the west, to Bradwell-on-Sea by the east, a distance of more than thirty miles; on the south it was bounded by the Thames, having a width of about twenty miles to its northern boundary, by the Great Eastern Railway and the rivers Chelmers and Blackwater.

‘ Hunting at this time were—Mr. Alfred Cox, who lived with Mr. Henry Harris, at Dagenham; Mr. Dan Britten of Woodford,



‘ Mr. John Offin of Hutton Park, the present Master ; Captain Hankey, from Woolwich, Mr. Soames, Mr. Oxley Parker, Doctor Hurman, Mr. Stunt, a Kent man, who came across the ferry, and rode like blazes ; a fishmonger’s daughter from Chingford, called the “ Common Plaice,” rather a pretty girl, who could go like one o’clock, and handle a fretful one over the banks in style, but she married and went to India about six years ago ; Mr. Shanks, Mr. Aplin, Mr. Clark, Mr. Wright of Hatfield, Mr. Gill of Southminster, Mr. J. Wiseman, the Rev. J. Knox, Mr. T. Kemble of Runwell Hall, Mr. C. Turner of Baddow House, Mr. A. Pryor of Hylands Park, Mr. A. Tabor of Great Baddow, Mr. F. O. Parker of Woodham Mortimers, Mr. Edward Ind of Coombe Lodge, Mr. D. Robertson of Warley, Mr. E. Courage of Shenfield Hall, Mr. Octavius Coope of Rochetts, Mr. E. Caldicott of Trueloves, Mr. J. Osborne of Writtle, Mr. J. Circuit of Rainham, Mr. D. Ridley of Bromhead, Mr. J. A. M’Leod of Hutton Hall, Mr. Morgan of Brentwood, Mr. Rees of Brentwood, now of Broxbourne ; Mr. A. B. Cox of Herongate, and Mr. Lescher of Warley, both dead, who were about the best.

‘ Among the farmers of that day, all good and true men, were— Mr. James Gale of Bradwell Hall, G. Gale of Farnbridge Hall, W. Clark of Norton Hall, and C. Clark the younger, W. Clark of Mucking Hall, Asplin of Mucking, Sam Reeve of Ingatestone, and F. Barker of Westlands, since dead ; H. Stone of Wickford, Robertson of Southminster, George Simpson of Galleywood, since dead ; W. Wright of Stock Crondon, Master ; F. Mead of Barking, P. Barker of Westlands.

‘ Many soldiers then came from Chatham and Woolwich, and overrode hounds, but forgot to subscribe to them ; and some of the London men were a sad nuisance, as they hunted the huntsman all day, even in making his casts ; and if a whip jumped into a field, only to turn a hound, he was sure to have two or three of them after him.

‘ In 1869 Mr. Scratton sold his pack to Mr. John Offin for a high figure, and retired to Ogwell, near Newton Abbot, in Devonshire, where he is now as enthusiastic about shorthorns as he was about foxhounds in Essex. At the time Mr. Scratton gave up, there was some difficulty about finding a successor. When urged, I believe by Lord Petre, who did not want a stranger in the country, Mr. Offin offered to take the post, and was heartily accepted by the landlords and farmers ; though, as he said himself, with six thousand acres of land on his hands besides other business, he thought he did not want more to do. However, his public spirit met its reward, for he told me himself that he had not missed a Meet, even in cub-hunting, since he had the hounds, and had not had an attack of gout. He is a welter-weight, which does not stop him, as he rides first-rate cattle, and likes them none the less if they have been educated in the shires. He has several sons also in the field ; so that when they turn out of a morning there are a lot of horses

' saddled, and one and all, even to the second whips, such horses as  
 ' a Master may be proud to see his men on. The pack have, I hear,  
 ' also been kept quite up to concert pitch since coming into his hands,  
 ' and no one can give him an ounce in looking over a lot of hounds,  
 ' though, as he says, he never studied them until he was Master.  
 ' Henry Rees went on with him at first, but last season was succeeded  
 ' by Edmund Bentley, who had been with Mr. Gerard Leigh and  
 ' the Puckeridge. A few of those hunting with Mr. Offin are Sir  
 ' Thomas Lennard of Belhus Park, Mr. Edward Ind, Mr. E. Caldicott,  
 ' Mr. Coope, Mr. Courage, Mr. Beades, Mr. J. O. Parker,  
 ' Mr. E. T. Helme, Mr. T. Kemble, Messrs. Tabor, Husband,  
 ' Ridley, Pryor, Streacher, Robincon, Hopkinson, Longuage,  
 ' T. Asplin, Cotton, J. Circuit, J. and G. Gale, &c., &c. With  
 ' regard to quarters, most men run down from London. At Chelmsford,  
 ' at the Saracen's Head, which is or was kept by Mr. Maull,  
 ' there is capital accommodation for man and horse; they are very  
 ' attentive and give you the best of everything. Brentwood is the  
 ' best place for trains, as you can get up or down at any time of the  
 ' day. The White Hart is a capital place, as is the Essex Arms,  
 ' close to the station; there is good stabling at both, and also at the  
 ' Lion and Lamb. No doubt the best place for horses is at Mr.  
 ' Barker's of Westlands, who does it in first-rate style, but the  
 ' accommodation does not extend to the man as well as the horse,  
 ' and the station at Ingatestone is not nearly so good for trains as  
 ' Brentwood. On the south side of the country I know of no place  
 ' good enough to stand horses at.

## CARMEN TRIUMPHALE.

### A LAY OF THE BRITISH YEOMAN.

Now boiled is great 'Potatoes,'  
 Of the old Waxy line,  
 Who breasted, like a flying stag,  
 The Cambridgeshire incline:  
 Sold is the vaunting Harry,  
 Who cast his challenge down:  
 'At weight for age, o'er Rowley mile,  
 We do Prince Charlie brown!'

On Bury Hill no trainer  
 His string to-day is leading,  
 For holiday this afternoon,  
 Each stable lad is pleading;  
 Newmarket town is silent,  
 Untenanted her 'High,'  
 Beneath the mellow sunlight  
 Of pale October sky.

And each Newmarket loafer  
 Has hied him to the Heath,  
 For Charlie is their darling,  
 Their darling unto death ;  
 And far as Ely's Island  
 You might have heard the roar ;  
 ' Prince Charlie in a canter,  
 I'll take you six to four.'

He was stale, and past his prime,  
 And had lost his speed, they said ;  
 And the Frenchman stood his monkey,  
 And the Ring cried, ' Who's afraid ?'  
 Roaring Ring and raving Gaul  
 Alike have lost their prey ;  
 For to-day ' Perhaps ' is beaten—  
 Prince Charlie wins to-day.

The yellowing Bushes knew him,  
 With Parry sitting still,  
 As, playing with Peut-être,  
 He rollicked down the hill :  
 The crowd went forth to meet him,  
 And cheered him back to scale,  
 And struggled for each chestnut hair  
 Fresh ravished from his tail.

Years may come, and years may go,  
 Yet see us grander fray ;  
 For to-day ' Perhaps ' is beaten—  
 Prince Charlie wins to-day !

Blithe it was his racing gear  
 To see them cast aside ;  
 To see the farmer of the fens  
 Ride homewards in his pride.  
 Along his path they hasten,  
 With breathless zeal to shout,  
 For those who stride by Charlie's side  
 Must put their best leg out.

On the right goes Dawson,  
 Like cherry, blushing red,  
 His cobby chestnut ambling,  
 To keep by Charlie's head—  
 The head each baffled foeman  
 Might toil to reach in vain,  
 As bark the snowy albatross  
 On wings of the hurricane—

The head Judge Clark so often  
Has waited for to greet,  
Peering, with levelled Voightlander,  
From out his judgment seat.

On the left rides Parry,  
With a smile upon his lip,  
And on his heel the Ripon steel,  
And in his hand a whip ;  
But neither spur nor whalebone  
Doth Charlie need to-day—  
Pale and grave grew Harry's face,  
As the Frenchman died away ;  
And smaller waxed ' Potatoes,'  
Who cast the challenge down :  
' At weight for age, o'er Rowley mile,  
We do Prince Charlie brown !'

Horse and foot behind them press,  
In mass confused and loud ;  
And every lane and alley  
Brings stragglers to the crowd.  
On every side the windows  
With waving kerchiefs greet ;  
Victorious Charlie's progress  
Along the teeming street ;  
And cripples wave their crutches,  
And shivering beggars' cry  
Is changed to half a cheer or laugh,  
As the Prince goes marching by.

So up the old Criterion Hill,  
To the top of the town they clomb,  
Past ring and stands, from the Turn of the lands,  
Towards Prince Charlie's home.

There at the gates they halted  
The Yeoman and his pride ;  
Round they wheeled to face the wave  
Of surging human tide.  
Then rose amid the silence  
The accents of regret :  
' Farewell, child of an Orient nurse,  
Best son of the Malton pet !'

Henceforth thy lot is cast  
Near the old man's peaceful hall ;  
A stranger leads the Bedford string,  
A freshman fills thy stall,

My corn lies deeply garnered,  
My seeds fill many a lea,  
My pastures stretch for many a rood,  
And these are all for thee !

For thee patrician mothers  
Flock to the Paddock Gates,  
And many a distant Sheban Queen  
Upon thy bidding waits.  
Ten thousand could not buy thee,  
To me and mine so dear ;  
All England cannot find thy match,  
Nor Araby thy peer.

Leave Frank, and Russ, and Teuton,  
To filch our choicest blood,  
And hosts to quit their country's shores,  
For their dear country's good.  
Thou wert not born to furnish  
A cavalry remount,  
Though who hast drawn thy life from ' Blair,  
Thy milk from an Eastern fount.

Oh ! ' welcome, Royal Charlie,'  
To thy fair rest at last ;  
No riven hull, no tattered sail,  
No splintered spar or mast,  
Have sent thee back untimely  
To havens of repose—  
Only in piping times of peace  
The wind against thee rose.

The plater bears alternate  
His triumph and defeat ;  
The patient stayer, toiling on,  
Earns but his daily meat ;  
The jade no ' moral suasion '  
Can tempt to face her nags,  
Sinks to the hurdle-gorse at last,  
Or falls between the flags.

But from foalhood up to sirehood,  
A fairer lot was thine;  
From the full height of Glory bright,  
Thou knewest no decline.  
Thy star shone steadfast ever,  
From sunset on to dawn ;  
For thee no plighted faith was broke,  
No rein was tighter drawn.

Oxonian loves the 'Red House in,'  
 And Lemnos loves the Flat,  
 And Thunder bears a merry mile  
 The black and gold of 'Matt';  
 And Thorn can prick it neatly,  
 Six furlongs by the Don,  
 And Tangible a straight half mile,  
 When the 'Browns' are nicely on.

But thy father loved the mêlée,  
 Where bolder spirits burn  
 For the Corner rush for places,  
 The perils of the Turn;  
 Sobbing hearts, and reeking flanks,  
 Working arm and heel,  
 Such as in 'rapture of the strife,'  
 Where horse and rider reel.

And such as was Blair Athol's,  
 Of Stockwell's famous line,  
 Such as thine Eastern mother's,  
 Such chivalry be thine.

Leave to the selling plater  
 His play of many parts;  
 Leave to the sordid Welsher race  
 Their milking pails and carts;  
 Leave to the sons of Armstrong,  
 Their ropings and their byes;  
 Leave to the sharp his pull, to blind  
 The handicapper's eyes.

Thine, Charlie, is the T.Y.C.,  
 The Rowley mile is thine,  
 The sudden wheel, the flying start,  
 The quickly broken line;  
 And the wild notes of triumph,  
 That hail thy good blaze face,  
 Leading the silken van of war,  
 With baffled foes in chase.

Beneath thy yoke pretenders  
 Have all been forced to bend;  
 The kingdom of the T.Y.C.,  
 Thou hadst it to the end.  
 Even Cremorne the mighty,  
 His conqueror found in thee;  
 And Blenheim's name was but for once  
 A name of victory.

Peut-être came against thee,  
 From the jaunty land of frogs ;  
 But better had they boiled him,  
 For the York and Nasty dogs.

Against thee forged old Vulcan  
 His thunderbolts in vain,  
 And many a cheque on Drummond's came  
 Dishonoured back again.  
 Oxonian, disgraced, 'went down,'  
 To meet a meaner foe,  
 And take in less ambitious school,  
 His humble 'little go ;'  
 And mark the blue and yellow  
 Of Mentmore's sprinting Queen,  
 On forelock set of fair Chapette,  
 Is turned to Lincoln green !

The heart of false Laburnum,  
 Like namesake blossom fades ;  
 And Sterling strikes his orange flag  
 In Ascot's classic glades.  
 O'er Charlie, in the Sellinger,  
 Let lucky Wenlock stand ;  
 But what is he o'er the T.Y.C.,  
 With nine good pounds in hand ?

Hurrah for the sweeping majesty,  
 Of Charlie's whirlwind stride !  
 Like seamew's flight past toiling bark,  
 With the foam flake on its side !  
 Hurrah for the dreaded banner,  
 Of blended red and white !  
 Like airy glance of the meteor dance,  
 In Northern skies by night !

Hurrah for the white cockaders,  
 That follow home the Prince !  
 Hurrah for the British yeoman,  
 Who made the Frenchman wince !  
 Ho ! Tom and Harry, whither  
 Has the great Potatoes flown ?  
 Ho ! frogs that try with Bulls to vie,  
 Is not your crack done brown ?

Io, io triumphe !  
 To-night we drink it deep,  
 Prince Charlie's health, in the foaming wealths,  
 That Southern vineyards weep ;

From bottles gay with tinsel,  
Torn from the prisoned cork,  
And flasks set thick with dusky webs,  
The crusty spiders work ;  
In measures thick and portly,  
From flagons long and thin,  
And spirits wakened from their rest  
In many a mouldy bin ;  
The sparkling wine that babbles,  
The still that thinks the most—  
Such cellars they who train the horse,  
Alone of men can boast.

Hurrah for bonnie Charlie !  
The bravest son of Blair ;  
Where'er he goes, his wavering foes  
Melt, smoke-like, into air.  
Weave for the mighty chestnut,  
A tributary crown,  
Of autumn flowers, the brightest then,  
When autumn leaves are brown.  
Hang up his bridle on the wall,  
His saddle on the tree,  
Till time shall bring some racing king,  
Worthy to wear as he !

Happy the Turf enthusiast,  
Who sees her brightest day ;  
Who sees the long procession  
Pass on its winding way ;  
Before the bellowing portals,  
Where fav'rites come and go,  
Up to the palisaded gates  
Of ever rosy Joe !

Then, where on two fair counties  
The Bury pine-woods frown,  
Where Penhill on the Osborne's home  
At Middleham looks down ;  
Where Swale impetuous blusters,  
By Aske in torrents roll'd ;  
Where Perren drives him team afield,  
Past silent Langton Wold ;  
Where over Drewitt's new-made grave,  
The salt sea-breezes wail ;  
Where, like a dragon watching,  
The White Horse guards his Vale ;  
Where Day's twin-mounded barrows,  
With flowers are overgrown,



Which hide the worth of Crucifix—  
 Bay Middleton's renown ;  
 Where Epsom's plating squadrons,  
 O'er classic ground career,  
 And Findon vies with Littleton,  
 In ' never getting near ;'  
 Where dark and deep the waters sleep,  
 In Woodyeates' holy shade ;  
 And Wadlow tries his team, unwatch'd,  
 In Stanton's mystic glade ;  
 Where'er with logs at Yule-tide,  
 They feed the festal blaze,  
 O'er cakes and ale, they tell the tale  
 Of Charlie's racing days !

AMPHION.

## FRANK RALEIGH OF WATERCOMBE.

### CHAPTER X.

'I've seen many a good entry in my day,' said the Squire of Watercombe, describing the sport on the Aune to a hunting companion, 'but never yet saw a middle-aged man take to it so kindly or so keenly as our new friend the Quaker. Frank had made up his mind to station him on a stickle, and, boy-like, if possible to lure him into deeper water ; but happily the otter, by constantly forging ahead and going up stream, never gave him a chance ; so the youngster, I am thankful to say, was baulked of his fun. To have played a practical joke on such a man would have been unpardonable even in a schoolboy.'

'We were boys ourselves one day, old friend ; and if Frank had dropped him into a hole, it's only what you and I would have done in "the merry days when we were young,"' replied his companion, who was no other than Squire Luscombe, the chief of the Red Lion bacchanals, the pioneer of the party who had gone forth so fruitlessly in search of Frank during the previous night. On returning, however, from the moor to his own home at Woodwell, he had fallen in with a company of the Stanley gipsies, one of whom informed him that they had passed the otter-hounds at Gara Bridge, and, moreover, had not only seen young Frank Raleigh, but had offered to tell him his fortune, as he descended from the Regulator coach and joined the hounds. So delighted was he with this good news that he gave the gipsies leave to cut as many 'fags' as they required for their camp fires in crossing the Woodwell Moors, telling them at the same time, if they came across any 'lang-cripples' or 'hedgy-boars,' they might catch and cook them into the bargain. He then hastened home ; but instead of seeking, as might be supposed he would have done, the indulgence of a nap after the long ride and sleepless night he had passed on the moor, he sent for a

stable-boy to burnish over his dirty top-boots, while he sat in them and swallowed his breakfast, and then, ordering out a rough pony, started for the Aune.

The point he made for was King's Mill, some miles below Gara Bridge, and famous for the many otters found, first and last, in its vicinity; but as the hounds, owing to the dark water and the somewhat flooded state of the river, had drawn up stream instead of down, as reported by the gipsies, Luscombe did not overtake them till the sport was all over. So as they jogged along slowly on their homeward way together, Raleigh, who was almost as good at killing a fox or an otter over his mahogany as on the banks of a stream or on the wild moor, described minutely every passage of the chase, attributing the glorious finale arrived at mainly to the energy of the Quaker.

'The view-holloa he gave,' said he, 'would have electrified you; and so eager was he to bolt the otter, that I verily believe, if Hoppin, after consenting to cut down the tree, had not himself wielded the axe, the Quaker would have felled it with his own hands. Never was the natural love of hunting so speedily evinced; never the manner of a man so changed in one short hour! St. Hubert might have been proud of him.'

'I know the man well,' said Luscombe. 'An honest fellow than John Brock no country can boast. He does what he has to do with his whole might; and, depend upon it, if he has taken to this game, he'll play it out to the last throw. So you'll see him again at the covert-side, I prophesy.'

'The sooner the better,' replied Raleigh. 'Such a man will be a clear gain to our field. He will come out to enjoy hunting, not to display the polish of his top-boots, nor the recent handiwork of his London tailor; for I have observed that those who are over-keen on such points are in general utterly indifferent to the work of hounds.'

'I quite agree with you, Raleigh. Dandyism on the *pavé* is bad enough; but in the field it is unendurable. Look at that Tom Townshend, for instance, who sometimes honours you with his company. Did the world ever see such an effeminate coxcomb?—so plastered with pomatum and scent that I wonder the hounds don't check whenever he comes within reach of them.'

'Happily that is not very often the case,' replied the Squire, 'or he might really do some mischief in that way. However, to do him justice, he certainly is a man of retiring habits, for the first shower of rain invariably sends him home. I am shocked to say it is quite true that Ben, who, kill after kill, had missed his half-crown, begged him one day with all solemnity to bring out his umbrella the next time he hunted, and then he might stop to see the finish. Townshend was so tickled with the idea that, instead of resenting the irony, he gave him a spade-guinea, telling him he was an unmitigated ruffian, and that his tongue would be the better for more oil and less vinegar.'

But while the hounds are trotting home to their kennel, and the two Squires are indulging in horse-and-hound talk to their hearts' content, let us now follow the pony-carriage containing Mrs. Cornish and her fair daughter, who, accompanied by Frank and the Quaker, were wending their way, by flowery banks and green meadows, back to the high road leading to Gara Bridge. Frank's feelings towards the latter, after the unmistakable zest he had evinced for the sport, and the real foxhound dash, he had displayed in pursuing it, had undergone a complete change; and he now regarded him, not only with high respect, but with that hero-worship which boys of warm temperament are so apt to feel and pay to manly characters in sympathy with themselves.

It was, therefore, with no little regret that, on reaching the main road, Frank found his companionship, at least for the present, now drawing to a close; John Brock announcing his intention of proceeding on foot towards Exeter, while Frank, who had accepted a seat in the rumble of the pony-carriage, was about to return to the schoolhouse at Buckbury under the wing of the attractive widow.

'We shall meet again soon, I hope,' said Frank, as he wrote down on the lining of his hat the Quaker's address—John Brock, Badgery Coombe, Plymleigh. 'My father, you know, never advertises the meets of his otter-hounds, owing to the crowds that attend and trample down the meadow grass; but, never fear, you shall have them regularly from me as soon as ever I get back to dear old Watercombe, and that will be in less than a fortnight.'

'If thou wilt hold me in remembrance and do so much for me, thou wilt earn my best thanks,' said the Quaker, grasping Frank's hand, as if he was really loth to part with him; 'but I would not put thee to inconvenience on any account, my young friend.'

'No inconvenience whatever; Ben or I will always manage to send you word the day before the meet; and then, if you can come, we shall be delighted to see you.'

At the mention of Ben's name, an expression almost of alarm crossed the Quaker's face; he had found the man so utterly different in manner from any West-country servants who had come under his observation; so short and discourteous in his speech, so arbitrary and even fierce in demeanour while hounds were at work; and judging from his conduct to himself, he had come to the conclusion that, either from his personal appearance, or perhaps from his ignorance of the chase, the huntsman had conceived a strong prejudice against him, and would be a very unlikely man to communicate the meets if the matter were left in his hands. But John Brock's inference was a wrong one; Ben was a dragon to all alike at such times; and whether a man wore a black coat or a brown one, a broad brim or an ordinary 'beaver,' if he interfered with Ben in his work, he was quite certain to get the rough side of his tongue and be taught a lesson which he would not readily forget.

As yet the Quaker had only seen him with his red paint on and the war-song on his tongue, at a time when he was fretted by the

difficulty of keeping a lot of young, high-couraged hounds from breaking away and running riot, owing to the prolonged absence of the Squire ; and when, after the chase had commenced, and all the energies of his mind and body were concentrated upon it, the silliest of questions were being constantly put to him by amateurs, who, if they knew little of hounds' ways, adopted, like our friend the Quaker, a somewhat indiscreet mode of improving their knowledge by such ill-timed and irrelevant inquiries. So the honest but uncivilised nature of the huntsman, writhing under the infliction, too frequently found his tongue, as he was wont to say, 'running away with him,' and dealing out hard words on their devoted heads.

But, in after years, when John Brock had become himself a true worshipper of Diana, could tell, as far as he could see him, a fresh from a hunted fox, distinguish the note of an authentic hound from that of a babbler, and keep a good place when hounds were, five couple abreast, travelling like a hurricane over Stall Moor, no man understood and valued Ben more than he did, and certainly few of the field had so little cause to complain as he had of his rough tongue and wild ways. As yet, however, we only see him in his novitiate, and so far, no doubt, the first impressions he received of Ben's character were calculated to alarm a stouter man than the mild and kindly Quaker.

'I would rather, friend, hear from thyself,' he replied, 'if thou wilt send me but one line ; or, if time should fail thee, thy butler would perhaps do it for thee.'

'He write—old Matthews, no ! couldn't make a pothook for his life, nor any other servant in our family ; but I'll do it, never fear.'

This was quite true ; the schoolmaster was not yet abroad, much less had he penetrated into the remote villages bordering on Dartmoor. In them, as the parish registers will still show, with the exception of the Squire's own family and that of the clergyman, if happily they possessed such magnates, few indeed were they of the inhabitants who, as autographers, could do more than inscribe his or her mark on such parochial documents as required their signatures. Men, even of liberal views, in those days were wont to believe that to educate the peasant would be to make him discontented with his lowly lot, and so unfit him for the labour he was born to do. Besides, future grave ills, alike mischievous to social and domestic comfort, if not dangerous to the state, were anticipated from the mental cultivation which here and there a few daring pioneers were even now venturing to urge on the British public.

'I warn you, gentlemen,' said the rector of an important agricultural parish in the South Hams of Devon about this time, 'that if you support this educational movement, you will only be preparing a rod for your own backs.'

On the other hand, one of our most enlightened statesmen recently told the House of Commons that the day was coming

when the working men would be the lawgivers of this country ; and, if that was to be the case, it behoved us to set to work at once to educate those who were steadily coming to the front and would be our future masters. Which advice will prove the best, that of the old-fashioned parson or that of the modern Ulysses, time alone will reveal.

The skid, however, with which the former would have retarded the progress of the educational coach has long since been discarded, and fast trains are now employed to carry knowledge of every conceivable description, from the love letters of Jeames de la Plushe to the theories of Professor Tyndall, into every nook and corner of the land. The back, too, of many a poor postman, staggering under his burden in town and country, will bear witness to the progress of education and to the industry with which it is cultivated under the auspices of the penny-post. Broadcast is the seed being sown by this machine, and fortunate indeed will the country be if its future crop prove to be one of good wheat rather than one of tares. Let us be content to hope for the best ; for one glimpse of the future would probably be as fatal to our happiness as it was to that of Cassandra.

John Brock, having secured a promise from Frank that he would regularly send him the meets of his father's otter-hounds, now took his leave ; and, breasting the steep hill in the direction of Totnes, was soon lost to sight amid the dense foliage and ferny banks that fringed the road and gave it the appearance of a long, green arbour, very grateful to the traveller on a long summer's day.

'I never conversed with a Quaker before,' said Frank, as he vaulted into the little hind seat of Mrs. Cornish's pony-carriage ; 'and if the rest of his tribe are anything like him, I shouldn't much mind being a Quaker myself.'

'What ! and be dressed in that grotesque suit of sober brown and broad-brimmed hat ? Never !' said the fair widow, with a ringing laugh. 'Adonis himself would look a fright in such a garb.'

'I rather like the colour of it,' replied Frank ; 'it puts me in mind of the brown woods, when hunting begins and the woodcocks drop in, which, according to my father's fancy, is the most enjoyable season of the year. But I never thought of the dress, only of the man inside it.'

'The fashion of it is that of a past age, and does your friend an injustice ; gives him the air of a Puritan, which, to judge by his action, he certainly is not.'

The road up which they were now ascending became so steep near the summit of the hill that, in order to ease the strain on the pony's collar, the two ladies and Frank had quitted the carriage and were following its slow progress under the shade of the fine overhanging trees of Hart's Wood ; Mary, however, still guiding the pony as she leisurely walked by its side. Not a word as yet had Frank addressed to her personally ; for, although he was in nowise troubled with that uncomfortable defect in manner which the French

call *mauvaise honte*, still, on this present occasion, something very like it seemed to tie his tongue and create a feeling of constraint he had never known before. It was, therefore, no little relief to him to observe how engrossed the young lady appeared to be in patting and encouraging the pony, as the brave little beast toiled against the declivity like a miniature drayhorse; for, while she was so engaged, he did not feel compelled to break the silence that so far had been maintained between them.

Mary Cornish, however, was not a girl to repel conversation; but, on the contrary, her simplicity of character, the tone of her voice, and sweet, affable manner were attractive enough, when she spoke, to unloose the tongue of a Trappist. She was just seventeen; but any one, not knowing that secret, would have pronounced her to be at least twenty, so developed was her lithe and graceful figure in all the beauty of full womanhood. Then her face, true Devon in the peach-like complexion and soft texture of the skin, and radiant with sensibility, had a charm in its expression that might well set a boy's heart in a wild flame at first sight and his blood boiling and surging up to fever heat. But, whether Frank had been so scorched, as if struck by an electric flash, must be left to the judgment of those who, like Byron, have undergone the bitter experience of such shocks in early youth and carried their scars with them down to the grave. Generally, however, a boy's love is like a lucifer match—a fierce flash and a bright flame—while it lasts; but, happily for the sufferer, like the match, it burns out with wondrous and merciful rapidity. It was no foolish fancy of Anacreon's, when he sang of Cytherea endeavouring, after Vulcan had forged them, to soften the tips of Cupid's darts and quench their flame with honey. The poet, to judge from his odes, must have been a standing target, early and late, for the little god's practice, and often been hit and scorched sorely by those fiery shafts; and these probably drove him to that wine-cup the praises of which he sang so sweetly on his harmonious lyre.

The trio, on gaining the level ground beyond the village of Lupridge, had again taken their seats in the pony-carriage which, with Taffy's thoughts intent on the manger, was travelling briskly homewards in the direction of Buckbury.

'One of our fellows at school,' said Frank, whose shyness, while the ladies' backs were turned on him, appeared to be gradually wearing off, 'is always bringing out something new in the shape of riddles, which we suspect he gets from the "Gentleman's Magazine" or "Woolmer's Gazette." This was his last: "Why is a horse the most generous, the most miserable, and the most sympathetic of all animals?"'

'I never guessed a riddle in my life,' said the elder lady; 'and my knowledge of horses is so limited that I'm sure I should never guess that; so I'll give it up.'

'Can you guess it?' said Frank, addressing Mary, on whose golden locks and fair cheek his gaze was now riveted; 'what do you say, Miss Mary?'

‘Oh! I’ll give it up too; though I know all about Taffy, ever since Farmer Pitts bought him for us out of a Welsh drove.’

‘Well, a horse is the most generous of animals because he’ll give the very bit out of his mouth; he is the most miserable, because his thoughts are always on the rack; and he’s the most sympathetic, because his ear is always open to the cry of “Wo.”’

Frank had scarcely concluded the explanation, when the clatter of a horse’s heels, rapidly following them, arrested the attention of all the party; while Mary, with the intention of allowing the traveller to pass them, guided the pony to the near-side of the road and slackened his pace.

‘It’s one of the doctor’s old screws, I declare,’ said Frank, who had turned his head and instantly recognised a white-faced chestnut mare, the property of Mr. Host. A long, weedy animal, once a noted racer, but now displaying the Devonshire arms on both knees, and, although bought at Brent Goose-Fair for a ten-pound note, still by far the best hack in his stable. ‘I’d know that mare’s gallop a mile off; ’tis easy and suent as a fox’s; but no one who values his neck dare ride her at any other pace; for down she comes like a ninepin at a walk or slow-trot. Old Ben calls her “a good parson’s horse,” because she goes to prayers so often; though, over the moor, “Casket” is as safe as a cat.’

‘I wonder,’ said Mrs. Cornish, ‘that a sensible man like Mr. Host should ride such a dangerous animal, for he can’t always be keeping her at a full gallop. I know well he has had many serious falls, and probably from that very animal.’

‘That’s quite true; for I heard him tell my father one day he had broken almost every bone in his body but the backbone; and that, too, chiefly at night-time, when visiting poor patients on the borders of the moor.’

‘Where, of course, he found no one to help him,’ said the widow, sympathetically. ‘I shall certainly beg him to get rid of so worthless a “Casket” as soon as he can; a better name for her, I think, would be Atropos, for she’ll sever his thread of life some night to a certainty.’

This Delphic utterance, which at a future time proved to be too near the truth, had scarcely been made when the mare and her rider ranged alongside the carriage; but still the same pace was maintained, and, instead of pulling up, as the trio expected Mr. Host would have done, they shot by the carriage and passed on in full swing. Time, enough, however, was given both to the ladies and Frank to observe that the rider was not Mr. Host, but a young assistant, called Amyatt, who had recently joined him, and who, to their intense horror, while he guided the mare with his bridle-hand, carried with the other a man’s leg—a grey worsted stocking, its late owner’s, into which it had been thrust, supplied but a scanty covering to the lower part of the limb, while that portion of it above the knee, where it had been amputated, was wrapped round with a red pocket-handkerchief, which, as it failed to hide the wet blood

oozing through its texture and left the knee-joint completely bare, disclosed a sickening sight too dreadful to behold.

But the worst was yet to come. Mr. Amyatt, in his anxiety to lift his hat as he passed the ladies, which he endeavoured to do with his bridle-hand, caught the handkerchief with one of the reins and dragged it completely off the leg. The ghastly stump was now exposed, with the bone protruding far beyond the flesh; and, as he pulled up the mare to re-adjust the handkerchief, which luckily had not fallen to the ground, a full view of the revolting spectacle was again inflicted on the ladies, both of whom turned deadly pale and were almost fainting on the spot.

‘I’ve seen many an ugly sight,’ said Frank, ‘in our shambles at home, but that beats all the carrion I ever saw. What a savage the man must be to carry it in that fashion along the high road, just as a butcher-boy would carry a leg of mutton!’

‘Disgusting indeed!’ replied Mrs. Cornish, now averting her head to shut out the odious sight. ‘The young man’s professional ardour has evidently led him to forget the feelings of the public, or he would surely have taken more pains to conceal such a burden. Do, Mary, stop the pony, and let him get out of sight as soon as possible.’

It transpired afterwards that Host, just as he was about to leave home with the intention of joining the otter-hounds, was summoned to attend a labourer who, returning with a waggon-load of lime from the kilns at North Huish, had slipped from the shafts, in a state of intoxication, and fallen under the wheels. One leg had escaped injury, but the other had been so frightfully crushed that nothing but its immediate amputation, in Host’s opinion, could save the poor fellow’s life. Accordingly, with that promptitude of action which characterised the man when he saw that an operation was indispensable, he set to work at once, and, with the aid of his assistant, removed the limb.

Of the latter’s share in the operation (the first serious one he had ever witnessed) the young man was so proud that he begged permission to carry the amputated leg with him back to Buckbury. This favour was readily granted, on the ground that the dissection of the limb would be likely to promote the youth’s knowledge of surgery; but little did Host dream that the vain fellow would expose it, as he did, to the disgust of the public, and parade it as a trophy of their mutual skill.\*

In about an hour after this adventure, the pony-carriage, commencing its descent towards the suburbs of Buckbury, Mrs. Cornish drew Frank’s attention to the verdant and picturesque scenery surrounding that primitive town. Woods and meadows luxuriant with flowers; a broad, sparkling brook, overhung with fern and still flecked with foam, dancing merrily on to ‘join the brimming river;’ the old shaggy moor in the background looking down majestically on the vale below, as the rays of the declining sun gilded its rugged tors

\* There are those now living (1874) who witnessed this offensive exhibition,



with a crown of glory: these all, taken in by the eye at one glance, combined to form a landscape such as Claude Lorraine himself would have been charmed to paint.

‘The site of the little town, too,’ said Mrs. Cornish, ‘is perfect, with its grand tower and that old Gothic schoolhouse standing out in such bold relief against those noble elms! I almost envy the happiness of its inmates; for, may not the poet say of them, as he said of the Eton boys:

“No sense have they of ills to come,  
Nor care beyond to-day.”

Frank’s forbearance could hold out no longer, as, with a lump rising like an apple in his throat at the prospect of being again so soon within those hated walls, he said:

‘If that poet had ever felt the weight of old Twigg’s lexicon on his head and known something about the “ills” of the past, he would certainly have told a different tale and acquired a better sense of the “ills to come” at that school. Why, he’ll knock down a boy like a snuff-box at a fair, if he only makes a false quantity in a Sapphic verse. No! I’d rather be kennel-boy to Ben Head than submit to such tyranny.’

‘Well,’ said Mrs. Cornish, mildly, though scarcely knowing how to answer Frank’s statement, ‘as the holidays are so near, and you expect your commission so soon, do make the best of your short stay there. Believe me, the Doctor is very easily disarmed by the obedience and attention of his scholars, though, doubtless, he may sometimes be a little severe in correcting their faults.’

The party by this time had arrived at the dread portals of the schoolhouse, into which, under the wing of his kind friend, Frank now entered, but not without a feeling very much akin to that an amateur would be likely to feel on entering a lion’s den. However, the boy showed no fear, carried his head high, and stepped along even lightly into the awful presence of Dr. Twigg.

There, then, we must now leave him, and report the interview at a future time.

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## CRICKET.

### THE SCHOOL AVERAGES, 1874.

WE have the pleasure of presenting our readers with the cricket averages of the elevens of our great schools for the year 1874. We are gratified that this year the Captain of the Clifton College eleven has, for the first time, favoured us with the averages of the force under his command in the cricket-field; and we are still more gratified that he, as well as the Captains of the Marlborough and Charterhouse elevens, has imitated the good example set for years past by

the Captain of the Cheltenham, and has furnished us with some comments on the abilities and capabilities of the members of his eleven. May the example spread! Under the auspices of the M.C.C. several school matches were played at Lord's during the past season, and certainly there was no reason for the boys to be made nervous by the number of spectators, or to be dismayed by the difficulties of the ground. The average attendance at Lord's at any match other than one of the half-dozen which 'draw a house,' is limited to about three men and a boy, who sit in apparent perplexity as to what motives could have induced them to place themselves where they are. The ground is now as easy as it used to be difficult, and offers little or no hindrance to the display of his powers by the most juvenile batsman. So far as we have been able to judge, or have heard, there has been a more than average dearth of good bowlers this season in the school elevens. There have been several successful, and more than one highly-finished, batsmen; but we do not think there has been any bowler so difficult as Mr. Shand, or so undeviatingly straight as Mr. Buckland. Judging by results, Mr. Dobbie of Charterhouse (9 runs per wicket) seems to have been one of the most efficient of the new hands at bowling, though the number of wide balls (45) bowled by him is truly alarming; while, as will be seen, our Clifton correspondent speaks highly of the promise displayed by Mr. Smith (10 runs per wicket). Some of the older members of elevens have kept up their position in this department of the game, notably Mr. Browne of Cheltenham (10 runs per wicket). The bowling of Marlborough seems to have been very expensive—indeed, their leading man is a lob-bowler, and, therefore, sure to be expensive, unless the Marlborough fielding is extraordinarily good—and Eton and Harrow could not well have been weaker than they were. When we turn to the batting, the contrast is so remarkable that we cannot help regretting that every one seems not only to aspire to be a batsman, but also is willing to work hard to become one, while the time necessary for practising bowling is evidently grudged. Every year amateurs are becoming more and more dependent on professionals for assistance in bowling; indeed, when we have named the three Graces, Mr. Appleby, and Mr. Buchanan—and these last two are cricketers of some considerable standing—it would be difficult to suggest many more amateur bowlers fit to take prominent part in the great matches of the season. It might, by-the-way, be possibly worth while to try Captain Fellowes next year at Lord's against the Players, particularly if Jordan could manage to get a wicket of the old-fashioned sort, with a bit of a bump in it; but we make the suggestion with a good deal of hesitation. To return to the public school batsmen. Though there are some formidable competitors for the first place, we think that distinction would be awarded by general consent to Mr. Webbe of Harrow (average 40·6), than whom a more finished batsman, considering his age, has rarely been seen. Both in total number of runs and in average his namesake—is he a relation?—Mr. H. R.

Webbe of Winchester (average  $42\frac{3}{4}$ ) comes very near him; while the other batsmen who have obtained over 500 runs during the season are Mr. Forbes of Eton (average  $30\frac{3}{4}$ ), Mr. Lee of Marlborough (average 24), and Mr. Browne of Cheltenham (average 26). This last-named gentleman has been five years in the Cheltenham eleven, and has throughout kept up an unusually high position in every department of the game. He is one of those rarities, often talked off but seldom seen, a genuine all-round cricketer. There are plenty of fine batting averages besides those we have mentioned, as the subjoined returns will show; and we will only remark, in conclusion, that the highest average of the year has been gained by Mr. McKeand of Westminster (average 47), although he has scored only the comparatively small total of 329 runs. Four 'not-outs,' according to the usual system of not counting them as innings, help considerably to swell his average. Had Mr. Whitmore's (of Eton) average been calculated on this principle, it would have been still higher than Mr. McKeand's. It is noticeable that the largest total score obtained this season (566, by Mr. Webbe of Harrow) falls considerably short of the largest obtained last year (639, by Mr. Parry of Charterhouse); but that is partly accounted for by the fact that Mr. Parry played 35 innings last year, while Mr. Webbe has only played 14 this season. The comparison, therefore, is in reality very much in favour of the accomplished Harrow batsman of 1874.

There were eight old players in the Eton eleven, and the best of them made a marked advance in their batting averages. The two Messrs. Lyttelton played the same number of innings (17), got almost the same number of runs (Hon. E. Lyttelton, 447; Hon. A. Lyttelton, 454), and have each a fine average of over 26 runs per innings. Mr. Forbes, however (average  $30\frac{3}{4}$ ) is the highest scorer for the season. Eton had undoubtedly a strong batting eleven—for a public school—in 1874, but was not remarkable in other points of the game. We regret that the Eton bowling averages have not reached us.

#### THE ETON ELEVEN BATTING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Number of Innings.	Times not out.	Highest Score.	Total Number of Runs.	Average.
Hon. E. Lyttelton . . . . .	17	1	77*	447	$26\frac{1}{2}$
Hon. A. Lyttelton . . . . .	17	2	104	454	$26\frac{1}{2}$
H. E. Whitmore . . . . .	11	5	109	285	$25\frac{1}{4}$
W. Forbes . . . . .	17	1	88	525	$30\frac{3}{4}$
E. Ralli . . . . .	17	1	40	123	$7\frac{1}{4}$
F. Judd . . . . .	16	0	98	295	$18\frac{1}{2}$
E. W. Denison . . . . .	14	0	17	62	$4\frac{1}{2}$
A. C. Miles . . . . .	15	2	27*	166	$11\frac{1}{2}$
A. Haskett-Smith . . . . .	17	2	20	166	$9\frac{1}{2}$
J. Bayly . . . . .	6	8	5*	19	3
J. Wakefield . . . . .	6	0	14	41	$6\frac{1}{2}$

\* Not out.

If one sterling batsman could have infused something of his own spirit into his comrades, Mr. Webbe, setting the example to Harrow, might have seen his school victorious throughout the season. A better cricketer was never more inefficiently supported. We do not expect wonders in school elevens, still less more than one wonder in one eleven; yet between Mr. Webbe's average (40·6) and that of Mr. Walker, who approaches him most nearly—yet at what an interval (14·3)—the gap is too great. Or look at it from another point of view. Mr. Webbe scored nearly 600 runs in fourteen innings; the rest of the eleven, put together, did not get much over 900 runs. And Mr. Webbe's runs were got in a style not often seen in so young a player. His run-getting was as certain as it was safe; and later in the season he showed his ability to meet very superior bowling with equal ease and efficiency. The Harrow bowling was pretty nearly as bad as that of Eton. Eight out of the eleven tried their hands at it—2 pretty plain proof that there was not a real bowler to be found amongst them. It must be said for Harrow that seven of the eleven in 1874 were new hands.

## THE HARROW SCHOOL BATTING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Number of Innings.	Runs.	Times not out.	Most in an Innings.	Average.
A. J. Webbe . . . . .	14	566	0	80	40·6
W. H. Grenfell . . . . .	13	39	3	8	3·9
G. B. Walker . . . . .	14	157	3	52	14·3
P. E. Crutchley . . . . .	15	90	1	23*	6·6
E. H. Hills . . . . .	14	133	3	26	12·1
Lord Anson . . . . .	15	127	1	22	9·1
F. L. H. Morrice . . . . .	14	112	3	41	10·2
J. P. McInroy . . . . .	12	59	2	11	5·9
H. E. Meek . . . . .	14	123	2	25	10·3
C. M. Kemp . . . . .	14	85	1	18	6·7
A. Banbury . . . . .	5	18	1	11	4·2

\* Not out.

## THE HARROW SCHOOL BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Balls.	Maiden Overs.	Runs.	Wickets.	Wides.	Runs for each Wicket.
A. J. Webbe . . . . .	322	17	147	10	0	14·7
W. H. Grenfell . . . . .	1296	83	546	39	0	14
P. E. Crutchley . . . . .	670	36	342	26	0	13·4
F. L. H. Morrice . . . . .	50	3	28	1	2	28
J. P. McInroy . . . . .	802	40	356	20	0	17·16
H. E. Meek . . . . .	550	27	253	20	8	12·13
C. M. Kemp . . . . .	100	7	36	3	0	12
A. Banbury . . . . .	339	16	164	7	5	23·3

Old and young players were pretty equally divided in this year's Winchester eleven. In batting Mr. H. R. Webbe (514 runs) has made a tremendous bound in his average, from 18 in 1873 to  $42\frac{3}{4}$  in 1874. His nearest competitor is Mr. Sim (average  $19\frac{3}{4}$ ). Last year Mr. Shuter (507 runs, average  $33\frac{1}{2}$ ) was similarly far ahead of the rest of his eleven. The bowling averages are not so good on the whole as last year, though Mr. C. T. Abbott has improved his average from 14 runs per wicket to 12.

## WINCHESTER COLLEGE BATTING AVERAGES.

NAME.	Innings.	Runs.	Most in an Innings.	Times not out.	Average.
H. J. B. Hollings . . . . .	13	209	45	0	$16\frac{1}{4}$
G. S. Marriott . . . . .	12	104	26	1	$9\frac{1}{2}$
H. R. Webbe . . . . .	13	514	86	1	$42\frac{3}{4}$
J. H. Savory . . . . .	10	135	28	0	$13\frac{1}{2}$
C. T. Abbott . . . . .	10	130	30	0	13
A. D. Sim . . . . .	12	235	64	0	$19\frac{3}{4}$
H. Cumberbatch . . . . .	13	158	31	1	$13\frac{1}{4}$
W. A. Thornton . . . . .	12	161	60	2	$16\frac{1}{2}$
W. Abbott . . . . .	12	29	10	6	$4\frac{1}{2}$
W. Milne . . . . .	8	53	25	1	$7\frac{1}{2}$
E. R. Wood . . . . .	11	164	79	2	$18\frac{1}{2}$

## WINCHESTER COLLEGE BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAME.	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Wides.	No Balls.	Runs per Wicket.
C. T. Abbott . . . . .	1121	445	76	37	1	0	$12\frac{1}{2}$
W. A. Thornton . . . . .	1222	514	89	29	2	2	$17\frac{1}{2}$
G. S. Marriott . . . . .	823	442	64	18	3	0	19
H. J. B. Hollings . . . . .	456	270	20	17	3	0	$15\frac{1}{2}$
W. Milne . . . . .	198	107	13	8	0	0	$13\frac{3}{8}$
A. D. Sim . . . . .	196	120	12	4	0	0	30

It was impossible last year not to notice the wretched averages of the Westminster eleven. A dismal array of single figures, from 9 down to 1, was interrupted by a solitary double-figure average of 15, the hero of which had actually amassed 94 runs in 8 innings. Matters have mended at Westminster since then, and this year ten out of the eleven have double-figure averages. One of the ten, Mr. McKeand, has the highest batting average (47) of the 'year, though, as we have elsewhere remarked, that remarkable average is the result of a peculiar method of calculation. And we may here say that we think a more reliable test of the batsman's merits is furnished by dividing the total number of runs obtained by the number of innings, whether completed or incomplete, than by neglecting

the latter. The bowling averages of Westminster are not nearly so good as those of last year. There were five old players and six new in the Westminster eleven of 1874.

#### THE WESTMINSTER SCHOOL BATTING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Number of Innings.	Times not out.	Number of Runs.	Most in an Innings.	Most in a Match.	Average.
R. McKeand (Captain) . . . . .	11	4	329	103*	103	47
C. Fox . . . . .	10	0	277	87	87	27·7
E. Waddington . . . . .	11	1	152	28	28	15·2
F. Rawson . . . . .	7	1	75	33*	33	12·3
E. H. Alington . . . . .	11	0	128	31	31	11·7
N. C. Bailey . . . . .	11	1	113	27	27	11·3
W. Titcomb . . . . .	6	1	58	17*	17	11·3
E. Horne . . . . .	5	0	53	27	27	10·3
R. Mead . . . . .	5	0	53	16	16	10·3
A. Jackson . . . . .	4	1	30	14	14	10
W. C. Ryde . . . . .	11	0	90	19	27	8·2

\* Not out.

#### THE WESTMINSTER SCHOOL BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Balls.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Wides.	No Balls.	Average.
C. Fox . . . . .	1069	50	477	44	17	8	11·18
W. Titcomb . . . . .	1023	53	482	42	1	2	11·23
R. Mead . . . . .	890	43	466	36	16	6	13·12
E. W. Horne . . . . .	497	26	211	10	11	0	22·2
W. C. Ryde . . . . .	221	1	126	7	21	0	21

Matches played 9 ; won 3, drawn 2, lost 5.

(5 balls to the over.)

What have the Charterhouse boys been doing to be deprived of half their cricket? In 1873, Mr. Parry played 35 innings ; in 1874, he has only played 11. The batting averages are much the same as last year. There is none higher than 18, nor was there in 1873, so the experiment of playing fewer matches and making more runs has not at present succeeded. In bowling, Mr. Parry has kept pretty well up to the standard he maintained in 1873, and, for a lob-bowler, he is not expensive. As will be seen by the notes of our correspondent, however, Mr. Dobbie is the lion of the bowling department, and probably, with more practice, he will be able another year to restrain that impetuosity which has caused him to deliver so many balls in 1874 wide of the wicket.

## BATTING AVERAGES OF THE CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL (GODALMING).

NAME.	Innings.	Runs.	Largest Score in an Innings.	Times not out.	Average.
W. W. Drew . . .	13	103	30	1	8-7-12
E. H. Parry . . .	11	168	63	1	16-4-5
H. G. Jeaffreson . . .	12	114	35	0	9-1-2
A. W. Corrie . . .	14	260	64	0	18-4-7
H. D. Verelst . . .	14	103	29	0	8-1-14
T. J. Atherton . . .	10	83	20	2	10-3-8
H. H. Dobbie . . .	13	84	34*	1	7
C. H. Spooner . . .	13	51	10	1	4-1-4
N. J. Abdy . . .	13	121	44	0	9-4-13
C. L. N. Bishop . . .	9	92	41	1	11-1-2
A. W. F. Wilson . . .	13	27	9	6	3-6-7

\* Not out.

## BOWLING AVERAGES OF THE CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL.

NAME.	Deliv.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Average.
E. H. Parry . . .	1356	66	532	53	10-7-53
H. G. Jeaffreson . . .	608	33	250	22	11-19-22
A. W. Corrie . . .	295	17	125	8	15-1-2
T. J. Atherton . . .	261	9	138	6	24-5-6
H. H. Dobbie . . .	1165	65	387	46	9-9-23

E. H. Parry bowled 3 no balls and 2 wides; H. G. Jeaffreson 11, A. W. Corrie 4, T. J. Atherton 11, and H. H. Dobbie 45 wides.

W. W. Drew was Captain for 1873-74, and is succeeded by H. G. Jeaffreson, who is therefore Captain for 1875.

*W. W. Drew.* An ugly but at times a very successful bat; has distinguished himself more as a long-stop. A good man in the deep field. (Has left.)

*E. H. Parry.* A good, straight bat and a powerful hitter, although rather weak on the leg side. A good lob bowler and fine field on the ground, but a very uncertain catch. (Has left.)

*H. G. Jeaffreson.* An uncertain bat, at times doing good service, a fair field, and good medium pace change bowler.

*A. W. Corrie.* The best bat in the eleven, driving beautifully, and being a good all-round hitter; the school wicket-keeper, but will never be able to bowl until he sticks to one style. (Has left.)

*H. D. Verelst.* The model of a painstaking cricketer; in his position of first in, he has done good service by breaking the bowling; seldom scores high, but is very useful to an eleven; wants more dash in fielding. (Has left.)

*T. J. Atherton.* In bowling fell off in proportion as he improved in batting, but will never be able to play cricket until he learns how to field. (Has left.)

*H. H. Dobbie.* The eleven bowler (fast-round), in which department he greatly distinguished himself, and, notwithstanding numerous wides, gained the best average; a good free bat, but with rather weak defence; if he avoids loose hitting in practice ought to be very useful next season.

- C. H. Spooner.* A hard hitter, with no defence at all; will never be able to bat till he loses his superfluous amount of flourish. A fair field at point. (Has left.)
- N. J. Abdy.* The most promising player in the eleven, being a good punishing batsman with strong defensive powers, and also a capital field at long-leg and cover point.
- C. L. N. Bishop.* A really brilliant field, and will develop into a good bat as soon as he gets over the nervousness which at present spoils his play.
- A. W. F. Wilson.* A very poor bat, which is mainly due to the bad habit of loose hitting in practice, which he must carefully avoid for the future; the best field in the eleven, and it is to that he owes his place in it.

Only three of the eleven of 1873 remained at Rugby this year, and only one of the three, Mr. Vernon, was a bowler, and last year even he was not called upon to exercise his skill in that department of the game. Thus the Rugby bowling was committed to entirely new hands, and Mr. Key (11 runs per wicket) has done most of the work. Mr. Vernon, though a new bowler, has an excellent average, and so has Mr. Cunliffe. Indeed, as compared with most of the school elevens, Rugby shows strong in bowling. In batting, Mr. Vernon maintains his last year's standard with admirable accuracy, and so does Mr. Forman, while Mr. Pearson takes a step from 10 to 15. A new man, however, Mr. Brownfield, takes first honours, both as highest aggregate scorer (345 runs) and also as having the highest average (28).

## RUGBY SCHOOL BATTING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Matches.	Innings.	Runs.	Most in an Innings.	Most in a Match.	Average per Innings.	Over.	Times not out.	Least in a Match.
G. F. Vernon.	10	14	262	42	43	20	2	1	1
J. Forman.	10	14	190	32	32	13	11	0	2
A. Pearson	10	14	218	79	94	15	8	0	0
E. T. Hirst	10	14	188	38	38	13	6	0	0
C. A. Key	9	11	51	26*	26*	6	3	3	0
D. H. Brownfield.	10	13	345	96*	115	28	9	1	5
D. F. Burton	8	11	130	37	37	13	0	1	1
A. Campbell	10	13	112	31	31	9	4	1	0
C. M. Agnew	6	7	136	46	46	19	3	0	10
C. M. Cunliffe	10	12	100	27	35	11	1	3	0
S. L. King	3	5	24	9	12	8	0	2	1*

\* Not out.

## RUGBY SCHOOL BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Innings.	Balls.	Over.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Runs off each Over.	Runs for each Wicket.	Wide Balls.	No Balls.	Average per Innings.
G. F. Vernon	21	956	239	497	36	60	1 258	8 19	0	0	2 18
C. A. Key	19	2332	583	857	225	76	1 274	11 21	20	7	4 0
C. M. Cunliffe	18	908	227	392	60	36	1 165	10 32	0	0	2 0



Of the five old Marlburians, Mr. Lee—though described in the subjoined comments as wanting in defence—has got the largest number of runs and the highest average also. Mr. Wickham, too, and Mr. Mackarness have got on in their batting, and, take them altogether, the Marlborough eleven seem to have been a run-getting lot. The batting returns, however, are imperfect, the number of matches and innings played not being specified. How the batting averages are arrived at is therefore a matter of mystery. The bowling was expensive, all of it; and the notes with which our correspondent has favoured us will give more information as to its merits than we are able to supply from our own knowledge.

#### THE MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE BATTING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Number of Runs.	Most in an Innings.	Most in a Match.	Average.
F. H. Lee—winner of average bat . . . . .	506	95*	95	$24\frac{3}{4}$
A. P. Wickham . . . . .	446	59	59	$20\frac{3}{4}$
A. C. Sim. . . . .	254	53	70	$12\frac{1}{10}$
F. M. C. Mackarness . . . . .	295	56	56	$18\frac{7}{8}$
G. R. Burge—absent for the greater part of the season.				
H. R. Armstrong . . . . .	383	85*	115	$21\frac{3}{8}$
A. G. Steel . . . . .	268	60	117	$16\frac{3}{4}$
A. V. White . . . . .	358	80*	80*	$18\frac{1}{10}$
H. St. L. Fagan . . . . .	67	17	17	$7\frac{3}{8}$
C. G. H. Mann . . . . .	211	33	36	$10\frac{1}{10}$
H. C. King . . . . .	126	25	42	$12\frac{3}{8}$
A. J. Samborne—winner of second eleven bat . . . . .	81	28	30	$10\frac{1}{8}$

\* Not out.

#### THE MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Balls.	Runs.	Wickets.	Wides.	Average per Wicket.
F. H. Lee . . . . .	1679	777	41	1	$18\frac{3}{4}$
H. St. L. Fagan—winner of average ball . . . . .	1222	645	44	10	$14\frac{3}{8}$
G. R. Burge—absent for the greater part of the season.					
H. C. King . . . . .	941	475	23	5	$20\frac{1}{8}$
H. R. Armstrong . . . . .	917	414	26	0	$15\frac{1}{4}$
A. G. Steel—without the Rugby Match . . . . .	347	122	7	1	$17\frac{3}{4}$

#### Characters of 1874 Eleven.

*F. H. Lee.* On his day a very good lob-bowler; very fair bat, with hard hitting powers, but wants defence. Fields brilliantly anywhere, especially at point. Has made an excellent Captain. Winner of the average bat. (Has left.)

- A. P. Wickham.* A very good and trustworthy bat. Has an obstinate defence, combined with good leg hitting and driving powers. Has kept the wicket well throughout the season. (Has left.)
- A. C. Sim.* A very uncertain bat at first, but dangerous when well in. Gave great promise during the early part of the season, but unaccountably fell off towards the end. An excellent field at long-leg and cover point, making good use of his reach, but must learn to throw in with greater precision; has been known to bowl. (Has left.)
- F. M. C. Mackarness.* Has improved very much in batting this season. Can generally be relied on to make runs, but should study hitting to leg. A sure catch in the long field. (Has left.)
- G. R. Burge.* Has disappointed us both in bowling and batting during the season, being a good deal thrown back by illness. Wants more confidence as a bat, and must learn not to lose heart directly his bowling is hit. A good field at short-slip.
- H. R. Armstrong.* Has improved wonderfully in batting owing to the pains he has taken, though he occasionally returns to his old reckless style of playing. A useful school bowler when on the spot, but is rather uncertain. A good field and catch anywhere. (Has left.)
- A. G. Steel.* A very promising bat indeed if he chooses to take the trouble to improve. Has played some brilliant innings during the season. A useful change bowler when required. Room for improvement in the field.
- A. V. White.* A steady, painstaking bat with good powers of defence, very punishing on the off side; should get more freedom in hitting to the on. Ought to be very useful next year. A good long-stop, but must practice catching. Captain for 1875.
- H. St. L. Fagan.* A very good, slow left-hand bowler. Has been of great service during the season. Should learn to use his head and alter his pace more than he does at present. A good field to his own bowling. Wants more freedom in batting. Has got the average ball for 1874. (Has left.)
- C. G. H. Mann.* A nervous bat, too eager to make runs when he first goes in, but hits freely when once set. Rather weak on the leg side and too fond of cutting at straight balls. Very slow in the field. (Has left.)
- C. H. King.* A painstaking bat; wants more confidence at first, but hits hard when once in. Rather clumsy in the field. A good change bowler when on the spot, but is at times erratic.

There were only two old players in the Cheltenham eleven, Mr. Browne and Mr. Oliver, but those two were a host in themselves. Between them they got nearly 1000 runs; and Mr. Browne did nearly as much execution with the ball as all his colleagues put together. Mr. Browne has been for five years in the Cheltenham eleven, and throughout those five years he has kept on advancing in proficiency at cricket. Cheltenham will miss him sadly in every department of the game, although there are good men left to fill his place. Of the new men Mr. Allsopp promises well in batting, bowling, and fielding. Mr. Hayes appears from the returns to have been a successful bowler, though not much tried. The others are expensive, though we like the account of Mr. Crane, 'a good round-arm bowler, with a break from the off.'

## THE CHELTENHAM COLLEGE BATTING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Innings.	Runs.	Not out.	Highest Innings.	Most in an Innings.	Average.
E. de S. H. Browne . . . . .	21	535	1	102	122	26 $\frac{1}{3}$
T. W. N. Oliver . . . . .	21	445	0	66	86	21 $\frac{1}{3}$
E. D. Crane . . . . .	19	146	4	43*	42	9 $\frac{1}{3}$
F. E. Allsopp . . . . .	21	398	2	107	107	20 $\frac{1}{3}$
T. P. Shelmerdine . . . . .	21	195	1	34	34	9 $\frac{1}{3}$
R. H. Fowler . . . . .	20	243	1	46	47	12 $\frac{1}{3}$
C. H. Hayes . . . . .	21	212	2	59	59	19 $\frac{1}{3}$
C. Stanhope . . . . .	16	159	0	82	82	9 $\frac{1}{3}$
G. C. Pakenham . . . . .	19	89	6	25	25	6 $\frac{1}{3}$
T. Moore . . . . .	20	217	2	39	40	12 $\frac{1}{3}$
J. H. Young . . . . .	7	64	3	33*	33	16

\* Not out.

## THE CHELTENHAM COLLEGE BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Runs per Wicket.
E. de S. H. Browne . . . . .	443 $\frac{1}{2}$	170	755	74	10·2
T. W. N. Oliver . . . . .	28 $\frac{1}{2}$	11	51	3	17
E. D. Crane . . . . .	202 $\frac{1}{2}$	54	433	28	15·1
F. E. Allsopp . . . . .	136	34	287	17	16·9
G. C. Pakenham . . . . .	252	70	489	26	18·8
C. H. Hayes . . . . .	132	57	210	17	12·3

Browne, Oliver, and Crane, each bowled 4 wides.

*Remarks on the Eleven.*

- E. de S. H. Browne.* Captain 1872-74; has been five years in the eleven; a fine batsman, with stubborn defence and splendid cutting powers; the best field in the College, and a good bowler; a most useful man in any eleven. (Has left.)
- T. W. N. Oliver.* A very dangerous batsman, driving and hitting to leg tremendously hard; can always be counted upon for runs; a good and active field at cover and long-leg; an erratic bowler.
- F. E. Allsopp.* A very good and steady bat, driving and cutting well, promises to become first rate; a very fair, slow round-arm bowler, generally getting wickets; a fine field at cover and long-leg.
- E. D. Crane.* A good round-arm bowler, with a break from the off; an ugly bat, but occasionally gets runs when wanted; a fair field.
- R. H. Fowler.* A very good bat, at the same time a very nervous batsman; plays in beautiful form, and, when stronger, will be a most useful man for the eleven; a good field at point, sometimes making wonderful catches.
- T. P. Shelmerdine.* A good, hard-working wicketeer; hits well to the on, and bats steadily; an exceedingly good long-stop; has the making of a bowler. (Has left.)
- C. H. Hayes.* Bats well, with a pretty style; on his day an extremely difficult bowler, but hardly takes sufficient pains; fields very well. (Has left.)

*G. C. Pakenham.* A good, slow round-arm bowler; a hard-hitting batsman, but has no defence; a good, useful field anywhere; ought to be very useful next year.

*T. Moore.* The wicket-keeper of the eleven, but not by any means a good one; a very fair field and bat, having much improved; can bowl a little; ought to be good next year.

*J. H. Young.* Came on late in the season; a fine batsman, hitting very hard to all parts of the field in good style; fields beautifully at times, but is apt to be careless. (Has left.)

*W. L. S. L. Cameron.* Got his colours as twelfth man; would have been in the eleven but for his work; a good hard-hitting batsman, and a fair field at long-leg, covering a deal of ground and throwing in well; a fair, slow round-arm bowler. (Has left.)

Last, but not least, we have the returns of the Clifton College eleven; and though this educational establishment is comparatively young in years, it has already made a name on account of the cricketing talent it has developed; and we feel certain that to be a member of the Clifton College eleven is proof of a more than ordinary amount of cricketing talent. We have no previous returns of the doings of Clifton College with which to compare those we are now favoured with, but the very useful notes at the foot of the averages give, we are certain, a fair and impartial estimate of the merits of the players. The batting averages show an excellent array of double figures; and the fast bowler, whose pace must be something tremendous—for only one man in the eleven, Mr. Greene, could long-stop to him, and ‘without him Stubbs would have been impossible’—has got his wickets at no very extravagant price, and has only discharged 17 wides during the season. He is warned not to bowl himself out; and, according to all our experience of amateur bowlers, there is little fear of his committing this dangerous error. By the time he gets to college, Mr. Stubbs will value his ease much too highly to think of ‘bowling himself out,’ and will be more likely to decline to bowl at all.

## CLIFTON COLLEGE BATTING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Total Innings.	Times not out.	Most in a Match.	Total Runs.	Most in Innings.	Average.
R. E. Bush . . . . .	17	2	116	316	116	21 $\frac{1}{5}$
A. H. Heath . . . . .	17	1	120	460	120*	28 $\frac{1}{2}$
E. L. Maisey . . . . .	16	2	100	384	79	27 $\frac{1}{2}$
R. W. Rücker . . . . .	15	4	35	122	29	11 $\frac{1}{11}$
T. W. Stubbs . . . . .	12	3	26	88	25*	9 $\frac{1}{5}$
H. Fowler . . . . .	16	4	55	239	48*	19 $\frac{1}{2}$
S. Taylor . . . . .	14	2	32	146	30	12 $\frac{1}{8}$
J. J. Hewson . . . . .	7	1	44	96	44	16
A. D. Greene . . . . .	15	2	61	231	61*	17 $\frac{1}{3}$
T. Smith . . . . .	4	0	17	29	17	7 $\frac{1}{2}$
A. George . . . . .	13	1	24	74	24	6 $\frac{1}{8}$

## CLIFTON COLLEGE BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAME.	Balls.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Wides.	No Balls.	Runs per Wicket.
Stubbs . . . . .	1271	100	627	61	17	0	10 $\frac{1}{4}$
Smith . . . . .	538	30	288	21	3	0	13 $\frac{3}{4}$
George . . . . .	630	41	272	14	6	8	19 $\frac{1}{4}$
Fowler . . . . .	1023	47	686	29	0	3	23 $\frac{1}{2}$
Maisey . . . . .	147	14	124	5	1	0	24 $\frac{1}{2}$
Heath . . . . .	423	20	276	11	1	0	25 $\frac{1}{4}$

*R. E. Bush* (21 $\frac{1}{5}$ ). Captain of the eleven, is a thoroughly good bat when once set, cutting well and hitting finely to square leg; a fair wicket-keeper, and a very good field at long leg and cover.

*A. H. Heath* (28 $\frac{1}{2}$ ). Is a very promising bat, with a painstaking defence, and hitting well all round; perhaps a little too fond of forward play; an exceedingly good field, and a useful change bowler of medium pace.

*E. L. Maisey* (27 $\frac{3}{4}$ ). Has improved immensely as a bat, combining a most patient defence with good hitting power, and always playing in good form. He has been quite the most trustworthy bat of the eleven. He is a good field and a fair change bowler.

*R. W. Rücker* (11 $\frac{1}{4}$ ). Has set a good example of painstaking cricket, but has not been lucky with the bat. He has become a good and valuable field, and is always a fair wicket-keeper.

*T. W. Stubbs* (9 $\frac{1}{2}$ ). Is a very fast round-arm bowler, and at the beginning of the season was very destructive, but fell off towards the end. He wants more regular practice to become a thoroughly good bowler, but must take care not to bowl himself out. He ought to make a good bat some day, and with more steadiness no doubt will do so.

*H. Fowler* (19 $\frac{1}{4}$ ). Has improved a good deal as a bat. He is a very hard hitter, with good, strong back play and a fair defence. In his bowling there has not been so much advance, but he has often done good service.

*S. Taylor* (12 $\frac{1}{2}$ ). Is a very promising bat, with good defence and a neat, clean hit. He makes a remarkably good catch now and then, but wants more life in the field generally.

*J. J. Hewson* (16). Improved considerably as a bat during the season, and has now a very fair defence indeed. He is one of the best fields in the school, with a neat and quick return.

*A. D. Greene* (17 $\frac{1}{4}$ ). Is the long stop of the eleven, and a remarkably good one. He has been invaluable this season, for without him Stubbs would have been quite impossible. As a bat he has much improved, and on two or three critical occasions has shown most praiseworthy patience and steadiness.

*T. Smith* (7 $\frac{1}{4}$ ). Came out as a bowler quite late in the season, but fully justified his colours by all his subsequent performances. His bowling is of medium pace and very straight. Against slow bowling he is a determined bat, but not yet equal to fast bowling.

*A. George* (6 $\frac{1}{2}$ ). Is a very useful left-hand bowler, with a good break back; a very neat field at point and a fair bat, but wants freedom.

*Results of Matches.*—Matches played 12; won 7, drawn 4, lost 1.

## BEHIND THE FLOATS.

'WE could as easily back winners as catch fish in this weather,' said the man in spectacles, with a moody glance at the glowing flagstones. So said the soldier: so said the slim man. 'And pray who expects 'to catch fish, or for that matter wishes to catch fish?' remarked the tall party, wiping his brow, and leaning heavily back in an easy chair. 'Is it nothing to get away for a few hours from London 'streets, and to breathe new air, and smell fresh smells? Is it 'nothing to have a holiday at any price, and anywhere, let alone the 'certainty of killing pike a yard long, and perch averaging three 'pounds, in the best water in England—water so renowned and so 'jealously guarded that men dream of it as an unattainable angler's 'paradise, where they may as little hope to wet line as in the Grand 'Lama's fish-ponds?' The soldier was heard to murmur that he knew a good deal about Asia, but was not certain as to the whereabouts of the Lama's fish-ponds, and the man in spectacles mentally resolved that something about fishing in Thibet would 'do' very well for 'next week;' a mysterious determination which the chronicler is unable to explain. But the talk of monster pike and perch was conclusive. The notion, too, of fishing in waters from which the outside world is debarred touched a chord in the heart of all four. 'The sooner we go the better!' exclaimed with one accord the trio to whom the tall gentleman had broken the news of the treat in store. So kindly, indeed, did they take to the notion, that each of the three announced his intention of at once going away to think the matter quietly over, and, with a parting suggestion that their friend should provide rods and tackle, and plenty of baits, and cigars, and see about the time of the trains, they hurried from the tall gentleman's sanctum, the spectacled person merely pausing on the threshold to remind him that a moderate-sized flask would be no use amongst four people on a dusty journey, and that he could easily get a big can of live minnows at Alfred's.

Did it ever happen that the weather was propitious on the one day's fishing holiday of the year? Never! Either the stream was bankful of muddy water, or so low that each pebble on the bottom could be touched with the rod tip; or the mill had been stopped, or sheep-washing was going on. Or, these drawbacks failing, thunder grumbled through the hills from morning to night, or a bitter cold east wind blew steadily in the wrong direction, or there was such a blaze of scorching sunshine that the skin dried and cracked on your face and hands, and it was blindness to glance at the flashing surface of the water. For the friends it was decreed that *their* day should be a broiler. Little use was it to look out on the early morning mist, and make mental prophecies that a close, cloudy day was in store. The anglers' fate was told by the aspect of London streets long ere the station was reached whence they were to be whisked to the lake of their desires. Apprentices were languidly fixing awnings above

shop windows; ginger-beer stalls had betimes attracted customers; early omnibus drivers had already mounted linen or muslin adjuncts to their head-gear, and the glare from pavement, and flagstones, and white walls was beginning to be troublesome. True to time the friends come together under the broad roof of Euston Station and depute an emissary to make the needful arrangements about tickets. In his absence three of the band throw themselves on benches, or stand in easy attitudes, calculated, taken in conjunction with the rods and panniers, and correct fisherman's garb, to interest and gratify the lookers-on. Who knows but that they may be taken for the great angling correspondents of the sporting newspapers, those mighty beings to whom dukes defer, and keepers are obsequious. But pride goes before a fall, and there is discomfiture and shame in the very walk of the emissary as he comes slowly down the platform to announce that by misreading a time-table the party have mustered an hour too early. 'I knew when I rode behind a squinting cab-driver that this was an ill-fated expedition,' says the spectacled man, who is a great deal too much interested in turf matters, and has imbibed some of the superstitions that sway those who bet on horse-racing. The others look vengefully round for the originator of the mistake, but fortunately he is far away, buried in business within sound of 'Change, and there is nothing for it but to look pleasant and wait. One of the party has been out late at a wayze-goose on the previous night, and he discovers that it is shadier to sit in the refreshment-room than on the platform. Presently his companions are won over to the same belief; but judging from the rattling of money when compelled to leave and take their places in the train, the charge at Euston for shady seats must be rather heavy. At last the shrill newspaper boys cease their clamour; the carriage doors are closed with a jerk, and the journey has fairly commenced. There is communicative, although unIntroduced, female companionship for such of the travellers as are gay bloods, and the modest and retiring can gaze silently into the pleasant landscape, or snooze softly under the benign influence of a leader in their morning paper. So in due course, and with few stoppages, they arrive at a cheerful leafy station in the smiling Hertford land. Across the road is a comfortable old-fashioned hostelry, with a bow-windowed bar, and a gleaming show of pewter and glass. It is a hostelry to which Londoners were well-accustomed in old hunting-days, long before Hannah and Favonius—whose portraits adorn the walls of the snuggery—had been dreamt of in the mind of Markham. It is a hostelry so tempting and seductive that some one proposes that the anglers shall take breath there. The transactions that take place on leaving suggest that breathing in Herts, like shade at Euston, is a costly luxury. There are chariots and horses awaiting the quartet, when they have consumed some ten minutes in taking breath, and away they tear down narrow, winding lanes, raising clouds of dust as they go, and quite disturbing the order of a Band-of-Hope procession that is slowly dragging its weary way from one village to another, with much falsely enthusi-

astic waving of banners, constructed by amateur hands, and wailing, dirge-like songs from tired children. Round the awkward corner, and over the nasty bridge, and at last the friends have reached their destination. It is a strange, wild scene—water to right and left, spreading out in wide, quiet sheets, and an air of solitude about both water and land that to fishermen has an especial charm. It is easy to believe that the fish in the right-hand pool seldom see a line, and even the most incredulous of the party is now ready to believe in the chance of a monster pike or perch. There is a keeper in waiting, one of those clear-eyed, grey-haired, stoutly-framed men whose vocation can be guessed at a glance without the hint supplied by velveteen and sturdy leggings. Precious time has been lost, this experienced personage thinks, and the sooner all are on board his boat and at work the better. Down the steps of the picturesque boat-house and into the roomy craft that waits them stumble the eager piscators, and presently, with a great rattling of chains and lumbering of oars, emerge from its shadows, and, urged by the keeper's strong arms, are under way for the 'best hole.' Through the clear water small fry can be seen in thousands, playing amidst the waste of weeds, and as a light breeze comes stealing across the lake, men's spirits rise, and there is a general unpacking of rod-bags and arranging of tackle. People who have only angled in thought for a dozen years or so are apt to be 'unfendy' in putting their implements in order, and there is trouble enough in getting things to-rights in a rather crowded boat, even to men who in young days have made light of traversing a pine-thicket with rod and flies. It always happens, too, that on 'scratch' expeditions some one has left behind a winch, or finds recently-purchased paternosters and gut-bottoms in a hopeless tangle when drawn from their envelopes. Floats, too, are often a stumbling-block; and the soldier produces one about half the size of a ginger-beer bottle and calmly adjusts it to his line, unconscious of the stony stare of surprise with which velveteens regards it. The lake or reservoir, whichever it may be, is the haunt of great numbers of coots and moor-hens; the former swim shyly by the edge of the weed-beds, now singly, now in little flocks, and their low cries fall pleasantly on the ear in conjunction with the wave-wash at the bow of the boat. There are rumours of wild ducks and teal bred on the banks, and far off, lone and stately, floats a great crested grebe, whose long and ruffled neck is a new sight to some of the voyagers. The point is reached which Mr. Keeper in his wisdom deems best for commencing. Twenty yards from the bank, where the big willow-trees bend, and hens cluck round the rude walls of a cottage garden, the anchor is slipped—and now for the baits. With an air of carelessness, as if the matter had only just occurred to him and was of no consequence at all, he who had undertaken to cater for the fish mentions that he has brought no minnows. No minnows! on a day like this, when even perch will be hot and lazy and hardly tempted to appetite. He has red worms in plenty, and gentles, and with such substitutes for the silver-sided fishlings all are fain to be content until the keeper, with



a smile of conscious superiority, uncovers the boat's well and produces a kettle of charming-sized gudgeon. There! Hooks are all baited at last and dropped quietly into the deep gaps in the weed-beds, where fish must lie if there are any in the lake. One minute passes—two—three—five. Still the soldier's buoy-like float lobs heavily on one side without a quiver, and still his companions gaze with painfully-fixed stare on their better-proportioned compound of cork and quill. Down stream the scorching rays of sun, defying the protection of white handkerchiefs and linen cloth. The boat sweats and bubbles at the seams, and it appears almost at the risk of a scald that hands are dipped in the water. How his companions envy the soldier an amazing tropical hat of depth, and coolness, and prodigious brim, at which earlier in the day they had ventured to crack jokes! A youthful rustic reclining on the bank rolls himself lazily a few yards beneath the shade of the trees—to rise and walk the distance is out of the question—and looks sleepily out from his leafy shelter without an atom of expression on his sun-tanned face. Croak! croak! the coots and moor-hens talk to one another about the intruders on their domains and swim a little nearer the boat, but very slowly, as if the exertion was too much for them.

Folks who for the first time angle in water reported to be alive with fish are apt to expect too much, and, consequently, soon lose heart if unsuccessful. Possibly each of our fishermen had cherished some such belief as that ere his bait was well wetted he would be fast in a gigantic jack or perch of dreadful back-fin. So, when ten minutes have passed without a nibble an unaccustomed gloom steals over them, and they become slightly cross. Pipes and cigars, unthought of at first, are produced and lighted, and as each puffs moodily, three of the party mentally determine that their companion's unwieldy float has driven the fish away, and glance indignation askance at the offender. The coots float nearer and nearer, and even the grebe has moved his position by a hundred yards, as if to scan more closely the featherless fools who cannot catch fish. Hallo! the tall man has risen from his seat, and his rod is bending, and his float is out of sight, down amongst the nymphs of the lake. His companions grasp landing-nets, and scramble to their legs. The keeper looks interested, and the coots, startled by the sudden confusion, slide quietly back a rood or so. Even the rustic sloth on the bank sits up and opens his mouth as the tall man, with dexterous hand, brings, splashing, darting, and struggling to the surface green, and black-barred, and springing and fighting to the last, a brave three-quarter pound perch. Then forebodings and melancholy are dismissed. The keeper suddenly becomes amazingly popular, and there is great unscrewing of flask-tops and gurgling of soothing waters, until the slim gentleman gets a bite and a fish, and then the tall one catches three in succession, and it is as much as the attendant can do to disengage and bait hooks and drop the captured perch into the well. Presently things slacken a little as two lines, incautiously swung round at the same moment, become entangled, and the floats rest still on the surface until a fresh arrival of

fish, or sudden return of appetite sees them tugged down into the depths until their white tops are no longer visible. Occasionally a 'thumper' is brought to boat, and none of the perch are small. Somehow the gudgeon are not in favour, and the monster jack whose run was half hoped for, half dreaded, is not to be tempted from his lair. The keeper has wonderful stories of huge rud to be taken in cartloads at certain seasons. Be sure this is not one of them. Who ever yet found unusual fish in season or on feed? The four wot well of this, and, little acquainted with south of England waters, would marvel as much to draw up rud as to catch char or turbot. So passes the morning pleasantly, and when luncheon-time arrives the show of fish that flap in the well is respectable. 'Better keep on whilst they are in the humour, and eat afterwards,' thinks the keeper; but the hardy sportsmen hanker after fleshpots, and the man in spectacles especially, whose vocation renders him dictatorial, insists that the fish will bite much better in the cool of the evening. So the boat is pulled to the shore, and there is more whirling through dusty lanes, and then a prospect of a noble hall, set round with rich park scenery, a picture most truly English, with a touch of Australian life in the foreground, where a pair of emus stalk solemnly through the long grass. Within hospitable walls the friends make merry with viands and wassail; and dire are the threats of devastation to the fish breathed under the stimulus of the Gallic grape. 'I'd rather miss the train than lose another try for a big pike,' says one of them, smacking his lips. He speaks with all the fervour of the stable lad of whom a recent tale goes, that when his charge was about to start for the first time in a great race, he exclaimed in a transport of enthusiasm, 'I wouldn't drop down dead before that 'orse has run, not for 'twenty pound!' The words of the keeper were prophetic, for when the party have been rowed back to their old pitch the perch make no sign. Another place is tried without success, and then it is suddenly discovered that the man who wouldn't miss another turn at the pike has gone to sleep. Signs of somnolence exhibit themselves in other quarters. The soldier rouses the wonder and fear of his companions by the extraordinary attitude in which he takes his rest. An acrobat might endeavour to imitate it without success, and the way in which he contrives to keep the tropical hat in its place as he slumbers head downwards is worthy of a conjurer. The keeper is mildly but firmly triumphant. 'I told you there wouldn't be much good done in the evening,' he exclaims, as he selects a lively gudgeon to be tried as a forlorn hope; 'but, my word, what perch I have seen taken at this very place!' And then he goes on to tell his bite-less hearers how a lady came down one afternoon for an hour's fishing, and rowed the boat herself, 'just here as it might be,' and had hardly wetted her line before she got hold of a three-pound perch. And then came more and more, so that when the fair angler was tired of sport, she had caught a dozen or fourteen three-pounders, and two-pounders, and not one under a pound and a half! This is a pleasant story to be told to

men who cannot induce even a baby perch to nibble ! but the habit of relating galling tales of the sort is not peculiar to the keeper. Sporting attendants in general have a store of them, and as there is no time for talking when fish are feeding or birds plentiful, it is only at such slack moments as have fallen on our anglers that an audience can be obtained. But the keeper is an observant man, and a pleasant, and has shrewd remarks to make on beasts and birds. He so perplexes the naturalist of the party by a question as to the breeding of eels, that the son of science, overwhelmed with confusion, takes refuge in inarticulate mutterings, and puts on a worm with quite a vicious air. Now and again, as the sun sinks lower, a single perch is caught, and the gudgeon at last makes its solitary take in the shape of a handsome pound-and-a-half fish. The air grows colder, and the surface of the lake, previously glassy, is broken into mimic waves as a stiff chill wind begins to blow. The boat rocks uneasily at her anchorage, as if anxious to be housed for the night ; the swallows fly low and scream shrilly, and wild ducks rise from the sedge and fly swiftly off, as if their day's work was at an end. Even the slim man, most persevering of all, admits that it is time to depart. All on shore, the contents of the well are fished out by the keeper, and spread in a goodly row upon the grass. If so many, and such beauties, can be killed on a sweltering July day, what happiness awaits the lucky man who visits the water in late autumn. There are a couple of two-pounders, as to whose capture no dispute arises ; one of a pound and a half fiercely claimed by the man in spectacles, and sufficient besides to make the bearing of the fishing basket no light task. Good-bye, pleasant water ! and good-bye, keeper ! and then once more through the leafy lanes to the railway station.

A long wait at the hotel of the morning to take breath, and then the honest anglers are again *en route* to town, leaning back in the railway carriage so cosy, and contented, and comfortable, that each presently drops into a semi-dozze. Thoughts of the day's sport, of the humming train, and of the places past which they are whirled, mingle together in a sort of song thus poured into the ears of the snoozers :

' Roll ! Rattle ! Roll ! there are fishes in a shoal, are sleeping in  
' the water by the rushes and the reeds. In a cozy bed of mud  
' snore the tenches and the rudd, and the pike is all a-tangle in a  
' counterpane of weeds. Till the falling of the rain paternosters are  
' in vain ; but when gathered in the autumn are the barley and the  
' wheat, Why (blessings on the Member !) in the waning of Sep-  
' tember, we'll man another galley with as brave a crew and neat.  
' Though we all are fast asleep we can somehow get a peep of gas  
' that glares and vanishes ere well the peep we stole ; and the voices  
' of the night mutter, " Watford on the right," just heard above  
' the lullaby of—Roll ! Rattle ! Roll !'

## 'OUR VAN.'

## THE INVOICE.—November Notes.

WHAT a brilliant close to a brilliant month's sport was that on the eve of November, when Prince Charlie was brought home from the scene of his first and his last victory, crowned with laurel, and made his triumphal progress through Newmarket town! We cold-blooded Southerners are not, as a rule, like unto the hot spirits on the other side the Trent, who are quite as ready as the Roman emperor to deify a good horse, but we were stirred that day. It was comparatively but a handful of people who saw him beat *Peut-être* (the horse that had just made our stayers lay down) over the Rowley mile, but there was something like enthusiasm among them, and as, decked with flowers, his owner on his back (slightly to take a liberty with Macaulay)—

'Now, with shouts and clapping,  
And noise of *cheering* loud,  
He enters through the *High Street*  
Borne by the joyous crowd,'

assuredly even business-like Newmarket caught a spark of Yorkshire fire; and who shall say that the ovation to the bonny Prince was unworthy or undeserved? 'Only a T.Y.C. horse,' said some carping critics—a most *mal apropos* remark, seeing he had just beaten probably the best three-year-old in England over a mile—'only a T.Y.C.;' and then something was added about stayers, and what 'our forefathers' would have thought of all this fuss in respect of a horse whose confessedly best course was five or six furlongs. We remark that 'our forefathers' are only lugged in on some desperate occasion when defeat has to be bolstered up, and prejudices sought to be confirmed. 'Our forefathers' are the heavy old men of the Turf stage, whom we never think about when intently watching the issue of some short cut or another on which the money is dashed down—at least, if we back the winner; but we are inclined to lament over 'our forefathers' if the speedy T.Y.C. one who carried our coin does not bring it off. As is recorded of that excellent man the late Mr. Charles Greville, by no less a pen than his own, that when he lost he was apt to indulge in the most virtuous sentiments about that vile passion of gambling and its consequences, so do our gamblers of the present time find it convenient sometimes to hark back to their forefathers when the tide is against them. Here the backers of *Peut-être* shook their heads and said, 'How absurd all this enthusiasm about Prince Charlie,' and 'what would 'our forefathers,' &c., &c. As 'our forefathers' never saw such a horse as Prince Charlie, could they have risen from their graves, they would have been so utterly flabbergasted at the sight, that we believe they would have said nothing. Their tongues would have been stringless instruments indeed. No, do not let us seek to detract from the honours worthily paid to the greatest wonder of modern times. Granted that he could not stay, what would he not have been able to accomplish if he had been free from his infirmity? How far did he run in the Leger? Not a stayer, doubtless, but possessed of such wonderful speed that the present generation has not seen its like; and all sportsmen who love a good horse would fain have been at Newmarket that day to add a laurel to his crown.

But we must not linger by the now cheerless Heath. The curtain drops for the year on Newmarket as it drops on the 'Prince of the T.Y.C.,' and we hurry away to other fields. Our bonny Prince is not entirely lost to us, for

he lives on the canvas of Harry Hall and the engravings that Baily has given the world from that picture. We hope to meet him again, too, in some pleasant pastures or other, where, the cares of life laid aside, he will have time to devote himself to its pleasures, and find his solace among those *jucundos amores* from which the world expects such happy results. We wend our racing way—seeing that the foot of racing men rests not from going to and fro, even in the month of fogs and gloom—to Brighton, to Worcester, to that good and sporting meeting which we cannot help likening to a well-limned picture in a wretched frame—and the picture is Carholme, and the frame is Lincoln. Brighton is, of course, always a pleasing picture, and, the Judaic season having passed away, it is particularly pleasing in November. Not quite so outrageously rampant as at Goodwoodtime, it still wears that wonderful look of utter abandonment to pleasure and gaiety which for a month or two may find a resemblance at Scarborough, but which, except in Paris and one or two French and German watering-places, we never see but at Brighton. Is there any unhappiness at Brighton? Are there poor there—tax-gatherers, debts, and duns? Are people ill and grievously afflicted by these anything but sad sea waves? Has the fardel of life got to be borne by many weary-laden ones amidst all the ceaseless promenading, flirting, eating, drinking, and gambling of which Brighton existence seems composed? Surely there can be no miseries here, no county courts or lunatic asylums, or local boards, or 'yellow typhoid matter' (which is the last dreadful thing Professor Tyndall has discovered), or if there are, they are kept in the background. We believe that is the true explanation. All the *miserables* and poor devils—the people who have no health and, more unpardonable still, the people who have no money—are relegated to the back settlements, and the queen of watering-places does not object to their presence so long as they keep themselves to themselves, and live somewhere in the bystreets, and don't show on the Pier or the King's Road. These localities and the parts adjacent are kept for Lais and for Lalage, for Chloe and Amaryllis, and their attendant swains. Lais and Lalage must be very well dressed, present the narrowest outline, as far as clothing is concerned, to the eye, be very tight at the waist, and very pinned in as to the arms and hips, wear an utterly absurd hat, stare very much at passers-by, and the queen gives them her *imprimatur*. No others need apply.

But the racing. Well, the racing was neither good, bad, nor indifferent; but there were plenty of people, the weather was fine, the stand was crowded, and what could one want more? Mr. Dorling must have taken a very satisfactory glance around, and no doubt felt that he had done a good thing, and that a Brighton Autumn was as happy a thought as any of Mr. Burnand's. If it was not much of a meeting this year in point of racing, doubtless it will improve, and Brighton Autumn be a feature in the Calendar. If we are to have more racing, though, goodness knows, there is enough at present, why should not Brighton claim a share? Then, of course, Mr. Verrall utilised Mr. Dorling's idea, and had two days at Lewes, which town, in lieu of keeping a very unholy orgie on the 5th of November, when the townspeople burned (in effigy) everything and everybody in the most catholic spirit, now attended to racing, being also much chastened in spirit by a grievous sickness that had visited it, so that it had not the pluck to burn anything. Mr. Verrall, too, had a success, we believe; but the 'Van' driver, though a most ubiquitous person, can't be everywhere; and, with one rapid glance at the King's Road and the high-heeled boots thereon, he sped away to an old and favourite haunt, somewhat, perhaps, slow and old-fashioned now in these very rapid days, but where the chimes have been heard at midnight in the days when we drank

port wine, and believed in love's young dream, and all the rest of it—Worcester, to wit—that faithful city which used to boast such pretty citizenesses, who were not, perhaps, quite as faithful as they might have been themselves; but that is neither here nor there. By-the-way, where are the pretty citizenesses gone? These are not, surely, their descendants that we meet about the Cross or in the Foregate Street. 'Full many a gem of purest ray serene' used to be found there in the merry days when we were young, and may be discovered now, perhaps, for the seeking. But it is race-time, you see, and there are those rude racing men about, and the gems, like the flowers, prefer to blush unseen. However, there are reminiscences of old Worcester at the Bell, where Mr. Barnett and Mr. Webb—now, we believe, the sole representatives of the Race Committee—are at their posts, and glad we are to see them. And there is Wadlow the faithful, and there is Golby, and there, last but certainly not least, is the rotund figure of Weever; and all three, like the Christy Minstrels, never perform out of Worcester, nor, it is to be hoped, in it either. We mean that the trio of trainers just mentioned are staunch supporters of the meeting, and they are not allured by the feminine attractions of Brighton, nor the big prizes of Lincoln. So we form a little racing coterie of our own at the Bell; and on visiting the Star, we find one or two very jolly fellows, including baronets, who are rather thick on the ground; and there is match-making, and a little flirtation with the reigning Hebe, and a good deal of gin-and-soda, and no end of chaff. There is also a little dinner. *Dramatis persone*, a certain 'Reggy,' faced by a certain 'Dennis,' who takes a sleepy view of society for a few minutes, having been fetched out of a sweet slumber to go through the bore of dining. And there is one 'Walter,' with an eye to business in Jermyn Street, we can't help thinking; and there are the baronets and a youthful face that answers to the name of Owen, and which recalls a very fair one in Cheltenham ballrooms—never mind how many years ago. And everybody wants to make a match with everybody else, but the sporting effervescence subsides at last into a private sweepstakes, and the matches are put in the fire. And a very good thing we all fancied that sweepstakes would be for the rose and white diamonds; but what could they do when such a craven as Enfield carried them? There was some good racing at Worcester, as there always is, and we had a wonderful bit of fine riding on the part of Mr. Thomas in the Severn Bank Steeplechase, where he stole a march on the young man from the country who was riding Mr. Studd's old mare Jealousy, and rode him clean out of the race, to the admiration of all beholders who were not on Jealousy. We never saw a more brilliant bit of riding, and it is clear that 'Tom' has not lost the trick of it. Then we had a dead heat for another steeplechase between Gazelle and Interest, the latter a horse who had won at Cheltenham and elsewhere, and who found the fences suit him here better than they appeared to do at Shrewsbury, where we next saw him. The Worcester Grand Annual was run away with by Ironclad, in whom Colonel Morgan has got a good horse if we mistake not, and sure we are that he ought to have been backed in this instance. He had run indifferently, however, the previous day; but he likes a distance of ground, and he cantered away from his field, with Mr. Newton up, in grand style. There was an amusing Yeomanry race at this meeting, which caused a local excitement and enthusiasm such as Pitchcroft has rarely seen. The race arose out of the last meeting of that gallant corps, the W. Y. C., for their annual eight days' training, when, no doubt, each stalwart trooper

'Told of the *gee gee* that he loved best,  
While they swallowed the brandy so hot and so brown.'

(This is another liberty we have taken—this time with Canon Kingsley, to whom we offer our apologies.) We remember that some twenty or more years ago, both officers and men were good at their liquor, whatever that liquor might be ; and we have no reason to think there has been any decadence in the corps since ; but perhaps an improvement, if that were possible. However, there was to be a Yeomanry race, owners up, and great was the chaff and fun as each stout warrior, very much overlapping his saddle, emerged from the paddock in the darkening shades (for we had got behind time that day) of the November evening. How they rode ! It was worthy of Punchestown and the Farmers' Plate at that celebrated meeting, where every one scorns to be beaten, and 'finishes' a mile from home with as great earnestness as if he was on the post. So it was here. Everybody thought he had a chance, and everybody rode the winner. Something won very easily, but there was no easing on the part of those behind it when they saw they could not win. They would have scorned the action. And how the victor was cheered, and how (probably) very tight he got that evening ! Of course, beyond Pitchcroft and out of Worcestershire this would be all very tame, and a noble sportsman would feel a proper contempt for such an exhibition. But these are the exhibitions we like to see, and we are glad to record that Worcester encourages them. They show how inherent sport is in us, and what a wholesome thing it is apart from the considerations of sharpening and being sharpened, which enter far too much, we fear, into the daily practice of our national sport.

Liverpool was a bumper meeting, and we must compliment the Messrs. Topham on the management thereof, and on the well-merited success that attended their efforts. The young lessees have won the golden opinions of the racing world since their tenure of office, and their attention to business and the quiet, unobtrusive way in which that business is carried on deserves all praise. There were plenty of horses, and somewhat too much of racing for November in consequence ; but, fortunately, the weather, though cold, was not unseasonable, and we got through the four days comfortably for Aintree, where gentle zephyrs rarely play. There was some good sport on the first day, though the talent was not very conspicuous in picking them out, and some horses ran wonderfully. Weathercock will not pay for his keep, we think, either over hurdles or on the flat, for neither at two miles or a less distance does he run kindly. The Hurdle Handicap on Tuesday was made for him apparently, but he gave way soon after coming into the straight, and the pace being indifferent, it just suited Solon, who, ridden by Mr. Dalglish, won easily at the finish. Lunar Eclipse is one of those animals who would break a bank, for you never can depend on him, and at Liverpool his running was very in and out. In the Mersey Cup, Sir George Chetwynd put the money down on him, but he turned it up after going half the distance ; and the next day, when his owner had very little on, he came and won a Welter Handicap almost in a canter. The good thing of the day was considered to be Day Dream for the Stewards' Cup, but she had great difficulty in beating Mohican, and Mr. Johnson's judgment was only a short head. It was a splendid race, and both Archer and Morbey rode like artists. The most notable failure was that of Chandos in the Westmoreland Plate, for he dropped away approaching the distance as if he was shot, and, as at Doncaster, he failed to stay. Like most of the Oxforda, he prefers a short course, and the T.Y.C. is the extent of his tether. Trappist made a rare exhibition of his field in the Knowsley Nursery, and showed us what fine speed the Hermits have ; and Teacher again proved an unlucky horse to Sir William Milner, for in the match with Selborne he could

make no fight with him, though Selborne gave him his year. It was no wonder, then, that when he did win a race on Thursday, Sir William let him go to Tom Jennings for 185 guineas. Again were there good fields on Wednesday, and again backers got the worst of it. There was to have been a very good thing for the Molyneux Nursery in Leveret, a son of Laneret, who, it was said, was better than Trappist; but that could hardly be, for after a tremendous race between him, the Queen Mab filly, and Vasco di Gama, the latter won by a head, and the favourite was a neck behind the daughter of Joskin. How curious it is in racing that one winner breeds many, and now, after Plebeian's performance in the Middle Park Plate, the Joskins are coming to the front. The winner was one of the high-priced Middle Parkers, for Mr. Houldsworth gave 1300 guineas for him last year, but he ran badly and was sold to Mr. Woodcote, his present owner. There was a very big field for the Alt Welter, for which Oxonian (12 st. 7 lbs.) was favourite, and this was the race before alluded to that Lunar Eclipse won; Oxonian got well away, but did not seem able to live the pace, and when Lunar Eclipse shot to the front at the distance, it was all over. His Grace was among the field, but was never seen, and we are afraid Mr. John Foy, who was more agreeably employed in hunting with the Baron in the Vale, has got an arrant rogue in that descendant of the Vale's King.

The jumping season is yet early, and there is great uncertainty about what is or is not going to try, or what is or is not fit, in the few steeplechases we have at this time. The Sefton cross country event brought out Furley, Berserker, Derviche, Duc de Beaufort, Miss Hungerford, Jackal, &c., and the public plunged upon Jackal directly the numbers went up. However, Jackal, we presume, was either not fit or there was no one to back him, for from 4 to 1 he went back to, we should say, any odds—perhaps 100/ to half-a-crown. He might have been better trained, certainly, and if Mr. Baltazzi had not been in Vienna, perhaps he would have been. But, however, there he was, having a look at the country, and a very good look in he took. It was a pity, we think, that the horse ran, because his position, both in the market and the race, produced comments. However, these sort of things are of frequent occurrence at the beginning of the jumping season, and we suppose they always will occur until the millennium comes. We are always troubled at this time of year by the doubts that oppress us as to what is or is not going to try. How many lookers-on there were in the Sefton we can't say, but at all events there were some genuine articles, and the Duc de Beaufort was one, while Derviche and Miss Hungerford were also backed. Furley, who was looking magnificent, though evidently short of work, was not mentioned, nor was Jorrocks, who, in the spring, was a great favourite for the Grand Military, while Berserker, who was meeting Duc de Beaufort on worse terms than at Lincoln, did not go so well in the market. Jorrocks beat Duc de Beaufort very easily in the spring at Doncaster at even weights, so that the 6 lbs. difference now should not have stopped him, but it did, for he never came to the front, and Duc de Beaufort won very easily by four lengths from Berserker. Furley refused, and Mr. Thomas did not persevere with him, and Jackal was a very unnecessary fourth. Leveret was again beaten by a head in the Liverpool Nursery, failing to give 19 lbs. to a maiden of Mr. 'Paganini' Smith's, Thornhill by name, so Captain Machell has been unlucky with, no doubt, a fairish colt. The Croxteth Cup was an instance of how prone we sometimes are to desert public form for the supposed superior excellence of a bottled-up one that has never done anything. Posthuma looked a fairly good thing, but there was such a rush to get on the Queen of Spain colt, that Lord Bradford's mare went back



in the betting, and 9 to 4, or even a shorter price in many instances, was taken about the Queen of Spain colt, who, to the dismay of his backers, never seemed able to live with his horses, and was out of it from the commencement of the race. Thursday was the Cup Day, that festival being advanced four and twenty hours this year, to the profit and advantage of everybody, we think. Keeping the best dish for the last is a rule holding good in many things, but we doubt if it does in racing, where our appetite is apt to be somewhat palled after three long days—especially when those days are November ones. There had been some brisk speculation over a wide field on the big event of the meeting, and the coming of Sabinus, within four and twenty hours of the race, from the position of friendless outsider to that of first favourite was the sensation. It is wonderful how we all put our faith in patched-up or long-shelved horses—a faith that previous failures seem unable to shake. We were not deterred from backing Sabinus by the fate of Mornington in the Cesarewitch or Khedive in the Cambridgeshire, and there was a rush of the public directly rumours of a trial with Trent and Lunar Eclipse were rife. It was thought at one time that Kidbrooke would be the stable horse, but Sabinus had done such great things at home, that both Sir George Chetwynd and Woolcot were impressed with the idea that the old horse had come back to his old form, and Sir George declared to win with him. Vanderdecken had been considered the pick of the handicap from the moment the weights first appeared, and there was such haste to get on him in the Houghton week that there was no difficulty in finding a favourite. But he could not keep his place in the market at Liverpool no more than he could in the race, and there was an ominous whisper on the Thursday morning that Dukedom was Captain Machell's fancy after all. It was groundless, however, for Vanderdecken, though no longer favourite, was the Bedford House champion. The northern division went strongly for Servia, who, they declared, was a good horse, though he had not hitherto beaten anything of much account, and the confiding public were 'kidded,' as the popular phrase goes, to back Ascetic, whose only recommendation, as far as we could make out, was that he had Hermit for his sire. Louise Victoria, though undoubtedly in some sort a public horse, was not backed as she ought to have been, looking at the great race she ran over this course last year with Sterling and King Lud. People fancied she had gone off, and talked of a string halt, which latter, we believe, was a good deal imaginary. It was said she ran well up to the Bushes in the Cesarewitch, but we confess we never saw her, neither did one or two men who were at that spot. It is a common expression, speaking of the Cesarewitch horses, that he or she 'ran well to the Bushes'—so common, that it has come to be a figure of speech, and 'the Bushes' a very indefinite distance. No doubt Louise Victoria is not a thorough stayer, though she did win the Great Ebor once, and likes a mile and a half better than two miles. When the lot showed in their preliminary canter, Mr. Cartwright's mare Thunder, Vanderdecken, and Servia were the best-looking horses among them, and Thunder's place-money looked nearly as secure as anything can in racing. Sabinus was never a beauty, and age and retirement has not improved his looks, though Woolcot had evidently done all he could for him. There was a wicked, backward glance in his eye, though that did not augur good, and when at the start he was seen nearly last and apparently unable to go the pace with them, his backers were out of their misery. Bruckshaw, it was said, had received orders to wait with Servia, but if this was so, he disobeyed them in a remarkable way, for Servia rushed to the front and made the pace a cracker until the turn into the straight, when he was done with. We hear the horse is a puller, but

Bruckshaw should have been able to hold him better than that. Vanderdecken never was dangerous, no more than Sabinus, the latter being beaten by Kidbrooke in their places. Louise Victoria won very easily, and Thunder ran a great horse, while the improvement in Pageant gave Mr. George Angell a shock which he did not get over for some time. The Great Lancashire Handicap was won by Spectator, who beat Miss Hawthorn colt and Lowlander (9 st. 6 lbs.) after a good race. It was a small field, only 11 runners, but the race had been a good deal discounted by the Cup, and so it was not to be wondered at. The other races on the last day were the Bentinck Welter, which Oxonian carried off, easily beating Rhapsody by two lengths, and Conseil took the Duchy Cup from Uncle Tom, Lowlander being kept for the Great Lancashire, when it would have been sounder policy to have secured the former. Altogether it was one of the most successful meetings ever held on Aintree.

And here we are again in Shrewsbury, that old-world town of quaint buildings and intense respectability, of bits to charm the heart of artist and antiquary, and which holds in the mansions of its citizens such a wealth of old oak as perhaps no other city in the kingdom could show—once again in Shrewsbury. It is a great thing, though, Mr. Frail's meeting only commencing on Tuesday. It was terrible dull work, passing, as many of us did, the Saturday and greater part of Sunday in Liverpool, and then on the Sabbath evening crossing the ferry to Birkenhead, and proceeding by G. W. R. train to the capital of 'proud 'Salopia.' Gods, what a train that was! The G. W. R. is good at slow trains, but it excelled itself in this particular one, which timed to reach Shrewsbury in four hours, always took five, and which reminded us whenever we travelled by it of that parliamentary mentioned by 'Lamps' in Dickens's story of 'Mugby Junction'—who would 'do what lay in her power.' Very little 'lay in the power' of that Shrewsbury train, and oh, how tired we were when we reached our destination! But all this is passed away, and here we are on Tuesday morning, in our racing quarters, ready to discuss the card that the lessees set before us, with every prospect of a good meeting, fine weather, and plenty of horses. Liverpool had been such a bumper, that some people thought it would take the wind out of Shrewsbury sails; but far from it. There were quite as many horses as at Liverpool, while, in the matter of company, the show at Shrewsbury was far superior to that on Aintree. Mr. Frail is fortunate in many patrons. One of the best races we have seen for some time was that for the Queen's Plate, on Tuesday—not only that it was a good race, but from some unexpected form it brought to light. The runners were Scamp, Lilian, and Jesuit; for though Burford started, he was so soon beaten off as practically to be out of the race. Scamp was favourite; 6 to 4 was taken about Lilian, and 20 to 1 might have been had about Jesuit, if any one wanted to back him, which we don't think any one did. Mr. Savile's mare made the running, and put on such steam the second time round, that Glover had to ride Scamp to keep his place, and, wonderful to say, Jesuit stuck so closely to him that the latter could not get out of his way. Entering the straight, Lilian dropped back, and then the fielders gave a great shout as Jesuit went to the front, and looked all over a winner. But, however, he had to do with a sticker in Scamp, who would not be denied; and as they came along from the distance, Sir John Astley's horse wore him to a standstill, Lilian, who came again with great gameness at the stand, also beating him for second place. Still, Jesuit ran a very good horse, and an unexpectedly good one, for a mile and a half—at which distance he won the Manchester Autumn Handi-

cap—had been his best performance; and he was supposed to prefer six or seven furlongs to that. The Autumn Steeplechase fell to the Duc de Beaufort, who had Captain Smith to pilot, and though a great many clever people fancied Rufina, she could not go the pace with the French-bred one, who won without asking. Except those placed, nothing passed the post; but we shall see some of them, no doubt, between this and the ides of March. The feature of the first day was the Groby Cup—a very handsome prize indeed, valued at 300*l.*, and presented by the Earl of Stamford. It was designed by Mr. Barrett, and manufactured by Messrs. Smith and Co., of King Street, Covent Garden, and a very happy thought was both design and execution. Lord Stamford is the sole lineal descendant of the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey, and one of his Lordship's titles is Baron Grey of Groby (1603). So the designer had appropriately enough sketched some of the principal scenes in the life of her who was the queen of a day on the body of the vase. In *alto relievos* of oxidised silver the story was told, and the effect was very good indeed. Lord Stamford himself was much pleased with it, and so expressed himself to Mr. Smith; and we are glad to say this handsome trophy fell into the hands of a gentleman—Mr. H. F. Beaumont, late Member for one of the divisions of the West Riding—who will appreciate it. Macadam, a son of Young Monarque and Mdlle. Duplessis, and once the property of M. Lefevre, who sold him to Mr. Beaumont in the summer, was the winner, and such an easy one that he apparently had a good bit in hand. The favourite, Fakenham Ghost, was beaten at the distance.

The second day was the day of the Great Shropshire, which, since its introduction three years ago, has turned out such a success in every way. There was a good deal of betting on the race, though not of the lively character of last year. Newry had been favourite at one time during the morning; but Peeping Tom, just before the numbers went up, sprang to that position, while Miss Hawthorn colt and Syrian were next in demand. Syrian won it last year; and when the handicaps appeared, there were not a few clever men who put their fingers on Syrian's name and said there was the winner of the Great Shropshire, and kept their fingers there, albeit he was defeated at Livepool in the Great Lancashire. He was the best handicapped horse in the race, looking at his running this time twelvemonth, while Peeping Tom had plenty of weight on him. Thunder, from his position in the Liverpool Cup, was bound to be fancied, and he carried a heap of place-money. Newry, too, was to retrieve his Cambridgeshire defeat, and Mr. Chaplin once more trusted Khedive. Rostrevor, also, was a horse that the clever division went for nearly as much as Syrian, and very well handicapped the former undoubtedly was; but there he stood, in hood and blinkers, a rogue confessed; and to trust a rogue in a crowd, is it not the height of folly? Glover had the mount on Syrian, and that was reassuring to the horse's backers; nor were they kept long in suspense after the fall of the flag, for at the bend into the straight Syrian was seen next the rails with a clear lead, and this, though there were changes in the ranks behind him, he never lost. He won cleverly by a length and a half from Conseil, two lengths behind whom was Delay. The Liverpool running was certainly reversed in a somewhat remarkable way, for Conseil ran a wretch in the Cup, and Miss Hawthorn colt beat Syrian easy enough in the Great Lancashire. Here Miss Hawthorn colt was never in it. Newry again ran indifferently, and Peeping Tom found half a mile enough for him. Rostrevor blundered, it was said, coming round the bend, and Weedon lost his stirrups, and the horse his place. It was the opinion of some, that if Conseil had had a stronger boy on him, he might have beaten Syrian; but in this we do not

concur. Glover was riding Syrian, it is true; but he had a clear lead, and it would have taken a very strong boy indeed to have got Conseil (who, by-the-way, we are were glad to see ridden in the familiar tricolor) much nearer. Collingham scored his first win that afternoon in the Grendon Welter, causing thereby much grief over Lunar Eclipse and Bank Note, whom he ran away from. Pageant, again, on Thursday, showed wonderfully good form in the Column Handicap, and was immediately spotted for the Cup next day; and Lady Rosebery, for whom the Caldecot Nursery seemed made, either could not act in the dirt, or found the weight too much for her, for she was beaten at the distance, and Lord Rosebery and Edith made a fair race of it, the former just winning by a head.

The cub-hunting season in Leicestershire has been an extraordinary good one, with plenty of foxes and an unusually good scent, in spite of the hard ground and dry winds. The Quorn hounds have had some good sport this month, with several good runs over the open country. One week they had four good days' running, which will be hard to beat throughout the season. They have already killed some twenty brace of foxes. Mr. Coupland has been unlucky to have one of his valuable horses killed in the field; and one day he had a narrow escape himself. His horse fell while he was following his hounds, and his foot stuck in the stirrup. He was dragged some distance on the ground, when, fortunately, his boot came off, which extricated him from this dangerous position without any injury.

We come now to the opening day of the season at Kirby Gate; and, although a damp morning, there was a large and most fashionable meet, consisting not only of horsemen and ladies, but numbers of carriages. The hounds looked in splendid condition, as handsome as paint, and Mr. Coupland and his men well mounted. They trotted off two miles to draw the famous Gartree Hill blank; and while crossing the fields to another covert near Thorpe, a fox jumped out of a hedge. The hounds got a splendid start with him, when the fox ran through the village; but the Master got sight of him stealing away, and the hounds swung themselves on to his line, and 'Forward you go!' as hard as they can race over a lovely country for twenty minutes to the first check by Gaddesby, when the fox ran the road; but Firr and his steady pack soon made it right, and after another good thirty minutes, they ran from scent to view, and pulled him down in the open. They had also another good run in the afternoon the same day, forty minutes, from Cream Gorse; and the hounds were whipped off at dark near Melton. They had a fine run on Monday, the 16th, from Kinoulton Gorse through the Hoe to Kay Wood, in the Duke's country, through Coston Bassett to Woolaton, in Mr. Munster's country, when Tom Firr again succeeded in killing his hunted fox in sight of Mr. Munster's windows, after a good forty minutes. Unfortunately, in the afternoon, Firr got a fall; and it was some time before he could be got from under his horse. He is *hors de combat* at present, but expects to be soon out again. This is the more unfortunate, as the Master is also laid up from the effects of the accident above mentioned.

The following, from Alfred Hedges, we shall insert *verbatim* :—

'Sir,—The Puckeridge had a good day on the 18th, and I was very near getting my neck broken. We met at Elsenham Hall; found two or three foxes in East End Wood, the first covert we drew; went away on good terms with one on the east side, up close to Lord Rosslyn's park, at Eastern Lodge; bore to the left over a stiff piece of country up to May's Wood; but our fox being headed by some ploughmen, he ran the road, as I was told

'when it was too late, and so beat us. We then went on to Widdington High Wood, found a brace of foxes, and I think I never heard a better cry with hounds. They found their fox and got well settled to him, made it too hot for him to hang long in covert, went away for Widdington, then turned to the left for the Jock, a covert close to the Great Eastern main line. I, seeing a train coming, was galloping to get to the end of the covert, and, going by the woodman's cottage, did not notice the clothes-post. A clothes-line caught me across the throat, and knocked me out of the saddle as though I was shot. When I got my wind I went on, and got up to the hounds again; but my throat was so bad that I was obliged to give the whipper-in the horn, and told him to go on. I staid out with them until they killed their fox, one hour and twenty minutes, then we went home.'

We are glad to say that the few lines in behalf of Hedges written by Lord Portsmouth, which said a good deal in a few words, greatly assisted his fund; and we hope that he will be thoroughly indemnified from his serious loss.

The following comes from Lord Portsmouth's country, and will interest our readers:—Lord Portsmouth's first meet was Oct. 26th, at Puddington. We did not find till late in the afternoon; we then had a very fast twenty-five minutes, and killed. Oct. 30th, met at North Tawton Station, found in a brake close by, killed him. We drew Staddon Brake, found a good litter, chopped one fox, had a good forty minutes with another to ground; found again, and had thirty minutes, and killed. Oct. 31st, met at Meshaw Moor. We found in Osford Wood; went away up wind for three miles, racing; he then turned down wind, and then we had some real good hunting, and killed him at Yelmacott Farm, in Kingsnympton parish; time, one hour and three-quarters, without a check. This was a famous run; from where our fox turned down wind it is a good nine miles, as the crow flies, to where we killed. Nov. 2nd, met at Inwardly village; found in Norley Wood, and had a good two-hours' run, and killed him. Nov. 5th, met at Beaulay Court, found our first fox in the Cheldon Valley, and had one hour, and killed; the pace was good. We found again at Afton, and had a good hunting run, two hours and thirty minutes, and killed. This was a capital day's sport; the last thirty minutes at night was very fast. Nov. 7th, met at New Buildings. We had a famous run, one hour and three-quarters. Hounds were running their fox beautifully; but our fox was coursed by a greyhound, which lost him, and we could not hit him off again. Nov. 14th, met at Creacome. We had a good hour with our first fox, and lost him. Found again, and ran very hard till dark, when we stopped the hounds.

Although the scent has been very bad this season, that clever gentleman huntsman, Mr. Deacon, with the H.H. has managed to have very good sport, and has killed twenty and a half brace. He had a very capital run on November the 9th of one hour and ten minutes. He met at the New Inn, Lasham, and found in a covert called Cottlepins, and, running clean into him, killed him in front of Hoddington House. On Tuesday, November 10th, they met at Tichborne Down. A fox was unfortunately chopped in a turnip field this year; the foxes seem very fond of lying in the turnip fields, probably owing to the leaves continually falling in the coverts. Found another in Mr. Shelly's plantations, and ran him a racing pace to Fully, and killed him in the covert at the end of thirty-five minutes. Found again in Hampage, and was nearly running into him, when Mr. Deacon stopped the hounds, saying he had killed enough for one day. On Tuesday, November 17th, they met at Brookwood Park; found and ran two or more foxes; hounds

could only run up wind, the scent was so bad. About 3 o'clock they found in Blackhouse, went over to Jone's Acre, then away through a very small copse, called Lord's Copse, straight to Sailor's Wood in the Hambledon country, a brilliant twenty-six minutes, when they changed, and, after running some time, were stopped; a wonderful alteration in the scent in the afternoon. On Thursday, they met at Abbotstone Down, and they had a regular clipper from Thorney Grove, close to the meet, through Abbotstone Wood, Lower Lanham, Bighton Wood, killing him close to Medstead; just thirty-five minutes.

The Hambledon have had no brilliant run to record, but they have had some nice hunting runs. On November 4th, they met at Hill Place, drew the Hill Place and Holywell coverts all blank, found in Peek's Copse, a covert of Mr. Shearer of Swanmore House, went away directly straight to and over the Droxford and Wickham turnpike road, then over the meadows into a covert at the back of Gale's Mill, nearly to the Bold Forester, turned on the left and went to May Hill, skirting Hazelholt and Bottom Copse into Littleton, where he went to ground; a fine hunting run of one hour and forty minutes. It was one of the days Mr. Walter Long hunts his dog pack, and nothing could exceed the very nice way he handles them; he has only to go on as he has begun to become in a year or two one of the crack gentlemen huntsmen of the time. On Wednesday, November 11th, they met at Shidfield Common, drew all Mr. Milward's coverts blank, as usual, found in Devereux Moor, ran round the coverts with a very bad scent, and lost; found again in Close Wood, went over to the Queen's Liberties, ran the rides as hard as they could go, then away over a very stiff country towards Humborne, where a dog met the fox, which brought them to a check; had slow hunting back to the Liberties, when, the shades of evening coming on, the hounds were stopped, as it would not do to go into the Liberties at that time of night.

The Tedworth hounds have been doing very well, though distemper in October has kept many of the young entry short of work up to the present time. The following are among their best things:—Oct. 26th, Amesbury. Found at Lake, and ran as if for Druid's Head; turned to the right through Firgo, and on to Sherston House, where we lost him: a good hunting run of one hour and ten minutes, in which these hounds showed their wonderful steadiness from hares. Oct. 27th, Upavon. Ran about the Vale in the morning. At 3.30 P.M. had a sixteen-minutes' race from Churton Gorse to ground in Rushall Plantation. Nov. 2nd, Newfoundland. Twenty-minutes' race after a fox that had stolen away from a small patch of gorse, and was never seen till the hounds killed him in a cottage on the open downs. Nov. 5th, Vernham Gate. Straight-going fox from Fosbury Wood, killed in twenty-seven minutes, within one hundred yards of main earths at Marten. Nov. 14th, Weyhill. Found good fox at Ramridge; ran through Redenham, Littleton Wood, Newdown, Lambdown, Assheton Copse, Shipton Gorse, Kimpton Wood, Redenham, and lost within a mile of Ramridge: one hour. Found at Penton Gorse; ran to Railway Plantation, Charlton, Billgrove, May's Wood, and gave him up at Doles. Nov. 19th, Southgrove. Very fine run of one hour and ten minutes over Easton Hill, skirting Everley, over the Pewsey Road and the Parson's Track at Manningford to Woodbridge; over the water, and back again to ground in Upavon Plantation. Four saw it all; a check on Pewsey Hill let up six more, and six more got up as he went to ground. Nov. 23rd, Netheravon. Found in Staggs' Gorse, ran to the Warren, up the meadows to Netheravon, Figheldean, Syrencot, nearly to Silk

Hill, through Simpkin's Gorse to Netheravon withy-beda, where they killed him: a fine hunting run of two hours. Probably the same fox they ran from Upavon to Silk Hill, cub-hunting, on Sept. 8th.

Owing to the quantity of falling leaves scent has been very bad of late in the New Forest, but an occasional good day or two has been mentioned, one of which was the 10th, when the bitch pack ran a mile point straight through the Forest to ground, and spread-eagled the field marvellously; and another on the 19th, when the same pack stuck to their fox for over three hours, and killed him by moonlight in Embley Park.

Much has been said in the North about the resignation of Mr. J. B. Booth of the Mastership of the Bedale Hunt. At a dinner lately given to Mr. Booth, for the purpose of presenting him with a testimonial subscribed for by the hunt on the occasion of his marriage, the subject was, of course, ventilated, not only by Lord Feverham, who was in the chair, but by the guest of the evening. Mr. Booth seems to have spoken plainly on this occasion, and to have told his hearers some truths that it was necessary they should know. The pack had cub-hunted twenty days, and on nine of these days never found a cub. There are not so many foxes now in the country as were left at the end of last season; and what has become of them is hard to tell, except that on one estate (Hornby Castle) six foxes were found dead during the summer. Mr. Booth mentioned that there was a district (eight miles by twelve) extending from Catterich Bridge to Bedale, and including the estates of Hornby Castle, Constable Burton, the Marquis of Ailesbury's, Newton-le-Willows, and some others, where in only two places, Hipswell and Thornhill Whins, could a fox be found. The Duke of Leeds, perhaps, cannot fairly be held responsible for the state of things at Hornby, seeing that the estate has only passed into his hands during the last few months. With the Marquis of Ailesbury it is different. Dearth of foxes seems to have been a chronic complaint on his property; and it is to be regretted that a nobleman who has such a reputation for being a sportsman should set such an example—an example sure to be followed by a class beneath him. Mr. Booth leaves the Bedale not only to his own regret, but to that of every hunting man in the country. However if covert owners will not preserve foxes, what can a Master do? Is it not better to resign than to go on struggling against a tacit opposition as bad as open hostility?

John Squires, huntsman to the Lanark and Renfrewshire, died in the hunting-field on the 14th. He fell from his horse, and was not sensible afterwards. We believe we are right in saying he was the oldest professional huntsman in England. He originally came from Devonshire with Mr. John King, the Master of the Hambledon, and afterwards hunted those hounds for some years, and he then went to the late Lord Leconfield, and then to the Lanark and Renfrew. He was a very sharp, active, and bold rider in his best day; the father of poor Tom Squires who was killed with the York and Ainsty, and of John Squires, now with Count Esterhazy, in Hungary.

It is not a little singular that John Squires' end should have been a very similar one to that of his old master, Mr. John King, 'the King of the West,' as he was called in Devonshire. Some ten years ago, while Mr. Trelawny's hounds were running a fox merrily over his beloved Dartmoor, Mr. King was seized in the saddle, and fell, with his red coat on his back, a lifeless corpse, into his son's arms.

The Meath had very good sport during the month of October; found plenty of foxes; but, as the earths were very badly stopped, they ran a great many to

ground; and our correspondent says that McBride and his men might be better mounted.

A correspondent in Hungary sends us a few lines about Count Nicholas Esterhazy's hounds and new kennels near Pesth. They were designed by John Squires, his huntsman, last year with the Pytchley, and have been pronounced very nice by the Empress of Austria, who recently came to inspect them. The Count began hunting on October 12th; but as the weather was hot, the hounds could not do much. The Empress has been out every day since her return from England. She loves both horses and hounds; and he adds emphatically, 'When I tell you she is a second Mrs. Arthur, then you 'have her character exactly. The Emperor,' he says, 'also likes hunting, 'and looks quite up to the mark.' On November 3rd, they met at Paskal Mehl, after a change in the weather. There was a good field out, more than thirty in scarlet. They found in a reed-bed, and after running round it in good style for thirty minutes, he made up his mind to try the open, and away they went for twenty-five minutes, when they ran into him. They found again at Engelsfeld, but not getting away on good terms, they hunted slowly for some time, and gave it up; but it was a fair day. All the natives ride well. The Empress has twenty first-class hunters, mostly English and Irish; and the Emperor has fourteen, all good; so that they have really a first-rate lot. The stud-groom, Bollinger, is a German, and he turns them out quite in Harboro' form. The hunting establishment, called 'The Royal Pesth Fox-hounds,' consists of fifty couples of hounds. John Squires is the huntsman, assisted by Will Morgan as first whip, who was last season with the North Pytchley, and the second is a native, a smart fellow. There are thirty hunters in the kennel stables. They hunt four days a week, and have plenty of real strong, wild foxes.

A great character, well known in Leicestershire, the Rev. Cave Humfrey of Laughton, near Market Harboro', has recently passed away. He was the original of Parson Dove in Mr. Whyte-Melville's famous novel, "Market "Harboro'"—a thorough gentleman and sportsman, one of a class of whom there are but, unhappily, only a very few left.

Not long ago we appealed to our readers who are subscribers to the Earlswood Asylum for Idiots at Red Hill, for little Rose Austin, the daughter of Mr. Garth's first whip. At the last election she polled three hundred votes; and we hope our numerous hunting readers and others who have votes will remember her again at the next election in April.

In the 'Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News' we welcome another addition to the many novelties of the season, and one which, if we mistake not, will prove deservedly attractive to that very large and increasing class which cultivates a taste for such recreations as the new journal professes to illustrate. The idea is a happy one, and has been most successfully carried out; and we can see nothing to stand in the way of its success, for it has a clear field to itself, and we wonder the want of such a periodical has not been perceived before. Considering that the paper is but nine months old, and that the complaints incidental to infantile journalism fastened upon it with unusual severity, it may be said to have made remarkable growth; and readers of 'Baily' will not fail to recognise in its columns the handiwork of more than one contributor to this magazine. It is no breach of confidence to state that the travel and natural history section has been confided to the well-known ability of 'H. A. L.,' better known as the 'Old Shekarry,' while the Turf department has been placed under the control of 'Amphion,' who has,



however, no intention of quitting the green leaves which have held him so many years. A well-known and experienced writer has been retained as racing correspondent, and he assumes his portfolio at the commencement of the new year; while hunting will receive close attention from one of the ablest pens devoted to that important branch of sport. The theatrical section (which, for obvious reasons, takes precedence in illustration) is carefully and conscientiously presided over by a well-known dramatic and high art critic; and in the minor divisions of sport, the right men may be said to be in the right places. In both departments its contributors have shown their judgment in 'taking the high line;' and it can boast to be both presentable and readable—a somewhat rare combination of qualities in illustrated journals.

The production of 'Hamlet' at the Lyceum has formed the principal item of theatrical interest, in talk about town, for the last few weeks, Mr. Irving's assumption of the most prominent character in the play being closely criticised. The experiment is one, we may venture to say, that commends itself in all respects to the playgoing public, and the claims put forward in this instance have been cordially responded to. If, occasionally, there are points which we cannot altogether accept as meritorious in Mr. Irving's conception of the youthful 'Prince of Denmark,' the presentation, as a whole, is one that amply sustains the reputation which Mr. Irving has already achieved on the stage. No more complete or careful study of a Shakespearian play has been witnessed for years; and the result is a performance that may be regarded as a thorough vindication of the enduring beauties of the author's genius. In the entire rendering of the character of Hamlet, Mr. Irving, we believe, has had few rivals, his princely bearing and manly courtesy asserting itself at every step; but once or twice we took exception to the violence of his declamations, although there was an evident desire on the actor's part to keep their delivery within proper bounds. The reading, in several places, though new to most of us, has, no doubt, been carefully considered, and would appear to offer no reasonable ground for objection. But, with all Mr. Irving's extensive research, why on earth does it happen that he overlooks the fact that, although young Hamlet was but a stripling, his legs could scarcely have been so attenuated as we here behold? In the fair Ophelia's complimentary speech, she addresses him as

'The expectancy and rose of the fair state,  
The glass of fashion and the mould of form.'

This is only a minor feature, we admit; but it is on the completeness of the various details, as well as the whole piece, that we sit in judgment. If we are to have the 'Hamlet' Shakespeare intended, don't let us have him set before us to look any age between twenty-five and fifty. Throughout the whole performance the 'play' scene shines out more conspicuously than any other, exhibiting this accomplished actor in his most powerful effects; and those who have witnessed his exultant, almost frantic, delight on the detection of the King must acknowledge they have had a treat of no ordinary kind. The closet scene with his mother is also commendable, and shows fine discrimination. Farther we need not go than to add one last word of praise to the masterly manner in which the fencing scene is carried out. Both performers are equally well skilled in the use of the foil; and the applause which greets this exhibition is a sign of its thorough appreciation by the crowded houses that are nightly present. Mr. Compton and Mr. Chippendale are inimitable in their separate parts, and the rôle of Laertes, assigned to Mr. Leathes, is effectively sustained. The innocent Ophelia is charmingly portrayed by Miss Isabel

Bateman, who fully realises the simplicity and sweetness of the picture she is called upon to depict. Here, then, are two things clearly defined: that, with such an artist as Mr. Irving, we can have performances that will suit the refined tastes of those who value the masterpieces of the great poet; and, further, that sufficient support will be forthcoming for this class of entertainment.

A newly-married couple of distinction travelled through Ireland with Pat, a valet, who was somewhat peculiar in his remarks. When the bride and bridegroom left an hotel, lots of vulgar observers thronged the carriage. Pat was, in consequence, called to task, and interrogated as to whether he had told the people in the place that his master and mistress were recently wed. 'Faith! yer honner, nothink o' the sort. They axed me, and I could 'em as 'yer honner and my lady wasn't going to be married *for a fortnight*.'

Old Jack Press can say a witty thing when he likes. Two or three years ago, a now recent derelict from Rugby appeared at Mudford Bridge, with six horses out and a known reputation, if talk went for anything. Inquiring of Press whether that was much of a country, the smart answer given was, 'Well, you'll find a good many *ready-made graves* in it, sir.' Those who know that part of the B.H. district can well understand the force of this remark.

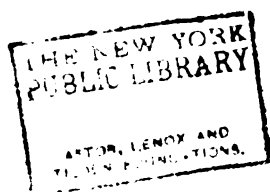
The following anecdote (lately narrated in the pulpit) strikes us as worth recording:—The preacher was descanting on the proneness of human nature to accept the good things of Providence as matters of course. A poor old man, in a country village, had been in the habit of receiving from the Squire of the parish a pint of milk daily, which proved a great boon and comfort to him. At his death the old man was found to have left a will, in which he *bequeathed* the daily pint of milk *to his brother*.

• We regret to announce the death of Mr. Thomas Swindell, which took place on the 20th ult. He was an old member of Tattersall's, and well known in Turf circles for many years past, having acted as a commission agent, first in Manchester and finally in London. Amongst those gentlemen who entrusted him with their commissions he was familiarly known as 'Dear Easy Chair;' and his portly appearance, coupled with his broad-brimmed hat and white waistcoat, earned for him the distinguished title of 'Bishop' at the 'Corner.' By his death another of the old-fashioned sort has passed away; and we shall hear no more his stories of Turf doings, which many a time extracted from us a hearty laugh. Although rarely seen of late years on a racecourse, he may be said to have died in harness, for he 'settled' at Tattersall's over the Liverpool Cup, and was doing his business in the City within ten days of his death. He will be missed more, perhaps, east of Temple Bar than west; for it was there he passed most of the day, and his figure was as well known on the Royal Exchange as the biggest bill broker on 'Change.

We have before mentioned the Road Club in these pages, and are now happy to record that it is an accomplished fact. The Club House, 4 Park Place, St. James's—a very convenient locality, with the advantage of a communication into Arlington Street—was opened, on the 7th of November, with a dinner, to which about thirty of its members sat down, under (in the unavoidable absence of the Duke of Beaufort, the Chairman of the Committee) the genial presidency of Sir Henry de Bathe. It was a very pleasant gathering. Bad as the time of year is for getting men together—with shooting and hunting to keep them in the country—a good many coaching men of the right sort supported Sir Henry. There were Lord Arthur Somerset, Mr. Charles

Hoare, Captain Haworth, Mr. Godæl, Dr. Hermann, Major Furnival, Mr. Anthony Biddulph, Mr. John Carter Wood, Mr. Lumsdaine, &c. &c., we were reminded of 'the road' by the well-illustrated *menu* (the work of the Hon. Sec., Mr. Lydston Haworth), the crest on the plate and glass, above all by the aspect of the hall porter, who, in his scarlet broad-cloth, looked like one of Her Majesty's old mail guards *redoubtable*. He filled his scarlet well, and as a hall porter ought to be an imposing figure, did credit to his selection. The house is excellently adapted for a club, and that back door into Arlington Street will be a real blessing to coaching men in the season. We can fancy how they will slip out and in about the time of the arrival and departure of the various coaches, and how there will be comments on 'Billy' and 'Peter,' and friendly criticisms on the last new recruit to the ranks of 'the road,' combined with adjournments for sherry. But the Road Club aims at being something more than an agreeable lounge. It wishes to be a law to that pleasant pastime which has renewed its youth amongst us of late years, and hopes to do some good in its way beyond the mere pleasure of the sight of a well-appointed coach and team. It ought to be the headquarters of coaching—not only a resort where we can hear what is going on in the coaching world, but a tribunal to which its disputes, if they occur, can be referred. To Sir Henry de Bathe and Major Furnival especially are due the thanks of all who are fond of 'the road' and its pleasures for the establishment of the new club. It is not a dear one, its gastronomic principles being based on a gridiron, and it is replete with every comfort and luxury. Many men, not specially caring for coaching, will find it, we think, a very agreeable resort.

The story of Punchestown has been often told, and we may say that among the contents of the 'Van' it has held a conspicuous place. Mr. Barraud gave us the 'Royal Visit' of three or four years ago, and a very pleasant picture did the scene in the parade before the Royal party make. But the incidents of Punchestown have lacked an artist until Mr. Cranfield, the well-known Dublin publisher, gave Mr. Sturgess a commission to paint the memorable race for the Conyngham Cup in 1872. Mr. Sturgess chose the Start, the Double, the Wall, and the Finish for his illustrations, and the coloured engravings from his spirited pictures have just been published by Mr. Cranfield. We like them all, the Double and the Wall especially, where the likenesses of both men and horses are admirable. Particularly good is Mr. Thomas on Star of the Sea coming over the wall, and Captain Smith on Héraut d'Armes is equally so. The run in at the finish is admirable, and a more charming memorial of that great meeting 'which all sportsmen love there could not be than those four pictures. They are to be seen in London at Messrs. Ackerman's, Regent Street.





*Atty* Hamond

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Arthur Hammond

# BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

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### MR. A. HAMOND.

NORFOLK has been fortunate in its M.F.H. To find a successor to Mr. Villebois in one who has now hunted the country for the last ten years to the entire satisfaction, not only of hunting men, but also to that of those strict game preservers with whom Norfolk abounds, is not given to every broad shire, and Norfolk fully appreciates its good fortune. Mr. Anthony Hamond, a descendant of an old county family long settled there, was born in 1834, his mother being Miss Musters of Colwich Hall, Notts. Educated at Eton and Trinity, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1855, he was known at his university as a bruising rider with the drag, and equally well known in his own county, not only in the hunting-field, but as a good performer with rod and gun. In 1865, Mr. Hamond succeeded Mr. Villebois, having John Squires as his huntsman. This arrangement lasted four seasons, when he took the horn, which he carried successfully for three years, with Robert Clayden as first whip. Finding this too great a tax on his time, he resigned it to Clayden, who still hunts the hounds, and gives the greatest satisfaction to the members of the hunt.

As a Master, Mr. Hamond is most popular with all classes, and his portrait, by Graves, was presented to him on the occasion of his marriage, in May last, with a daughter of Sir Thomas Hare of Stow Hall. Though riding nearly 17 st., he is always with his hounds, and very difficult to beat, be the country what it may. It is somewhat singular that Mr. Hamond and his two brothers-in-law, Mr. Musters of Colwich and Mr. Wickstead of the Ludlow, were all hunting their own hounds at the same time, and, perhaps, three better huntsmen could not have been found, search England through.

Mr. Hamond is emphatically a good landlord in the highest sense of the word, and, kind and genial to all, his popularity is more than the passing feeling of the hour. His society is sought by every one, and the Prince of Wales rarely misses an opportunity of coming out with him when he can. The pack consists of forty-two couple, bred by himself with judicious crossing with the Milton and Belvoir kennels.



## FASHIONABLE FATLINGS.

Now that the last yearling of 1874 has been brought to the hammer, and breeders can tottle up their winnings or losings pretty accurately—before their attention is once more called to paddock cares during the shortest days of the year—it may not be out of place to touch upon a subject which must exercise exceedingly powerful influences, for good or evil, on the rising generation of blood stock. Year by year we have seen the evil assuming, if possible, larger proportions, until we are almost tempted to inquire for what purpose are our young thoroughbreds brought up for sale, whether for the trainer or for the butcher? Fashion we all know to be an inexorable dictator, and we are far too willing to place our necks under her yoke as a matter of necessity, instead of taking the trouble to ascertain whether her power cannot be broken, once for all, by a resolute opposition to her edicts. Obedient to Fashion's Medean law, the fair daughter of Cathay limits the natural proportions of her feet by years of refined torture—the Japanese courtier gives himself the happy despatch according to the most rigorous exactions of etiquette—the South Sea Islander covers his wretched carcase with all manner of grotesque devices, and the 'poor Indian' mounts the funeral pile of her departed lord. In England, among the many absurdities perpetrated in the name of fashion, we bring our yearling racers up for sale, so loaded with fat inside and out, that one might imagine we were in December instead of June, and feeling over the fat beasts in the Agricultural Hall, instead of going round the boxes at—well, any of the summer yearling sales. If hippophagy were in fashion, or the rinderpest had decimated our herds, this stuffing and cramming might be all very well; but our yearling racers are not destined for the dripping-pan, like sucking pigs, but for a deal of very hard work before they can claim once more to eat the bread of idleness, and luxuriate in the paddock life of their youth again. The French have the credit of being more hopeless slaves of Fashion than ourselves; but, among their many eccentricities of life and character, they at least can boast themselves superior in common sense to perfidious Albion in these respects—namely, in bringing up their young things more in accordance with the dictates of nature, and refusing to bleed their calves. In England, Fashion has ordained that veal shall be delicately white, taste being a secondary consideration, and nutritious properties altogether ignored. Consequently, we put it down in the list of insipids, and almost neglect a most welcome variety in the eternal round of beef and mutton, which we are apt to regard in the same light as Magna Charta, or any other 'bulwark of the nation.' On the Continent no such absurd custom prevails of blanching the meat by the cruel process in vogue amongst us; and the consequence is that Monseigneur, Herr, or Signor can set before his English visitors an appetising, toothsome, and nourishing

dish, even when unadorned with that high culinary science we appreciate so greatly on our travels into other lands. The foreigner may cherish equally ridiculous fancies as our own method of spoiling a good thing; but in this particular instance he is clearly far in advance of John Bull.

How this practice of cramming our equine athletes first originated we have no means of ascertaining, but it has been painfully apparent for some time past; until those stud-grooms who had not succeeded in laying on the adipose tissue thickly enough have been accused of starving their yearlings, and prices have fallen accordingly. And yet it might be imagined that any one constantly engaged among horses could hardly fail to distinguish between the healthily glossed coat of an animal which wholesome exercise prevents from getting gross, and the oily appearance of another so made up with fat for the occasion as to resemble a pot-bellied tame rabbit rather than an embryo horse. In sporting circles nothing is more common than to hear of young horses 'disguised with fat,' as if it was their normal condition when brought to the hammer. But this surely is paying a very bad compliment to purchasers by breeders, if the latter consider that inferior articles can thus be palmed off on those entrusted with that important function of selecting yearling stock. We all know, of course, that good judges are comparatively rare, and that many buyers have only a smattering as to the necessary points of a race-horse; but in how many cases are the 'multitude of sins' supposed to be covered by fat concealed from even a half-practised eye? A Smithfield farmer begins at the 'top' of the animal, and mentally reckons up the beast's weight in stones, making allowance also for the fat inside the carcase. But practical horsemen, trainers, and others set to work on an altogether different principle. Look at the Dawsons, or a score more of trainers of credit and repute, taking stock of a yearling in his box. Legs and feet are their first consideration, and thence they proceed to a critical examination of other points subservient to the actual machinery of prime importance—the 'understandings' of the animal. The Claimant-like bulk of many yearlings gives the inexperienced bystander an idea of their being overtopped; but judges of course discount this, and picture the animal as it would appear under ordinary conditions. We do not for a moment deny that there exist owners of racehorses who are liable to be taken in by those delightfully round, sleek creatures one sees lazily pottering round a sale ring, and who always seem to be bent on buying their horses by the pound; but we expect that the great majority would rather look over a yearling in the rough, up to its hocks in mud from galloping in the paddock, and with knotted mane and tail, and coat turned a hundred different ways, than have to pick to pieces a gross pulpy mass before they can mentally reconstruct the animal as nature intended him to appear.

Not that you will get breeders to admit that their animals are got up for sale otherwise than with the dandy brush, rubber, and a large supply of elbow grease. They quite ignore the idea of any fatten-

ing process, and put on quite an air of goodnatured indignation if the word 'oil-cake' is breathed in their presence. When all is made so pleasant for a yearling inspection, no one but a Grand Inquisitor could find it in his heart even to suggest an idea of penetrating the mystery whereby the crooked is made straight and the rough places plain by the day of sale. Yet it is the same old, old story of looking at a miscellaneous lot, only separated according to sexes, careering fast and free round the paddock bounds in all their glory of hardy untidiness; and a couple of months afterwards holding a box-to-box visitation of the same fraternity so changed, that mere casual observers would hardly recognise them for the same animals. Their feet pared to shapely proportions and daintily shod, their glossy skins almost exuding the nutritious aliment of the last few weeks, their tails trimmed and manes waterbrushed everlastingly, and set off with brand-new head collars, they form a striking contrast to the wild denizens of the stretching pasture which wheeled in squadrons round the inclosure at a respectful distance, or trotted timidly up to take stock of the intruders upon their domain. As visitors, we do not care to pry into the secrets of the prison-house, nor ask to go behind the scenes during the period of 'transformation', when the clodhopper of the pantomime assumes the rôle of the glittering harlequin, and the wicked fairy trips it once more on the stage as a graceful columbine. And yet no one pretending to the slightest knowledge of horseflesh can shut his eyes to the alteration worked in a few weeks—almost as great as that from the horse in training to the stallion of many seasons. These last, indeed, may claim, in common with their high-bred consorts in the neighbouring inclosures, to realise the words of the Psalmist, and to 'bring forth much fruit in their age, and to be 'fat and well liking;' but we hardly look for this golden time ere the labours of the racecourse have commenced, and before the hand of the trainer has been at work.

Sheep and oxen are fatted for 'the knife,' and the same fate, though in rather a different sense, awaits many of those who, like Jeshurun, have waxed fat in their youth, and with evil humours have inherited evil passions. Did any one ever see a high-fed, pampered child whose unnatural state did not make his life a burden to himself and his friends? The tendency of infantine life is towards fat; but after a yearling has bidden farewell to milk, our object is rather to solidify than encourage further development of 'adipose tissue.' Plain food is best for babes; but no one tries to put fat on children, unless it is intended to make a prize exhibition of them. We may try and improve the condition of 'starvelings,' or creatures naturally inclined to be lean, by a generous, fat-producing diet; but then we wish to establish *permanently* a more generous condition of being, and are not so capricious as to fatten merely for the sake of relapsing again in a short time. We do not personally possess the knowledge of nature's physical laws in a sufficient degree to discuss the question of the consequences of laying fat on a growing animal. We presume that the outward sleek and shining appearance cannot be produced

without some corresponding increase of the same oily substance within; a condition far more serious in its consequences than any mere temporary accumulation on the exterior. Many of us, too conscious, alas! of the approach to middle age in increasing weight and decreasing elasticity evidenced by expanding waistcoat and a more dignified gait, know to our cost how easy is the descension, so gradual as to be almost inappreciable, to the realms of obesity; how difficult, nay, oftentimes impossible, the return to that enviable state of elegant ease which the glass of fashion reflected in the hot days of our youth.

No Houyhnhnm Banting has as yet arisen to inform us of the method of the reduction of fat by diet, and the experiments which have been made from time to time of taking up and putting into work sires and brood mares have for the most part proved, excepting in the case of the resuscitated Jericho, lamentable failures; thus showing that nature is not to be trifled with, and that we cannot assume or reject at will the results of a too generous style of living. Fat boys, like him of Pickwickian celebrity, do not generally fine down into the active, energetic race from which our line of heroes and statesmen have sprung; and the organisation of such individuals tends more towards general sleepiness, mentally as well as bodily. But if the system of 'plumping up' yearlings for sale is unnecessary as well as injurious to the young idea, how will these epithets be further intensified when, having heard the reason why it is considered expedient to treat them like fatted calves, we find, as the result of further inquiries, that it is not by any means intended that they should continue in their literal 'well-doing'; but, on the contrary, the next step is to reduce them to their pristine state of natural condition. The king of France marches up the hill and then down again with all his men; and the result is not only loss of time, but in too many cases absolute physical disarrangement for some period to come, if not for all time. According to Lord Byron, fat is an oily dropsy, which those desirous of preserving their health and figure should make every effort to repress. Trainers obviously cannot take in hand at once a yearling trembling with fat, which must come off, from both exterior and interior, before it begins work in earnest. Accordingly, those blest with good constitutions and the soundest of limbs are set the task to reduce themselves by the only healthy means in their power—that of long, regular, steady exercise, varied occasionally by a dose of physic, which assists in carrying off the impurities and obstructions generated by a too abundant imposition of fat. But how are the backward and sickly to fare, and those requiring the most judicious handling to keep them on their legs even through a two-year-old season? Bone and sinew must primarily draw their supplies from the stomach; and if that organ is so far debilitated as to be the real cause of all sorts of leg infirmities, how can it be expected to regain its tone when further loaded and obstructed with cloying and indigestible substances, administered in seeming perversity for the very object of arresting healthy development? Consequently, with those incapable of reduction by hard work, physic has to be adopted,

and the remedy becomes well-nigh as bad as the disease, by the setting up of a weakening process inevitably ensuing on the exhibition of powerful drugs. Who has not lost sight for ever of many a high-priced yearling brought to the hammer under the conditions hereinbefore deprecated? and in how many cases may not such disappearance be attributed to the utter impossibility of averting the work of destruction initiated by the process of 'making up for sale'? May not that dreaded, terrible scourge of roaring be attributed in some degree to overloading the body prematurely, and thus inducing pressure on the lungs and consequent disarrangement of the breathing apparatus? We all know how laboured is the respiration of those unduly burdened with fat, whether in youth or age; and what afflicts mankind in such cases must hold good equally with horses. We know that nothing can supply the place of healthy exercise for clearing the pipes, hardening the muscles, and invigorating the constitution. The Turkish bath, however successful as it may have been in reducing fat, fails miserably in assisting the muscular energies; and if so simple and avowedly healthful a means of getting rid of crudities has been justly condemned, what can be advanced on behalf of medicine, which can only act in a manner calculated to lower the strength of the stomach, and which, even when it has had the desired effect, leaves it in need of tonics to restore its efficiency as the mainspring of the system?

Constitutional changes, induced by this 'priming' of young stock destined for a laborious existence, cannot but retard growth and delay the maturing process. And if it be bad judgment, not to say folly, to feed up yearling stock for the blood sales commencing in June, it might almost be termed madness to continue this process up to the close of the season in September, when the Doncaster sale ring winds up business in that line for the year. Every month must be of importance in carrying out the reducing process, and the sooner this is commenced, the greater likelihood is there of the youngster coming early to its trainer's hands, and a rough idea of its capabilities being formed in December, before the important entries for the ensuing year are compelled to be made. Three months must make a vast difference in the introduction from the nursery to the schoolroom, when we consider the shortness of an average racing career; and we have noticed over and over again that yearlings purchased late in the year lose their advantage as two-year-olds, which they may possibly regain, however, by being laid by for that season.

No one who has taken the pains to study modern racing statistics, and has watched the varying fortunes of different stables, can have failed to observe how consistently success has followed the breeders of their own horses for the Turf. How are we to account for this, except upon the supposition that some different plan is adopted in the feeding and rearing of their young thoroughbreds? If every private breeder kept a stallion for the use of his entire stud of mares, his success might not unreasonably be attributed to the absence of all the bustle and excitement of his 'Belgravian mothers' changing

quarters at that most critical period just before foaling, when 'fresh fields and pastures new,' to say nothing of the actual excitement of a long journey by rail, must prejudice in some degree the happy result of an event which every one would wish to take place under personal supervision and in the quiet retirement of the home paddock. But so far from keeping their mares for one sire, we find numberless racing men in possession of from half a dozen to a score of matrons, patronizing public horses year by year, as a far more convenient way of doing business, and giving them an opportunity of changing the blood according to fancy, without the obligation of being to a certain extent bound down to their own sire, which many decline to keep at all, owing to the trouble and anxiety such a possession involves. Consequently their mares run the same risks as those of others who breed for sale, and the young things have to rough it in strange paddocks with the common herd. Still the superiority of home-bred horses over those purchased at public sales remains as marked as ever; and it is a fact we cannot shirk, that tracing back through the last decade of Derby winners, the former number seven to three of the latter. Almost the same proportion holds good if we ascend to another decade, while the multitude of high-priced yearlings annually consigned to the limbo of forgetfulness, like ships setting sail with such high promise, and never being heard of again, bears silent testimony to a fault somewhere in the system. There is this sole difference, so far as we can perceive, between the home-bred and the yearlings sold into bondage, from the time they 'nose the udder' in the bleak winds of receding winter to the day they pass into the trainer's care—that the former is spared the ordeal through which fashion has ordained the latter must pass, viz., the process of making up for sale. In all other respects the conditions of rearing and feeding appear to be the same, and we have shown that in conditions of birth and early foalhood they differ not at all. Are we then attempting to prove too much, in arguing from the only standpoint of difference between them, or is ours a reasonable conclusion to draw from facts we have never yet heard disputed—that breeders succeed better than buyers, and that the popular demand is for 'fashionable fatlings'?

In further allusion to the French system of rearing their thoroughbred stock, the question very naturally arises, how do our neighbours across the Channel manage to produce, from animals English breeders would hardly deign to notice, such horses as have lately made so serious a mark among us as to induce a member of the Jockey Club to urge upon his brethren schemes for limiting in the future foreign successes? We have no hesitation in asserting that sires such as Plutus, Orphelin, Minos, Ventre St. Gris, Vertugadin, and half a dozen others of like calibre, would have found no favour in English eyes; and yet we see their progeny, ragged hipped, angular, old-fashioned looking creatures with more substance than quality, not only holding their own amongst us, but causing envious eyes to be cast on their repeated successes in Cups and other high-class races.

It may be argued, with some show of reason, that French stallions do not run the same risk of being abused as our popular English sires; but it should also be recollected that in France owners of racehorses are also mostly their breeders, and that yearling sales are almost unknown in that country. The climate, it is true, may be more genial, and better adapted for early development than ours; but the temperature of these islands is scarcely of such an inclement nature as to require our young racers to be fed on oil and fat, like Greenlanders; and we would rather see Mr. Tattersall taking up his pulpit and his parable in the centre of a paddock, with yearlings gloriously dirty, ragged, and unkempt, showing off their paces in mud and dirt around him, than assist at the sale of such prime fatlings as we have seen almost goaded into a sale ring on a summer's afternoon, too lazy seemingly to crawl round its limits, and gazing mildly up as if in expectation of being knocked down by a pole-axe in place of the ivory hammer.

The remedy against an obviously pernicious and barbarous fashion lies entirely in the hands of breeders, who, after all, are the people principally concerned in bringing their young things to market as ripe and ready for the trainer's hands as plenty of good hard food and abundant exercise can make them. Let but one amongst our most influential of them have the courage to set the example, and in a few years he will find it followed even by those accustomed *stare super antiquas vias*, and veritable conservatives in their calling. The change will not of course be appreciated at first; but we will venture to assert that trainers will soon be converted, when we may consider the question finally settled, without any danger of a return to the days of 'fashionable fatlings.' Not that we profess to be sanguine of such a revolution taking place, for originators of the change will at first have to be content with shorter prices, in addition to some ridicule. But we are convinced the laugh will speedily be on the other side after a fair trial has proved beyond doubt that the sleekest skin does not always cover the best and most sterling qualities of the racer, whose function it can never be—

'To rust unburnished, not in shine in use.'

By all means let breeders send their children to school, so to speak, with clean faces and tidy clothes; but let them not attempt to improve their appearance of hard health by reverting to those unctuous messes of mysterious composition, which can only induce premature disease, like Strasbourg geese, forced in ovens for the sake of enlarging their livers. We have found in our school days the healthiest, the brightest, and most athletic of our compeers, not among the Epicureans who lingered away their between-school hours gorging at the pastrycooks, but rather in the ranks of those who 'scorning delights and living laborious days,' laid the foundations of bodily strength and intellectual vigour by a devotion to 'brown exercise' and the cultivation of manly pastimes.

AMPHION.

## FRANK RALEIGH OF WATERCOMBE.

## CHAPTER XI.

IN going to the otter-hunt that morning, the coach had not been ten minutes off the stones ere the whirl and excitement of the start, the spanking team, and the pleasant sallies of Jack Goodwin's wit had speedily and effectually banished from Frank's mind all thoughts of Buckbury and Dr. Twigg for the rest of the day. Even the earnest appeal of Mrs. Hopkins, the kind-hearted housekeeper, striving hard, as she expressed it, to save him from ruin, no longer rung on his ears; nor, for one moment, in the all-engrossing presence of the hounds, did the chase lose an iota of its charms by a single twinge of apprehension as to the fate awaiting him on his return to school.

'The sunshine of the hour' he had thoroughly enjoyed, and probably none the less so because it was a stolen ray; for in the Songs of Schiller, so exquisitely translated by the late Lord Lytton, is it not said—

'Ah! never he has rapture known,  
Who has not, where the waves are driven  
Upon the fearful shores of Hell,  
Pluck'd fruits that taste of Heaven?'

But back once more within those prison walls, and again under the very eye of the pedagogue, whose severity in all cases of breach of discipline amounted to a proverb, Frank might well believe that 'the ills to come' were now at hand, and that a heavy sentence of punishment would be pronounced without mercy on his guilty head. Still his cheek was not blanched, nor could any sign of the down-cast culprit be traced in the open expression of his countenance; his step too was firm, and, though exhibiting no bravado, he followed the fair widow into the Doctor's den without a shadow of fear or trepidation observable in his whole demeanour.

Was it then the natural courage of the boy that, in the face of the flagrant act of which he was conscious, gave him composure, if not confidence, in the presence of the pedagogue? Or was it that, knowing how soon he would be emancipated from the school-trammels by which he was now hampered, he was nerved to meet without alarm an ordeal, usually held so terrible by every truant, under the belief that this would probably be the last he should ever be subjected to within those walls?

To this feeling, doubtless, and to his high spirit was the self-possession that sustained him partly due; but there was yet another and a stronger reason that influenced Frank's manner and encouraged him to expect a light sentence in the present interview. The widow's power over the pedagogue was no secret to him; indeed, he had already turned it to account by obtaining a holiday on the previous day, when it was well known that to every one else but that lady



the Doctor would have given a stern refusal. Under her wing, therefore, Frank felt tolerably secure, and entered into the awful den, not only without a shudder, but with a step that Æneas might have envied when, bearing the golden bough and supported by the Sibyl, he entered the realms of the inexorable Pluto.

‘Delighted to see you, my dear madam,’ said the Doctor, rising to receive the lady with a gratified air and the blandest of smiles; ‘a visit from you is indeed a great honour. Pray be seated, and let me know in what way I can serve you.’

So complete was the transmutation of the man’s countenance and manner, that Frank could scarcely believe in his own ears and eyes that he heard and saw the veritable Dr. Twigg. The moment, however, the eye of the pedagogue fell on him, and that old Burleigh nod, so full of dignity and dark import, bid the boy understand that he too was to take a chair, Frank’s doubts vanished like a dream; that one look and nod were enough; it was the wielder of the Hederich that stood before him—‘old Twigg’ incarnate, and no other.

‘You are always so very kind,’ replied Mrs. Cornish, in the gentlest and sweetest of tones, ‘or I could not have ventured to trouble you so soon again with another petition.’

‘Whatever that petition may be, madam, pray consider it as already granted,’ interposed the Doctor, with all the gallantry of which he was capable.

‘Thank you a thousand times,’ said the lady, looking round hopefully at Frank, with a view to cheer him. ‘My young friend, I fear, has been absent without leave; and as he is conscious of having seriously transgressed your rules and taken an unwarrantable liberty with you, he is come to express his deep regret at having done so. Let me add that, as I am in some measure responsible for the night adventure that led to this breach of discipline, I must beg you to consider me a co-culprit in the matter, and deal leniently with us both.’

Not one word of regret; not a syllable of penitence had Frank expressed, either directly or indirectly, to Mrs. Cornish; and although he felt it was quite true he had broken the rules of the establishment, and given dire offence thereby, his pride rebelled at the idea of cringing to ‘old Twigg,’ and begging for mercy at his hands. A thousand times rather would he have submitted to another blow from the Hederich, or any other punishment in the power of the pedagogue to inflict, than, by asking his pardon, run the risk of being considered ‘a funk’ by his schoolfellows so long as he lived.

Besides, the confession of his fault, he thought, would be such a triumph for the man who had impressed his mark on him by so many acts of savage violence, and whom he had now come to regard, not simply in the light of a severe taskmaster, but as an oppressor and a brute. No! he’d bite out his tongue rather than say he was sorry to ‘old Twigg!’ better death than such humiliation.

Such was Frank’s determination, as he listened impatiently to the widow’s report, representing him as returning in a penitent mood

and expressing a sorrow on his account which he did not feel, and certainly would not own.

This feeling on his part, if not a Christian, was only a too natural one; for, in memory at least, he was still smarting under the degradation to which he had been compelled so often to submit; and to be called upon now to kiss the rod, and perhaps be threatened again with the same indignity, was a penance but too likely to rouse the spirit of a lad possessing far less mettle than Frank Raleigh into downright, open rebellion.

The explanation and appeal for clemency so kindly proffered by Mrs. Cornish, in which her own fault, as she insisted on calling it, was ingeniously interwoven with that of Frank's, drew from the Doctor, as might be expected, a low and approving nod: 'Your complicity in this sad affair, my dear madam,' he then said, 'is due only to the good-nature and kindness of your heart, and, if they have been abused by a gross breach of discipline on the part of this truant, he, and not you, must suffer the consequences.'

The Doctor having so far adjudicated on the widow's case, the form of his visage became changed as, with a dark scowl upon it, he turned round to Frank, and thus addressed him:—

'You, sir, as you must know, have no title to any indulgence at my hands. You have been consistently negligent of your studies, followed field sports as if you were born to be a gamekeeper, and were sent here to learn your trade; and, lastly, you have thought fit to violate my rules by an act of insubordination alike injurious, by its example, to the pupils as well as to the reputation of this establishment. To overlook such wilful and daring misconduct would be to neglect a duty I owe not less to you than to your father, as well as to the other pupils and to myself. But, sir, in deference to this lady's appeal, instead of expelling you, which I had made up my mind to do, you will transcribe in plain, legible characters the fourth book of Homer's "*Iliad*," and this task you will accomplish before the holidays: you may now go.'

No expression of regret, then, was demanded from him, no promise of future amendment; so Frank's eye positively brightened as he listened to the terms of this sentence passed upon him. He then rose in haste, and, with a few words of hearty thanks to Mrs. Cornish, quitted the apartment; not, however, before that lady had reminded him of his promise to join her picnic at Holne Chase on the following Thursday, his next holiday; 'And don't forget,' she added, pressing his hand significantly, 'to bring your friend Somers with you.'

The expiation of his fault by an imposition, no matter of what length nor in what language, troubled Frank so little that, on joining his schoolfellows, a knot of whom were waiting for him outside the Doctor's den, he broke out into a roar of merriment. 'Beat the old grinder again, by Jingo, boys! Got an imposition, such a whacker! the fourth book of the "*Iliad*" to transcribe: why 'twill keep poor Powell in roast beef for a month to come.'

'And thankful enough he'll be for it,' said Somers, joining in the mirth; 'for I know he and his children have been living on short commons for many a past week, and his wife looks like a skeleton.'

It will now be necessary to revert to a period of twelve months antecedent to the present history, in order to introduce the reader to the gentleman on whom this imposition was likely to confer so great a boon.

The Rev. Llewellyn Powell, the individual referred to, was the curate of an out-lying chapelry attached to Buckbury; but as it possessed no parochial residence for the clergyman, he and his family were compelled to occupy a set of wretched apartments over a carpenter's shop in the suburbs of that town. For this accommodation and the service of one of the landlord's daughters, who waited on them as maid-of-all-work, he was required to pay the weekly sum of ten shillings out of an annual stipend amounting to seventy pounds.

This income, with the addition of a few pounds earned casually, as will be presently explained, by the use of his pen, included every penny poor Powell had to depend upon for the support of a delicate wife and three hungry children. He had no sooner taken orders as a literate, educated in one of the theological schools of the Principality, than he hastened, like a bold man, to fulfil an engagement he had entered into, in an evil hour, with a fair-haired 'penniless lass' of his own country; and with the hope of obtaining a better-paid curacy than Cardiganshire was likely to supply, he had migrated into Devon, where we now find him on the outskirts of Dartmoor, half fed and in threadbare attire.

But notwithstanding the poverty indicated by his dress, always a linsey-wolsey suit of shepherd's-plaid pattern, woven in his native looms, but so darned and be-roughed by thorns that its own fabricator would have been puzzled to recognise it, Powell's nature was so joyous, and his fine, manly form and clear-cut, handsome features so prepossessing, that no one, looking at his countenance, would think of his dress a second time.

Nor in appearance only was his manliness displayed; in that of his conduct it was far more striking. He had been three years at Buckbury, enduring not only the want of almost every comfort supposed to sweeten life, but grinding penury into the bargain; yet he owed no man a shilling, nor was a murmur of discontent ever heard on his lips. Verily, he was a living instance that 'to poverty only do the gods give content.'

Besides being 'a fisher of men,' Powell devoted no small portion of his time to fishing for trout; and if his success in the former capacity had only equalled his capture of the latter, he would have been entitled to the best stall in the Bishop of Exeter's gift. In that craft he was indeed a profound artist; could tie a fly and throw it with consummate delicacy, and fill his basket on a cold easterly-wind day, when no one else could lure a fish to the surface. But not for his recreation only did he follow this pastime with such ardour and assiduity: from February to September the fish he

caught constituted the chief animal food on which he and his family subsisted for months together; and but for this nutritive diet the hard times they saw would have been harder still on his already sorely-pinched household.

When September came, however, matters mended; the hollow cheek of his wife was no longer so apparent, nor the looks of his children half so delicate. From the first day of that month a more substantial fare, in the form of game and rabbits, fell to their lot; for in those days, the pheasant being a *rara avis* in that country, Powell, gun in hand, was not only permitted to wander where he would and shoot what he could, but was invited to do so by the farmers far and near. If the land had been his own free warren he could scarcely have had a freer range. Then, the prevalence of the furze-bush, bristling on almost every hedge-row, and the number of furze-brakes, grown for 'kindling' purposes, and occupying no inconsiderable percentage of most Devonshire farms, insured for him a never-failing supply of rabbits, and right welcome were his visits to many a poor farmer suffering from the depredations of too large a stock.

Frank had scarcely been a week at school before a warm friendship, founded on their similar tastes for out-of-door life, sprang up between him and the poor curate of Blacky-down. He it was who had taught him so many of the secrets of the 'gentle art,' and had helped him to build a coracle after the ancient British type, such as Tacitus describes, and such as are to this day used by the fishermen of the Teivi and other Cambrian rivers. Canvas, however, saturated with tar and tallow, had been substituted for the bullock's hide, or *corium*, which they stretched over its osier-and-ash ribs in former days, and to which Latin word it is erroneously supposed to be indebted for its present name.

The object of this boat—weighing about seventy pounds, and in shape very like an old-fashioned coal-scuttle, or the tail-end of a duck's body, supposing it chopped in twain—was to enable Frank to fish certain portions of the lower river, which, owing to its dense fringe of overhanging timber, was utterly unapproachable by any other means; and there, as imagination will always magnify the unknown, of course lay the biggest fish, the tritons of the stream.

The low ebb of Powell's exchequer was well known to the whole school, and excited a strong sympathy among the boys of the upper forms, who had frequently discussed the subject among themselves, and lamented the cruel fate that assigned such slender means to so good a fellow. Nor were plans wanting by which they proposed to relieve in some measure the financial difficulties pressing upon him; but among the many advanced, no proposition sufficiently feasible could be hit upon; not one to which the leaders of the school would give their adhesion: still the subject was not shelved. One day—it was in the previous warm summer—several of the fifth and sixth-form boys had gone on a bathing expedition for the purpose of testing the capabilities of the coracle, then newly built, and of practising the

very ticklish task of getting in and out of her without capsizing the frail bark.

Naked as sinless Adam had Frank first, and every boy in turn, essayed the embarkation; but, like a vicious mule under an unskilled rider, the crazy craft wriggled and winced under its burden and sent every boy one after the other spinning into the pool. Once it capsized on the top of young Carew's head; and he, not being of an agile turn, nor an expert swimmer, must have been drowned but for Powell, who, although in his clothes, dived instantly down, caught him by the legs, and dragged him to land.

On that first day of trial not one of the party could keep his seat for two seconds, and the thorough ducking they all sustained would have probably damped their ardour, keen as it was, if Powell had not warned them that the management of a coracle by a beginner was usually attended by such consequences.

While returning from this expedition, and sauntering among the beautiful green meadows leading up-stream in the direction of Buckbury, the old subject of the parson's penury was again broached by the boys; he in the meantime having jumped into the coracle and started down-stream in pursuit of his finny prey.

'I'll tell you what, boys,' said Carew, his heavy, good-natured countenance being more than usually animated, 'I know how we could do the parson a good turn. We'll concoct a letter to my governor, and tell him of my wonderful escape, and how the curate jumped in and risked his own life to save mine. Then, can't I hear him say, "That's the man I'll give Duckyford to; he has saved my son's life, and shall have the best living in my gift."'

'But isn't that old Courtenay's parish?' said Frank; 'what are you going to do with him? He's alive and kicking, and likely to live, I should say. Why, there isn't a man out can beat him over the moor now, when the hounds find on his side the country. Sir Anthony must bury him first, before he can appoint another man.'

'Don't be so sure of that, Frank,' answered Carew, not at all relishing the laugh raised at his expense; 'no one can understand a word old Courtenay says, either in the desk or pulpit; and the farmers declare a cast-iron parson would be just as useful to the parish. The Ranters are getting the upper hand, too, and my father is going to offer the old fellow a good pension if he will quietly slip out of harness and resign the living: so I say, there's a chance for Powell.'

'A very good one, too,' said Harry Somers, 'if Sir Anthony has not already another man in his eye.'

This suggestion then of Carew's appeared to be by far the most sensible as yet proposed; and, with the concurrence of all present, it was arranged that a letter should be forthwith addressed to Sir Anthony Carew, describing the accident and Powell's magnanimous conduct in rescuing his son from imminent death. Powell's circumstances were then to be disclosed, and an entreaty added that when Duckyford became vacant Sir Anthony would bestow it on him.

This was accordingly done, and the document, including a minute description of all particulars likely to promote its success, duly forwarded to Sir Anthony Carew. The following post brought an answer, addressed, not to his son, but to Dr. Twigg, which the latter thought proper to read aloud before the whole school. Not one word of gratitude for the escape of his son did the letter contain, but an unsparing invective against the lax discipline of a school which could permit boys to waste their time in building coracles and risking their lives by using them. To this was added a short postscript, begging that an enclosed five-pound note might be handed over to the distressed curate.

The Doctor's face was positively black with rage, so galled was he by the taunt reflecting on his establishment. 'Carew!' he said, in a voice deeper and more guttural than usual, 'who were your accomplices on this occasion? and who is the owner of this boat?'

Before Carew, however, could give an answer, Frank started to his feet and announced himself as the constructor and sole owner.

The Doctor at first appeared a little taken aback by this straightforward admission; but instead of giving Frank credit for his candour, he attacked him at once in the most vituperative language his powers of speech could command. 'I knew it!' he said, bitterly; 'I knew you, sir, would be the ringleader in this matter, as you always have been in every plot and act calculated to outrage my rules ever since you entered this establishment. This last aggression is one of lawless audacity, and has brought a reproach on me such as I never yet was subjected to. "Lax discipline," indeed! I'll take care that that complaint shall never be brought to my door again.'

It was a matter of grave import always when the Doctor in addressing his pupils exceeded the significant nod and monosyllabic words in which he usually indulged; and during the delivery of that long phillipic so hushed were the auditors that a pin falling would have been heard all over the school.

'And who, sir, were your other accomplices besides Carew?' he demanded, still holding Frank with his eye, as the ancient mariner held the wedding guest.

A dead silence followed this question, and for some seconds it seemed as if Frank, unwilling to incriminate his schoolfellows, meant to make no response; but however this might have been, seven boys stepped forward and acknowledged themselves as participators with Frank in making trial of the coracle, and at the same time stating that, as they had gone to bathe, they had no intention whatever of committing a breach of discipline by that act.

Dr. Twigg, however, appeared to think otherwise, for, without taking any notice of the explanation, he proceeded at once to allot a heavy imposition to each boy, requiring him to write out the first chapter of St. Luke's Gospel in Greek; but to Frank, giving the second chapter as well. At the same time he inhibited the use of the coracle for evermore, adding, that expulsion would be the

instant penalty imposed on every boy transgressing that order. He then withdrew to his den.

'I shouldn't have so much minded the double allowance he gave me,' said Frank, 'if he hadn't been down on the coracle so. A pretty kettle of fish you've made of it, Carew, you and your fat living of Duckyford!'

'I did it for the best,' replied the other, mildly, 'and you fellows all agreed to it; but who would have thought the old Patriarch' (this was the name for Sir Anthony) 'would have cut up so crusty?'

'He don't seem to think much of you,' said Frank, 'or he might have sent the poor parson fifty instead of that flimsy fiver.'

'Hold hard,' said another, equally vexed at the result of the petition, 'five pounds is a big price, and, in my opinion, Powell has already been overpaid for the job.'

'Well,' said Carew, still maintaining his good-temper and ready to defend his father, 'you forget there are twelve of us at home, and that I am the Benjamin of the bunch.'

'So I should think,' replied Frank, 'by the mess we have all dropped into, and of which you certainly should have had the double allowance.'

Happily, Carew's nature was not a contentious one, or a fight for a certainty with one or the other of those who badgered him would have been the inevitable finale to that conversation. School for the day being now over, and the irritation all but forgotten, an adjournment to the football field in the rear of the town then took place by general consent. Here were already assembled a large party of the lower boys playing cricket, a new game only lately imported into the western counties from Kent, and bidding fair to be very popular among the athletes of the school.

Watching the players from an open window over the carpenter's shop adjoining this ground stood Powell, head and shoulders out, as if taking a warm interest in the features of this novel and manly game. Frank and his coracle crew spied him in a moment, and, rushing up, the tale of all their disasters was duly told, from the angry letter of Sir Anthony Carew to the interdiction of the coracle, on which last point Frank's outburst of eloquence on 'old Twigg's' cruelty must have made that pedagogue's left ear tingle to its very roots.

'I'll give you the coracle, Mr. Powell, with all my heart,' said Frank, as the thought occurred to him that even yet the Doctor might probably impound it; 'and then, you know, if you should miss it some fine afternoon, you'll perhaps be able to guess who has borrowed it.'

Powell, however, at once foreseeing that if he accepted the coracle and Frank used it, he would be indirectly aiding and abetting him in breaking Dr. Twigg's mandate, promptly declined the proffered gift, and, at the same time, strongly recommended the virtue of submission. 'It's no use kicking against the pricks,' he said,

kindly; 'and so long as you are under authority, obedience to it will, depend upon it, be your best policy.'

Never before had Powell spoken to Frank in this monitory way; but the kind tone in which he did it, and the real chumship that existed between them, produced their instantaneous effect on the warm-hearted but impulsive lad.

'I'm sure that's good advice, Mr. Powell,' said he; 'but it does go so against my grain to feel that every word I say is either doubted or disbelieved when I do all I can to speak the truth and shame the devil. It's enough to make a fellow turn sneak for ever.'

The remittance of the five-pound note by Sir Anthony had not as yet been mentioned by the boys, an instinctive feeling of delicacy as to what Powell would think of it causing them to keep that in the background to the last. At length out it came, and in a moment it was evident that, poor as Powell was, poverty had done little to subdue a certain spirit of pride that still ruled within the man.

Some one has written that 'Cupid and cold mutton do not go well together,' and certainly it may be said that no two yolk-fellows are so ill-matched together as pride and poverty. Was it not Churchill who wrote—

'Were I to curse the man I hate,  
Attendance and dependence be his fate;  
And to entail but one curse more,  
Let him be very proud and very poor'?

The idea of being sent a five-pound note through Dr. Twigg, without one word of thanks, in payment for what he had done, grated so on his feelings that, much as he wanted it, he determined at once to refuse the money.

'No,' he said to himself, 'my financial affairs may be at a low ebb, but if they never rise again, I could not accept a *douceur* on such terms. The gratification of having saved my young friend's life is of itself an ample, as it shall be my sole, reward.'

The boys then withdrew towards the cricket-ground; and the subject of the impositions being reverted to, with many a groan over the difficulty of writing the Greek characters, a rare young scamp, called Cockburn, inquired why they didn't follow the plan adopted at Oxford, and get their impositions written by a scribe paid for the work. 'I've often,' he said, 'heard my brother at Christ Church boast that he had never done an imposition himself, and that for a guinea he could always get a Greek play or a whole book of Homer written out in a few hours. Why don't we do the same thing, I say?'

A general buzz of approbation greeted this suggestion, and before that day was over, all the boys of the upper school had agreed to form and subscribe to a fund which should be available for that purpose. This being arranged, a deputation, consisting of Frank and a few of his most intimate friends, waited on Powell, and, after a long discussion and sundry objections on his part, his home wants, however, staring him in the face, and gradually subduing his scruples,



the boys at length prevailed, and he consented to become their paid secretary; so true is that aphorism, *Necessitas ad turpia cogit*.

The Greek chapters were accordingly produced in the course of a few days, Powell and, it was believed, his wife sitting up at night and writing them, so as to pass muster, in a variety of style and on different kinds of paper. Half a guinea was paid for each chapter, and from that time to the day on which the fourth book of Homer was imposed on Frank for his last breach of discipline, Powell had netted many a substantial fee, for impositions were numerous and the boys paid liberally.

But it was dirty money, as Powell himself called it, and nothing but the hollow cheeks of his children and the spectre form of his wife would have induced him to soil his hands with such a job.

## A SPORTING CRUISE TO SARDINIA.

### 'A YARN FROM THE EMBASSY.'

CHAPTER IV.—LANUSEI—THE VENDETTA—PEPICO, THE BANDIT: A DAY'S SPORT IN HIS COMPANY—'A REVEL'—STAG-HUNTING—FLEAS—MOUFFLON—THE AUTHOR FALLS ASLEEP AND LOSES HIS VENISON—THE BAY—RETURN.

THE next morning I rose and inspected the town of Lanusei. It was built on the side of an almost perpendicular hill, as all the old Sardinian towns are, to be the more easily defended against the swarms of pirates who in old times used to harry them, levy blackmail, contributions, &c. The streets formed the gutters, and in the latter there was the accumulated filth of ages.

The women were handsome, prettily dressed when one could see a clean costume, bright-eyed, and civil to the stranger; the men were small, spare, black-visaged, and active. The houses small, marvelously ill-contrived, and seemed to let in everything they ought to keep out, especially pigs and a north-east wind that was blowing very keenly.

My anxiety was to begin operations; but nothing could be done without the bandits and Pepico, who was in everybody's mouth as a sportsman of first-class capacity.

A messenger had been despatched to some wild haunt of the gentlemen outlaws, and they were not expected till dark, as, although the police did not trouble them for the few occasional homicides they had committed (one man had killed his uncle recently), it was understood that it was the correct thing not to approach the chief town of the district and the awful residence of the judge of assize before sunset; but as that luminary went down, sure enough two dark figures on active ponies descended at Mameli's door. These were the bandits.

Antonio Ferrai and Ian Oriente were the names of the two individuals in question. They tied their steeds to the palings, and, armed with immense long Moorish single-barrels, long knives, cartridge girdles, steels to strike fire, and sundry other queer-looking equipments, they walked into the kitchen and sat down by the fire, looking

excessively at their ease, and as unconcerned as though they had never even taken the life of a chicken.

Antonio was a tallish, lathy, sinewy man, of about thirty-three; Ian was under the middle size, but walked with a springy gait like a goat, which I remarked was common to all Sards of the hill district. They were dressed exactly alike, in the universal black cap, black *capote*, black velvet double-breasted waistcoat, white big breeches gathered in at the knee, and black leather gaiters, with capital shoes, pointed and nailed in an admirable manner. In point of fact their whole equipment for active work, walking, riding, or hunting, was perfect, and their clothes of the very best.

They were small farmers, and though bandits—*i.e.*, outlaws—they would have shot any gentleman who doubted their word. Indeed, law is so lax in their island, and justice so ill administered, that the greater part of the Sardinian bandits have become so in self-defence sometimes, and sometimes for administering wild justice in their own way, when the tame commodity either could not be had or would not move. Hence it is that on an offence given the Sard takes the law into his own hands, and then, if murder ensues, takes to the hillside for a year or so, coming down to sleep at a friend's house, and being in hiding during the day, when at last his friend's interest pulls him through it. Out of this lax state of the law has sprung the custom of great men in Sardinia being godfathers to hosts of children, who are thus put under his protection, and who, growing up, do him any service he may require, they receiving his countenance in any little difficulty, such as murder, arson, and the like.

The *vendetta*, about which so much has been written in novels and magazines, is merely the effect of badly administered and savage laws. Justice was out of the question. Judges were venal, or under the influence of terror, or of some great man who gave a gentle hint that if his godson, So-and-so, was not acquitted, or if meddled with, the judge had better make his will and confess to his priest, for his days were numbered. I saw one man at La Maddalena who had committed sixteen homicides, and he was not particularly remarked. People merely said he had an influential *compare* (godfather), and looked at him as something to be envied. The Constitutional Government is, however, gradually getting rid of these anomalies, and justice is better administered now than it used to be. However, to return to our friends Antonio and Ian.

I followed them into the house and retired to the hall, they being in the kitchen drinking coffee. M—— then said he must introduce them to me formally, as the mere fact of their being bandits made them punctilious, and tenacious of form and etiquette!

This was something new, at all events, and is a case for which I will bet a trifle the 'Code of Etiquette' published in London has not provided.

The Vice-Consul constituted himself *mattre des cérémonies*, and, accordingly, retired into the kitchen, from which he shortly emerged, ushering Ian and his companion. The business was as

formal as at the court of Queen Victoria. We all stood up on our legs, and we all simultaneously uncovered. M—— advanced his right leg, and giving a gentle flourish with his black silk nightcap, which he waved towards me as though for the purpose of directing the attention of the gentlemen in hiding to something new and strange, said, turning to them and introducing me to them (not them to me):

‘This is an English gentleman remarkable as a *cacciatore* and an admirer of our country. He has come to this island to see our antiquities, our manners and customs, and desires to divert himself with the chase. I present him to you. I think you will find deer on Gennargentu. You know the ground.’

Upon this we all bowed; the ceremony was over; and as they were now on my side of the house, I did the honours by asking them to take coffee, and by offering them my tobacco-bag. We then all sat down round the brazier, I with a murderer on each side of me; and as they spoke Italian fluently, the conversation was animated and interesting, and, naturally enough, turned upon hunting, in which it was clear they were capable of taking a first-class degree. Their manners were particularly good, lofty, and somewhat punctilious, but neither forward nor vulgar.

The red deer, they said, were still numerous, though the introduction of double-barrelled percussion guns was not advantageous to the animal. They were hunted by beaters, who gradually narrowed a great circle and drove the herd past the ‘Signori,’ who were posted at the passes.

They looked at Purday’s ‘improved concentric-firing rifle,’ and said it was a fine barrel, but perfectly useless for Sardinian hunting, where snap-shooting in cover was the rule, and where the deer were not to be approached on a hillside, for the simple reason that they feed by night, and go to the thickets by day for shade, safety, and to be out of the way of the flies and the shepherds’ dogs. The moufflon would keep the hilltops this season, for there had been no snow, and they could feed well enough high up without coming down to the valleys. They doubted my getting a chance.

At this moment Pepico was announced. He came blundering into the hall, with a long double-barrelled gun in one hand and a long whip in the other. He was a clean-shaved, rosy, muscular, but spare young man of twenty, with a perpetual smile on his mouth, which showed a set of teeth as white as wild boar’s, with an eye like a hawk, and a suit of ditto in corduroy. He looked for all the world like a good-tempered Englishman, and he hailed the company generally in the heartiest manner in Sard.

‘Ha, ha!’ said he in Italian, ‘this is the Englishman, is it? Well, you’ve come to a queer wild cut-throat country. And you want to hunt, do you? Well, so you shall. I’ve brought Pazzo; he’ll take a wild boar single-handed. Here! Pazzo, Pazzo,’ and a great rough-muzzled brute of a dog, looking very like a small bear, rushed into the room, and nearly capsize the whole party. ‘There’s a leg—

'there's a chest! Look at that gash, ain't it a big un? He got that from a wild boar last year; there's half a pound of thread in him where I've sewn his wounds up—ain't there, old dog? Now, boys, we start to-morrow morning at six precisely. We sleep at Villa Nova; hunt Pisti Pisti as we pass it. We're sure of a find—red deer and wild boar. We'll dine at Acqua Sorgente, and then hunt up to Villa Strisaili; and the next day we'll go to Capanna Nova, and sleep on the hill, and try all the Leisco woods on the slope of Gennargentu. It's full of deer, and wild boar too, and the wind's north-east, so we shall find moufflon too. Now mind, boys, six o'clock—sharp. The pigs and the kids are all ready, and the apothecary's coming from Strisaili on his new black colt, and if it don't run away with him my name's not Pepico. And now I'm just going to have a dance down at Geronimo's, and those who'll come are welcome, and those who won't can stay away;—six o'clock—six o'clock—six o'clock,' and with a hop, skip, and jump he was into the kitchen, and then into the street, on to his pony, and off at a gallop with Pazzo to Geronimo's hop, the night pitch dark, and the road a succession of steep steps.

'There goes Pepico,' said Mameli, 'the best shot in the island.'

'So he is,' said Antonio; and Ian nodded his head.

For my part, I took a ceremonious leave of the homicides, and sought the shelter of the four-poster.

In the morning I was roused by a squealing and a bleating, which proceeded from sundry kids and sucking-pigs tied up in sacks and slung across some wild-looking ponies, led by some wild-looking men.

At half-past five, there was Pepico and some fourteen or fifteen Sards, all armed, mounted, and accoutred, and accompanied by a small pack of curs.

Minerva mounted on the vicar's ambling pad, myself on a rough pony, Mameli, in the eternal black nightcap, on a shambling grey, and the whole troop, horse, foot, and cur dogs, got under weigh and off at the time appointed.

We travelled for three hours over a country very like the Scotch Highlands. Bare, scarped hills, with corries here and there filled with thickets of ilex, oak, blackthorn, white heather, and wild rose, and then the bottoms covered with a thick brush of myrtle, oleander, lentiscus, with oaks here and there and patches of greensward, gave it an air of English and Scotch rather than of Italian scenery. The rocks were granite, and every here and there we crossed a trout stream; but the trouts are small, seldom over a quarter of a pound.

At last there was a halt and a general gathering. 'What is the matter?' They are choosing a *capo caccia*—head hunter—who will give orders, and whom all must obey. Pepico was elected.

'Now,' said he, 'let every man hold his tongue, on pain of being sent home.'

He gave a few orders in a low voice, and every now and then a man dropped off, going to his beat; at last there was no one left but Pepico and myself. We had long left our horses, and were climbing

a long sloping hill, covered with high brush. Pepico pulled up near the top under an oak. On the right was the top of the hill, with a watercourse running through a ravine; in the distance a great plain, bounded by the famous Gennargentu.

'Now,' said Pepico in a whisper, 'look out for wild boar. Stand under this oak. The beaters are coming towards you; the boar will come down to the road and try to cross over into the plain, where there's a swamp. I shall turn them past you; so look out.'

In half an hour I heard the curs open—bow-wow—yap, yap—and, just as Pepico said, there was a deuce of a rush amongst the brush; half a dozen boar seemed to be coming straight for me. I wished I had Mr. Purday's shop at my command. On a sudden they took a short turn up the hill, when a dropping fire commenced from three or four guns judiciously posted by Pepico. This turned them back, and away they went down the hill with a rattle to the plain below us, where they met four or five guns more; then, instead of coming to me, they doubled and broke through the line. When I thought it was all over I heard Pepico sing out '*Alerta!*' and down the hill, right into my mouth, ran a thundering wild boar, foam at his mouth, fire in his eye, which was blood-red, champing his tusks, and chucking his head right and left in the most violent passion. He was not more than sixty yards off. He seemed to me to be all bristles, and he came on twenty miles an hour. Crack went Pepico, who cut down just over him; he shot too high. Crack went Mr. Purday, a cloud of dirt cut up under Mr. Boar's legs; I shot too low. Crack, crack, crack—crack, crack, went the line; the boar went through it untouched.

Pepico came leisurely down the hill, tracking the boar's slot. 'What a pity!' said he. 'He was a five-year-old, fat as butter; what chitterlings he must have! Well, well—better luck. You fired in a hurry, and downhill too, no wonder you cut dirt instead of hair. The rifle shoots sharp; but a smooth barrel would have nailed him, and we should have had fried tripe,' and here he licked his lips and loaded his gun.

'Come,' said he, looking up, 'it's noon; we'll away, dine, and hunt the flat on the other side, after dinner, for red deer. The boar are gone to the devil; but the deer will clap close after this row.'

And accordingly we descended the hill to the sweetest little amphitheatre mortal eyes ever beheld. Five large oaks stood on some greensward, as close as though it had grown in England. Some twenty or thirty Sardis were there already; they had lighted three fires, about fifteen feet long each, and before each, stuck perpendicularly upon wooden spits, there were roasting whole kids, sucking-pigs, pullets, brains, livers, tripes, tit-bits innumerable. Some of the men had fished a burn which ran by the oaks, with most delicious water, sparkling and cold as ice, and they had a basket of trout, which they were roasting with potatoes in the embers. Beakers of wine, fruit dried, *botarga*, tunny's roe smoked, cheese, figs, apples, *salamé* (a sort of sausage), and a hundred other things besides, enough for sixty

hunters for a week. In the middle was a pile of myrtle boughs; the soft tips and white heather served for seats; and then there was a great heap in the middle which served as a table, and upon which the roast kids, pigs, brains, livers, hearts, kidneys, tripes, &c. &c., were chucked down, when four or five Sards coming up on the other side of the impromptu table, drew their long knives, and in a twinkling, with a marvellous dexterity worthy of Robert Houden, cut, jointed, and divided into tit-bits the fine broils, roasts, and stews, which smelt savoury beyond anything I ever smelled in the way of edibles.

We revelled in tit-bits, and then we drank of the Malvoisie or Bosa; and then we ate again, and then we pledged the assembled company in red wine of Ogliastra and white wine of Cuglieri; and then we ate again and drank again; and then, when we could eat no more, we ate *botarga*, which would create an appetite under the ribs of death; and then we were tickled with roasted brains and stewed kidneys, and hot crackling of young wild boar and young moufflon—and then coffee and the pipe.

Never, no never, since Homer wrote, did man ever see so Homeric a feast—worthy of Nimrod and of the great architect of the Joss House.

All things come to an end, and so did this banquet.

Pepico rose upon his legs, and in his usual short, sharp, and decisive manner gave a few orders; in ten minutes the Sards were in motion, and we were off to try a hillside. But the beaters had evidently mistaken their vocation. They sang and danced, and fired ball-cartridge anywhere.

‘Ah!’ said Pepico, ‘it will not last long. I gave them that hill-side to help them to digest their dinner. We’ll have a red deer in less than two hours.’

Sure enough, in half an hour’s time the Sards sang no more. They were hunters again; and crossing the hilltop, where I had stood for the wild boar, we saw a fine plain covered with thick brush before us, and a trout stream running through the midst of it, and lying beautifully exposed to the western sun; it was in winter-time a favourite resort of the deer and moufflon, for there were plenty of grass, and water, and cover.

Pepico had sent his beaters down to the bottom of the plain, where they formed a large circle, a gun between each pair of beaters, the whole narrowing up to the point where I stood under a few big arbutus bushes, or rather trees. After a little time a cur dog barked, then Pazzo gave tongue. ‘There’s deer,’ said Pepico; ‘now look out. They will cross there,’ pointing to a gap in the bushes about sixty yards off, ‘so be ready;’ and then he left me.

A deer or two turned back as usual; one or two went over the hill, one or two more hung to the brush, and evidently did not wish to leave it. The narrowing circle forced them on; the curs yelped; three or four bullets came singing over my head. ‘*Alert! alerta!*’ cried the Sards, and a six-year-old stag rushed across the opening. Crack went Purday—bang, bang went the bird of wisdom. An

awful volley now proceeded from the whole line of Sard. The wine was in and the wit was out, and they set up a screeching you might have heard at Leghorn. The bullets sang in every direction, and I began to think some one of them must inevitably find a billet in my body, when Minerva, who was a dab at the hunting cries of the Sard, announced that the stag was defunct; and so, cutting along to the head of the valley, I found Pepico in great glory gralloching a fine young hart in a most masterly manner, quite as well as old Hugh could have done it himself, and done exactly in the same way—kingcap, tripe, heart, liver, and all.

Then, when the beast was gralloched, I begged for the head. Minerva looked solemn. 'What's the matter?' said I. 'Why,' said the bird, 'it's the custom to divide the beast slain amongst the guns, and you'll get your share.' And, just as he said, there was a piece for each of us who carried guns, and a Sard delivered mine to me on the end of his ramrod; so I took off my neckcloth, and, not knowing very well how to carry ten pounds of raw meat, I put it under my saddle; and two days afterwards, being short of meat, we found it uncommonly tender.

I got the head, however, in right of my bullet, which had gone through the off elbow-joint as the hart was running away from me: I had held too low.

When each man had got his morsel, we mounted and soon entered an old forest of gigantic oaks. This was the Forest of Strisaili, consisting entirely of oak. The sward was as green and as close as in Sherwood, and, the granite mountains excepted (which were now invisible, for the sun had long set), I quite fancied myself in Nottingham Forest.

It was nine at night when we pulled up at a ruined wall, and, looking about, I perceived ruins all around me. 'This,' said Minerva, 'is Villa Nova Strisaili—that is to say, all that is left of it; for the townspeople of old Strisaili, not liking the settlement, burned them out one night, and shot the inhabitants as they tried to run from the flames.'

There was one house left standing and part of the church, where mass was said once a year. This house boasted of a kitchen which served as stable as well, and one room where the Sard resided who officiated as clerk to the chaplain. I was ushered into this room in great state, preceded by Pepico as master of the ceremonies. 'There's the bed,' said he, 'and here's the bedding,' lugging out the priest's vestments and the altar cover. He stuck some candles into the church candlesticks, and then called for the clerk—without any exception, the dirtiest man I ever saw in my life. His wife perhaps was a shade dirtier, but then she did all the work. The clerk was a bandit; but Pepico said he was a good beater, and therefore it didn't matter, though he had, to be sure, murdered his own grandfather.

At ten o'clock we sat down to supper in the stable, a huge fire in the middle, and those heaven-born roasting-cooks, the Sard, having cooked part of the deer in its own skin, somehow or other made a

dish fit for Vatel himself. Then came the *botiglione*, then an *improvvisatore*, then dancing, then more singing, all in chorus; and at an hour past midnight I and Minerva retired to the clerk's couch. I am grateful that I was unconscious of what passed during that night; but in the morning Minerva opened his shirt. 'Look here,' said he. He was covered with blood. 'Heavens! has anybody tried 'to assassinate you?' said I. 'Fleas!' said he.

I took the saddle-bags down to the side of a sweet trout stream and stripped. I picked *fifty-eight* fleas off my shirt alone; and then, seeing my pants alive, I pitched the rest of my wardrobe I had slept in into the stream, and then followed it. I must have had some thousands of bites. The cold mountain stream was delicious; and with a clean shirt I went to breakfast with the appetite of a flea of the preceding evening.

Our first hunt this day was on one of the spurs of Gennargentu. The scenery was magnificent—a deep valley, the sides covered with ilex. But such ilex! real giants. The beaters had been sent on early, so we rode to our posts, got off, and sent the horses back to camp, which was formed in a magnificent ilex wood on a flat-topped hill.

The first draw was blank. There were wild boar and deer, but we had not guns enough for such an immense hillside; and so we walked on for about three miles, along a ridge covered with the finest ilex and oak I ever saw in my life; no brushwood, and easy shooting amongst the trunks. At last we halted. My post was the sweetest, loveliest spot I ever saw in a forest. In the middle of an immense natural ride or alley of the forest stood a cluster of oak, with arbutus, wild-roses, and blackthorn forming a sort of ring round it. Behind this ring I was placed, with room to shoot in a half-circle before me for about 120 yards. The wild animals usually crossed diagonally the ride before me, so I turned my back to the oaks and made a convenient firing-place from my ambush. Presently I heard something go by me with a rush on my left hand amongst the trees, then three or four much lighter animals: it was deer and moufflon. I thought I was going to lose all the shooting, so I plunged into the wood. There I found the tracks of deer and moufflon sure enough, so I took up what I conceived to be a good position. In a few minutes I heard a rush coming towards me; then it stopped, and crossed opposite my first post. 'Pepico was right,' said I; 'the animals cross where he said they would.' So I went back again. I had scarce got there when rush, rush went some more animals past the place I had come from. Then came a chorus of cur dogs and beaters, and then I heard animals right and left of me. I was in the wildest state of excitement. I rushed into the wood; I heard wild beasts behind me. I rushed out of the wood, and heard animals in it. Then came dropping shots, a tremendous burst of men and dogs, and then the hunting cries equivalent to our whoo-whoop. Something was dead. By-and-by came Pepico. 'What luck?' said he. I told him. 'Why didn't 'you obey orders?' said he. 'See here. There's the track of a stag



'twenty years old; if you had stood, you'd have killed him.' I was dumb under a justly-merited reproof, and vowed not to be so knowing 'next time.' Pepico was easily satisfied, and the more so as he had killed a yeld hind (which the dogs ate).

We left this hillside on the tracks of the deer which had quitted it. In the middle of a strange, sharp-sided hill there was a deep corrie, filled with a cluster of evergreens, and a thick brush of about eight feet high. There were blocks of stone scattered about, and near the bottom of the corrie, on one of these I was perched. The beaters went to the top of the corrie, the guns advanced to the sides, the dogs were slipped. In an instant out burst four or five deer; bang, bang went a dozen guns. Two hinds came straight for me, and I took a most deliberate aim, as I thought, at about forty yards off; but I heard the bullet smack on a stone, and saw the hinds go away laughing at me. One deer was killed by a combination of dogs and men; but the former had the best of it, and as it was but a three-year-old, they had the whole of it.

We then went to dinner, when the scene of the day before was repeated.

The experience I had had of the clerk's humble but entomological dwelling induced me to enter a protest against any further experiments of Sardinian cottage life, my experience having long since pointed out to me that what is called Arcadian or pastoral life means filth and fleas, dirt and depravity. I suggested, therefore, to the bird of wisdom, that we should sleep on the hillside, with the heavens for our canopy, which I thought more likely to produce sound slumber and sweet sleep than the episcopal and reverend and clerk-like coverings which we had been honoured with at Mr. Bandit Clerk's.

No sooner said than done. Twenty Sardis were soon at work cutting ilex branches, with which they made a vast semicircular fence, twelve feet high. They then piled whole trees together across the chord of the arc, and finished the camp by cutting soft twigs, of which they made couches, and over which they spread horsecloths, &c., having the saddles and saddle-bags for pillows. We lay down to rest about nine o'clock, and I never enjoyed a warmer berth; and although it was a frosty night in the middle of January, yet my poncho was almost too hot. We were up early in the morning. Coffee was ready, and, after a dose of it, we were away to try the renowned Gennargentu, the spot I had longed for since embarking on board the good ship 'Virgilio' in the port of Genoa la Superba. Gennargentu on the south side is composed of long slopes, partly covered with a magnificent forest of ilex, partly bare. It is an immense mountain, and springs out of the island in a most glorious fashion, overtopping all its brethren, and capped with snow; but here and there the mountain descends abruptly in a succession of staircases or steps, which looked as though they had been made by Titans in order to scale heaven. They were regular blocks of stones in cubes, exactly placed in steps, and of about four feet on the faces. Cork and ilex trees grew out of the interstices, mixed with wild olive. How these

granite mountains came to be so split into such exact geometrical proportions who can say? I have never seen anything like it in any other mountain in any other country, and have never heard of the like in accounts of travellers or in books of geologists. So vast a mountain, which must be twenty-five or thirty miles in circumference, of course contains valleys of its own. We descended into one of these, the sides nearly perpendicular, which was the more strange, for we had walked up a long slope. At the bottom of this valley ran the loveliest and most sparkling trout stream, over yellow sands. It made abrupt turns, and left broad sandy spits and points, which were absolutely covered with the tracks of deer, boar, and moufflon, quite fresh. The hound Pazzo snuffed the air with the gusto of a connoisseur in matters of hunting, and Pepico looked at him with admiration. 'Look at that lovely dog,' said he; 'he's as wise as a Christian, and 'wiser too, for he scents boar on that hillside, and I don't.'

Pepico then gave his usual orders, and off went the beaters. 'Now, minister,' said he, 'hold the carbine straight, for we are out of flesh; we've eaten all the kids and young pigs, and if we don't kill game, you'll get no dinner nor supper neither.' Under this exhortation we began to climb a titanic staircase, and I found it severe work for the back sinews. At last we arrived at the top, and found a gentle but long slope before us, along the face of which Pepico posted five guns. I was the last but one, and he the last.

My post was under some wild olives, with some charmingly soft moss on the ground, opposite to the sun, whose warmth was delicious. I lay down, took off my jacket, made an ambuscade, and rolled about on the moss. The bees even were out and enjoying the day, and they hummed away as though it were summer. A few grey clouds slept on the bosom of the bluest of skies, and the sun threw great shadows into the deep valley below me. Not a breath of air stirred the leaves. I listened for the beaters and heard them not. 'They've 'a long round to make,' I thought; 'poor fellows, they've a stiff climb before 'em! How delicious is this sun, and this air, and this sky, and this moss! Was there ever such a Paradise for hunters! I wonder if the happy hunting-grounds of the Indian are——'

My reverie was interrupted by a blow which I thought was the mountain fallen on my head. I started to my feet. Pepico stood before me.

'What, minister!' said he; 'asleep on your post? There's a whole drove of moufflon been by you within thirty yards, and we've 'no meat for dinner.'

It was a fact. I had followed the Indian to his happy hunting-grounds. I had been in the Land of Nod, and was well laughed at by the Sards assembled to hear the news at the bottom of that diabolical staircase.

However, to my dying day I shall remember that snooze on the top of the Giant's Ladder. It was balmy, soft, and harmonious; everything was in perfect unison. There was only one thing wanting, and that was some meat for dinner. 'Come along,' said Pepico,

'we'll have something in the larder before the day is two hours older.' He reckoned without his host. Our next beat was blank; so we shifted camp to a hollow situated on a promontory which jutted out into the trout stream. Here we had wood and water, and were high enough above the water to be dry in case of rain. We rummaged the provision bags, and found the bottoms of sausages, dry bread, figs, *botarga*, and sundry other odds and ends; but there was no roast, and the wine-skins had a flaccid appearance. The nearest market was twenty-five miles off. Our main stock was a barrel of biscuit to make crowdy with, and we had lots of coffee and sugar, and tobacco and cards.

We ate little, for there was little to eat; so we filled up the chinks of our appetite with coffee and tobacco, and we (that is, Pepico, myself, and three assassins) played at cards by the light of the fire till eleven o'clock, when we turned in, and turned out at six A.M. 'Gentlemen,' said Pepico, 'we shift camp to Pisti Pisti. This place is bewitched. The minister falls asleep over his moufflon, and devil a beast have I had a chance at for twenty-four hours.' We turned up the hill, and followed one of the natural alleys of the forest. I was posted by Pepico as usual. I looked down into a deep glen. Soon the dogs began to bay; I heard a rush; cocked Mr. Purday. The herd came on full rattle. 'There are some heavy beasts,' said I. A brown skin popped by an opening; the finger was on the trigger, and I was just going to pull when I perceived that my animal was a very fine calf, leader of a herd, not of deer, but of cows. Pepico came along full trot. He said, 'Come away! come away! the deer are gone ahead, and there's a sixteen-pointer among them.' Away I scudded after him, and took up my post. Bow-wow went the dogs. I heard deer coming towards me, took up an eligible position, and sure enough there came trotting slowly up the hill a hind, calf, and hart, with the largest head I ever saw on a living deer. He had fourteen points certain, and I could not see his brow antlers for the curve of the hill. There I stood, not twenty yards off, not knowing what to do. If I moved he might bolt. He was listening to the hounds, and if he went either right or left I was sure of him. The hounds drew nearer; away went the hind and calf within ten feet of me. I felt sure of the stag. The baying of the hounds came close. The noble animal, to save his lady and infant family, made a dash at the entire pack of curs as they came up to him, knocked over the two first, and went straight down the hill the same way he had come up. He was out of sight in an instant, so I turned round and let fly at his wife, who was standing looking back about two hundred yards off. The bullet cut the bark off a tree about three inches *above* her shoulder (I had never tried Mr. Purday), and immediately after I heard a general volley from the line, as my friend and the rest of the herd broke through them. One three-year-old was picked up with about one pound of slugs in him; he imprudently *passed along* the line. We then proceeded to another dell. I was posted under the edge. Shortly I beheld a gunner who had a post opposite going

through the most marvellous antics. I thought he was probably engaged in some religious ceremonies, so took no more notice of him. A few minutes afterwards the line commenced firing; when it was all over, I was told that thirty moufflon had been standing for a quarter of an hour exactly over my head, and at about a hundred yards off, and the man who made the antics was trying to telegraph the information to me, in which he was about as successful as telegraphs generally are. One moufflon was killed by a bandit, and his head (I mean the moufflon's) now adorns my room. We then proceeded to camp, and feasted on the young staggie and moufflon, and very delicious I found them.

The next day we shifted camp, and took up a magnificent position on a plateau covered with gigantic oaks. The weather now threatened a change. Pepico looked up at the clouds and said, 'The hunt is over; here's snow coming.' We turned up the hillside amongst the oaks. I had been at my post about twenty minutes when I heard something skipping like an antelope. It was a ram moufflon. He pulled up about sixty yards off, and I thought it the most beautiful wild animal I had ever seen in my life. I was so entirely occupied by my admiration that he got my wind, and with three immense bounds he was out of sight among the trees. Then came the baying of Pazzo; then a shot; and then 'whoo-whoop' from Pepico. Running down the hill I found Pepico with his knife out disembowelling a gigantic wild boar. Poor Pazzo lay on his back, heels up. Pepico took out the boar's bladder, turned Pazzo over, and discovered a wound about six inches long and two deep in the shoulder. He squirted the urine into the wound, and, whipping a needle and thread out of his hat, he sewed up the wound. Pazzo came to himself, but he could only go on three legs. The day now closed in, and big drops fell. We hurried off to camp, and I found that the Sardis had converted some old shepherds' huts into capital waterproof tents. We ate fried roast-boar for supper.

The rain set in next morning. I took a tender farewell of Pepico and his merry men all, and, accompanied by a brace of assassins, I struck out over the mountains for Nuóvo, on my way to Genoa.

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## RECOLLECTIONS OF OUR STALE CONTRIBUTOR.

### THE IRREPRESSIBLE SAVAGE.

IT is certainly a melancholy disappointment, after thirty or forty years of affectionate legislation and government dictated by a care that would do honour to a grandmother, and when, according to every philosophic and philanthropic theory, we ought to be as near perfection as may be, to find the irrepressible savage disporting himself among us, and shocking the country from the Tamar to the Tweed, from Dover to the Dee, with his atrocities. Not a day passes without some story of stabbing, stoning, brickending, or kicking some unhappy man, varied occasionally by an outrage on one

of the other sex—an ungallantry of which the instincts of the brute creation render them incapable. How is it? Have we not suppressed prize-fighting, extinguished dog-fighting, put down cock-fighting, and is not bull-baiting altogether a thing of the past? We now tolerate none of those vulgar pastimes that were said to disgrace the country and degrade the people. Whence then comes this irrepressible savage? who is he? and how long has he been among us without our discovering the presence of so troublesome a neighbour?

In the first place, if the names which appear in the police reports are to be taken as an indication of nationality, he is as frequently an Englishman as an Irishman. The Englishman seems to be more ready with the knife, the Irishman with the stone; but the most turbulent member of the town population is the Anglo-Irishman. Perhaps the true Milesian does not figure in these affairs so often as the others: he is excitable, noisy, and combative; 'he meets with a friend and for love knocks him down;' and though, at home, he carries out his intentions according to his lights and in a disagreeably effective manner, he lacks some of that rougher devilry that impels the more determined races to beat and batter to the bitter end. It is a curiously coinciding circumstance that among the pugilists of note the number of real Irishmen was very small—Langan, O'Neale, and Simon Byrne were the only three we can call to mind; whereas Anglo-Irishmen were numerous; and from the days of Figg and Broughton, Englishmen, we know, formed the staple of the ring.

This of course only shows the relative proclivities of the races. It is not to be contended that the fellows who are now disgracing the country, and prompted by nothing but a ruffian thirst for blood, would have been prize-fighters: certainly not; they are *ipso facto* cowards; but in the rude days when a code of honour was the creed of every man and boy, they would have been *taught* that they were cowards, and treated as such by those with whom they associated; and there was not a gentleman or decent working man who could not and would not have interfered effectually to protect the weak. But now, unless a woman throws herself upon the prostrate victim, there is no one to look to but the police; and accordingly we find them arrayed on one side, and the 'roughs,' as we call them, on the other. The number of wounded persons conveyed to hospitals every Saturday night testifies the extent which ruffianism has reached. The law is becoming weaker every day, and—a sure sign of weakness—society is demanding severer punishments on wrongdoers. The closing of public-houses at a uniform hour, which appears to be necessary in consequence of some people getting drunk, has the effect of filling the streets with a number of men who have been drinking in a hurry, and are ready for a row; while the harmless wayfarer, who is going home from a theatre or a friend's house, is at the mercy of the first lot of rowdies he may have the misfortune to meet.

Let us see next how long the irrepressible savage has been amongst us. He is certainly a very old fellow, for he slit the nose of Sir

John Coventry in Charles II.'s time, and a century ago men could not go from London to Westminster unarmed. Horace Walpole writes in 1752: 'It is shocking to think what a shambles this country has grown. Seventeen were executed this morning, after having murdered the turnkey on Friday night and almost forced open Newgate. One is forced to travel, even at noon, as if one was going to battle.' Within the memory of man, people went abroad by night with pistols in their gig or at the saddlebow. The irrepressible savage of whom we have been speaking was a highwayman or robber; but the outrages with which we have at present to deal are simply wanton, without even the excuse of plunder to support them. A stern criminal code, with inducements to persons to apprehend and prosecute offenders, and, lastly, a good system of town police, brought about a better state of things. Individuals of predatory inclinations were compelled to follow their pursuits in channels which had not a halter at the end, and we had thimble-riggers on our racecourses and low gamblers innumerable. An energetic Home Secretary, Sir James Graham, broke up this system of fraudulent plunder, and highway robberies oozed out again; but the evil was only temporary, and, the supply of desperadoes failing, thieves were compelled to sneak about their business in a deferential manner.

We have now seen that the law can, by a proper direction of its energies, punish and suppress acknowledged crimes. The English are naturally a law-abiding people, and ready to devote their combativeness to the cause of order—desperate robbers have been taken by better and braver men, but will they necessarily submit to and support every restraint that modern fastidiousness has put upon them? There are now no opportunities of letting off the steam—no cock-fights, prize-fights, bull-baits, or other blackguard exhibitions in which savage natures take delight; and so uniform and determined has been, and is, the opposition to pugilism on the part of the authorities, that no two fellows can settle their differences in the old-fashioned way. They no sooner set to work than up come the police to arrest them. There is no time for sparring, and the brickbat, the knife, or the knuckle-duster, whichever comes first to hand, is used for the despatch of business. In short, the spirit of the age is hostile to friendly milling, and discouraging to honour among thieves. The irrepressible savage is repressed, and bursts forth on every opportunity.

In the days of barbarism, forty or fifty years ago, when gentlemen settled their differences at Chalk Farm or Wormwood Scrubs, the lower class of people had their 'affairs of honour' too. Fighting in hot blood was discouraged; and if two fellows quarrelled in a factory or elsewhere, a meeting was arranged for the next Monday morning outside the town, thereby giving the parties time for reflection, and as both had not always equal stomach for a fight, apologies were often made, and reconciliation followed instead of blows.

There is in Englishmen a pugnacity innate and indestructible. If you pick up a drunken man, ten to one he shows his gratitude by knocking you down the moment he feels his legs. A drunken fellow knocked down by a cab the other night, on being picked up, squared his fists, and, demanding of the sympathising crowd, 'Which on 'em done it?' challenged the assailant, who existed only in his own imagination, to 'come on.'

Some years ago at Stratford Steeplechase, when there were no police, and the law was represented only by the parish constable in a shooting-jacket, that functionary had great difficulty in preventing a pickpocket being ducked in the brook by the mob, who would now defend him and duck the constable. Yet the irrepressible savage was there. Bill Watson was his name. There he sat, on a man's knee, stripped to the waist and waiting for customers. The wife of his bosom held his shirt, while Bill, the sturdy ruffian, who literally fought all day, called out, as he polished off each successive opponent, 'Bring me another man, for I can lick mortal 'flesh this day.' Quite voluntary, gentle reader, like any other game on the course. You took your choice—fight him, or let it alone, and nothing to pay. It was a sight to see the yokels eye him and say, 'Dang it, Bill, thee sha'ts n't go home and say as 'nobody 'll foight thee.' Then would they pull off their smock-frocks and try their prowess, alas! in vain, for Bill Watson landed his blows quick and heavy, and two or three rounds confirmed his superiority. But the beaten rustics smiled with conscious pride at having shown they were not afraid of him, and had done something for the honour of their village. This went on so long that the spectators ceased to take an interest in it, and to the inquiry, 'What's 'up now?' came the answer, 'Oh, nothing; it's only Bill Watson 'a-licking a Broad Marston man.' But the 'company was not demoralised, and as much sympathy was felt for one of the riders in the race, who was carried off the course on a gate and covered with a horse-rug, as if Bill Watson had not been there. An uninteresting savage used to break large lumps of coal with his head; and, as a warning to persons wishing to follow his example, we are bound to tell them that he suffered much from headache in his latter days. Napier, in his 'Peninsular War,' speaks of 'the martial fury of that 'desperate rifleman who (at the storming of Badajos), in his resolution to win, thrust himself beneath the chained sword-blades, and 'there suffered the enemy to dash his head to pieces with the ends 'of their muskets.' The look of a couple of colliers as they read the paper announcing the surrender of 175,000 soldiers at Metz was something wonderful—they could not believe it. 'Do you think 'they'd ha' taken 175,000 o' us, Joe?' 'No, my lad,' said Joe, 'they wouldn't ha' took no Englishmen.' Such was the collier's opinion.

The irrepressible savage made his appearance in the kitchen of a public-house at West Bromwich, where a bear was kept for baiting. The fellow was fighting drunk, and, challenging any man in the

parish, insisted on a set-to with somebody. The assembled company were too comfortable to gratify him, but, as he was importunate, suggested that there was 'a cove in the yard as would accommodate 'him.' 'I'll fight him,' said the savage, 'wherever he is.' The bear was muzzled, and the party turned out into the yard, which was dark. The bear stood up in expectation of his usual diversion; his assailant—who was a little man and very drunk—rattled at him right and left; the bear hugged him in return, but the man was liberated, and renewed the attack. At last, finding himself uncomfortably squeezed, and that his blows had no effect, he exclaimed, in the language of the country, which we give as near as delicacy permits, 'I'm blowed if I fight this fellow any more without he pulls 'his top-coat off!'

The following letter, extracted from Gage's 'Antiquities of Hen-' 'grave,' shows the antiquity of the savage, and what were the pas- times in Queen Elizabeth's reign:—

'Christopher Playter to Mr. Kytson.

' . . . . At Christ. time here were certyne ma<sup>n</sup> of defence that did ' challenge all comers at all weapons, as the long sworde, staff, sword ' and buckler, rapier, with the dagger: and here was many broken ' heads, and one of the ma<sup>n</sup> of defence dyed upon the hurt w<sup>h</sup> he ' received on his head. This challenge was before the Queene's ' Ma<sup>ty</sup> who seemed to have pleasure therein; for when some of them ' would have sollen a broken pate, her Majesty bade him not be ' ashamed to putt off his cap, and the blood was spied to run about ' his face. There was also at the corte new plays w<sup>h</sup> lasted all ' night—the name of the play was Huff-suff-and-ruff and other ' masks both of ladies and gents.\*

In the year 1616, James I. issued a proclamation, known as his 'Book of Sports,' which his son Charles, to his grief and down- fall, afterwards promulgated. An extract or two may not be unin- teresting. After mentioning that he had heard with his own ears the general complaints of his people that they were barred from all lawful recreation and exercise upon the Sunday afternoon after the ending of all Divine service, he says: 'This prohibition barreth the ' common and meaner sort of people from using such exercise as may ' make their bodies more able for war . . . . and in place thereof ' set up filthy tiplings and drunkenness and breeds a number of idle ' and discontented speeches in alehouses. For when shall the ' common people have leave to exercise if not upon the Sundays and ' holidays, seeing they must apply their labour and win their living ' in all working days?' His Majesty goes on to say: 'Our plea- ' sure likewise is that the bishop of the diocese take the like straight ' order with all the puritans and precisians within the same, either ' constraining them to conform themselves or to leave the country.' ' But with all we do hereby account still as prohibited all unlawful

\* 'Sportaman's Magazine,' August 1823.



'games to be used upon Sundays only, as bear and bull-baitings interludes, and at all times to the meaner sort of people by law prohibited bowling.'

So then it appears Sunday was the usual day for the bull-bait; and when in after years, in obedience to this royal proclamation, and in deference to public opinion, it was altered to Monday, the parson had ancient precedent for allowing his parishioners to 'taste' the bull on Sunday evening, as they *do* say he sometimes did.

This must have been a peculiarly religious pastime, for we know an old lady who was taken by her papa, sixty or seventy years ago, to see the bull-bait in the parish churchyard.

The puritans and precisians—who do not appear to have left the country—took the earliest opportunity of expressing their opinion of the 'Book of Sports,' for in 1643, immediately after the taking of Reading by the Parliamentary forces under the Earl of Essex, that royal instrument was ordered to be burnt by the common hangman, in Cheapside, and on the 10th of May, at twelve at noon, was burnt accordingly.

The dicta of anointed kings having fared so ill, it is with diffidence we quote the words of a divine, fearing that in this materialistic age the source from which they come will give them little weight. Dr. Bardsley of Manchester (not the gentleman now living), in his 'Dissertation on the Use and Abuse of Popular Sports and Exercises,' written at the beginning of the present century, says:—'It is a singular though striking fact, that in those parts of England where the generous and manly system of pugilism is least practised, and where, for the most part, all personal disputes are decided by the exertion of savage strength and ferocity, a fondness for barbarous and bloody sports is found to prevail. In some parts of Lancashire bull-baiting and manslaying are common practices. The knowledge of pugilism as an art is in these places neither understood nor practised. There is no established rule of honour to save the weak from the strong, but every man's life is at the mercy of his successful antagonist. The object of each combatant in these disgraceful contests is to throw each other prostrate on the ground, and then with hands and feet, teeth and nails, to inflict at random every possible degree of injury and torment. This,' the learned Doctor says, 'is not an exaggerated statement of the barbarism still prevailing in many parts of the kingdom.' Besides the learned Doctor, pugilism had its defenders in high and responsible places: we do not allude to men whose station was only due to their rank, but to Statesmen and Judges. Canning defended it on the ground that 'two blackguards get well thrashed.' The late Sir Robert Peel declined to take active measures for its suppression, and preferred leaving it to die out by the force of public opinion. The Duke of Wellington bemoaned its decline in his memorable letter to Sir John Burgoyne; and we all remember the conduct of the late Lord Palmerston and Sir George Cornwall Lewis, in the discussion which took place in the House of Commons after the fight between Sayers

and Heenan. Judges took anything but a harsh view of it, as was evinced by the almost nominal sentences they passed on such as had the misfortune to kill their man. It is no doubt very improper to fight at all; but where we are so constantly perplexed by the appearance of the irrepressible savage, what is to be done? It must be admitted that the conduct of the mobs that attended fights of late years made prize-fighting an intolerable nuisance. Even in the palmy days of pugilism there was always a strong tide of public opinion against it. It was denounced as brutal and demoralising; but when we look around and see what takes place amongst us since its suppression, we can only ask, 'Was it?' Its restoration is impossible—we cannot legalise it—we will not tolerate it—and if we would, it would take another generation to re-create it.

T. H. G.

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### STRAY RECOLLECTIONS OF EPPING FOREST.

To the citizen pent up for six days of the week within the hearing of Bow Bells, an occasional glimpse of rural scenery or a whiff of country air is as good as a tonic. It is something for him to escape, even for a few hours, from the thick air and hurry of the city. A thoroughbred cockney has always a longing desire for country scenes and amusements. From the millionaire of Broad Street, who recruits his jaded spirits on the best moor in Scotland that money can procure, down to his clerk, who passes his Sunday at Margate, the feeling is the same. The Corporation of London deserved well of their fellow-citizens when they saved what remained of Epping Forest from the hands of the spoilers. Time was when the 'City Huntsman' had something better to do than to stand behind the Lord Mayor's chair at civic banquets. Anciently, his Lordship's hunting-ground embraced the whole western side of the county of Essex, which was, in a manner, one continued forest. From time to time various portions of it were disafforested, but there still remained many acres over which the deer might roam at will. Such a wild district within easy reach of London was, as a matter of course, taken advantage of by the gentlemen of the road; and many are the tales that might be told of their doings in the last century. As time rolled on, the encroachments upon the Forest land increased, and glades and copses were inclosed with an unsparing hand. Many a pleasant retired nook 'in the days when we went gipsying a long time ago' has thus been lost to us for ever. The rightful bounds of the Forest comprised the whole of the Hundred of Waltham and great portions of the Hundreds of Becontree and Ongar. The office of Forester was vested in the proprietor for the time being of Copped Hall, called by contraction Copt Hall, and the Court was held under a maple-tree in the road near Epping. Old Mr. Conyers, the late owner of Copt Hall, was a character: he was extremely witty, but his language was not always the most choice, especially in the hunting-field, where for many years he was Master of the Essex

Foxhounds. In politics, he was a staunch Tory. More than forty years ago, Mr. Rowland Alston, stood for Hertfordshire, upon the opposite interest, and was beaten. Mr. Conyers, who had a considerable hand in bringing about this result, wrote the following epitaph for him :—

‘ Beneath this small stone,  
Lies Rowland Alston :  
He swore last September  
He’d be our county Member,  
But the Lord, in his bounty,  
Delivered the county.’

Epping Forest was divided into thirteen walks—Hainault, West Hainault, Woodford, Walthamstow, Leyton, Loughton, Chigwell, Lambourn, Highwood, Epping, Waltham Abbey, New Lodge, and Chingford. Upon Chingford Green Queen Elizabeth built herself a hunting-lodge, which remains, as a farmhouse, to this day. In the forest are several historical trees, notably the King’s Oak, near Sewardstone, the Aldersflor Oak, and the Fairlop Oak. This latter tree, in Hainault Walk, when in its prime, was of enormous dimensions. On a certain day, in the early part of July, it was the custom of a shipwright at Wapping to give his workmen a bean feast under its branches; the procession started from Wapping in a large twelve-oared barge, covered with streamers, on a carriage drawn by six horses, and generally arrived at the spot at about five o’clock in the afternoon. Here they were met by numbers of people from the adjoining parishes, bearing oak boughs and garlands, who joined with them in their dances and rural gambols. Thus this festive meeting gradually became a general one, and was the origin of Fairlop Fair.

We must not omit some mention of old Tommy Rounding, who had hunted all his life in Epping Forest. His hunting days had been long since past, but we remember him still hale and hearty and a prodigious favourite of the citizens. As many as twenty or thirty gigs and other vehicles of those who had driven down from town might frequently be seen standing at the door of his house, the Horse and Groom, at Woodford. On the occasion of the Epping Hunt, on Easter Monday, the meet used to be at that house, and Tommy Rounding was the master of the revels. The Lord Mayor has promised the public that, on the next anniversary, the fun and frolic of the Epping Hunt are to be revived.

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## MR. LEFEVRE ON THE GAME LAWS.

### I.

‘ Ne sutor ultra crepidam.’

A PAMPHLET upon the Game Laws by a member of Her Majesty’s Government (whether past or present matters but little) must always be of interest to the readers of ‘Baily.’ The various outpourings of the daily press, to whatever side of politics attached, have but an

ephemeral value; and save that, sooner or later, they awaken the minds of large bodies of men, and set them thinking, the positive value of an individual article is a matter very difficult to realise. It may fairly enough be said that its primary value is in direct proportion to the general estimate of the paper or periodical in which it appears. The 'Times,' for instance, or 'Daily News,' would affix, so to speak, their own mint upon what appears in their current impression; while the mere admission of a paper into the 'Edinburgh' or 'Quarterly' is of itself a passport to the majority of educated Englishmen.

There is, however, a tendency in these present days of perpetual examination and 'competition wallahs' for small sciolists, just free from the hands of the crammer, to reproduce in all its crudity the food which they have imperfectly digested. The thing is a nuisance, and a growing one, but must be borne with. It has, moreover, its own proper outlet, and should be relegated to the limbo of after-dinner speeches and post-parliamentary utterances. No one takes much notice of the latter, and the reading public discount them very liberally, while the editors of the various newspapers and reviews may safely be trusted to take care that the contributions to their own columns are not too extravagantly one-sided or absurd.

Far different, however, is the case with your modern pamphleteer. He is a law unto himself, his own Pope, and his own editor. There is nothing between himself and the public, and he is at once his own 'hall mark' and goldsmith, until such time as his readers have been taught to appraise his fair value. This, after all, is right enough. The true metal will ring true, and the false prove to be false, without the intervention of either editor or critic; but herein lies the entire distinction between two stock quotations, the one from our old friend Horace, the other from a far less genial writer:—

'Interdum vulgus rectè videt: est ubi peccat;'

and the

'Populus vult decipi et decipiatur.'

The first line embodies an acknowledged truth, the second the cynical notion of a sucking demagogue, careless of others, and careful only for himself—secure while he can pander to the voices of the multitude, and seeking to reap in their unconscious deception the fruit of his own unrighteous labour. It is a cardinal necessity of the demagogue that he must always be before the public. The wheels of this world could not go round unless the flies buzzed; and if one gentleman should accidentally be elevated to be a larger bluebottle than his fellows, he must buzz all the more, or his *raison d'être* would cease. Bluebottles, however, though doubtless useful in their proper sphere, are, like wasps, a nuisance; and in this respect they transcend the latter insect in that, unless removed, they affect any substance with which they come into contact, and are apt to engender something more obnoxious than themselves.

We have been led into these remarks by the general immunity

which, as a rule, seems to be extended by the press to all pamphlets of the description of that the title of which is prefixed to this article—a notice of which, though written by a member of Her Majesty's late Government, we do not remember to have seen in any of our leading papers. This is neither fair to a writer of his position nor to his readers. The subject is large, and the writer supposed to be one in authority; and, with two such parents as public interest and personal respectability, no child should be allowed to come into the world 'stillborn.'

Thus far for pamphlets in general, utterly apart from that by Mr. G. S. Lefevre, Member for Reading, of which we may at once say, with Martial,

'Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura.'

The *bona*, or the plums in the pudding, are, in our opinion, very good indeed, and will meet with the approbation of all thinking men; but, unfortunately, they are only expressed in argument, and form no part of the author's deductions from his own premises when he gives a schedule of legislation in the latter part of his treatise. As a matter of course, his *crux* and *bête noire* is the everlasting rabbit and hare question, and on a great portion of this he is very sound. His treatment, again, of battues is sensible and to the point, and his inferential reasoning as to the abolition of the law of trespass shows that practical ignorance of sport and sporting matters (of which there is internal evidence in every page) forms no insuperable barrier to arriving at a just conclusion when the legal aspect has alone to be considered. Let us take those parts with which we are thoroughly *en rapport* with Mr. Lefevre first, and notably that of hares and rabbits. Herein Mr. Lefevre takes the French author M. Sorrel for his mentor, and, much as many of our readers may deprecate the statement, we think wisely so. The object of the Code Napoléon, as interpreted by that gentleman, was to give in this particular instance the most ample protection to landowners and occupiers against damage coming from the land of their neighbours. 'It is fully recognised,' says Mr. Lefevre, 'that it is the obligation of the proprietor of a wood or forest to keep down the game, and especially the rabbits, by all reasonable means, so that his property may not become the harbour from which the game may make incursions upon the crops of neighbouring proprietors. If the proprietor, by preserving the game, by putting down rabbits and other game to breed, or by allowing old warrens and rabbit-holes to exist, where rabbits may be harboured, allows the game to be in excess, he must pay the penalty by recompensing his neighbour for any damage done by it; and the game tenant stands in this respect in the same position as his landlord.' So far so good, and we have not a word to find fault with.

As the law of England stands at present, this is a much more complicated affair than most people imagine. Suppose, for instance, an occupier of a Buckinghamshire or Oxfordshire farm, situate in what is known as the Beech Wood range, with covenants to preserve game

in favour of his landlord. These woods are in their nature hollow, but will breed any quantity of game, which roams for its food more than three times the distance it does on a more retentive soil. The landlord of one farm is a gentleman, and does not eat up his tenant with game; but the next wood on the other side is let to a London tradesman, whose sole object is shooting, and he simply does not trap the rabbits. In six months they will multiply like a pest, and are bound to travel out of these woods, because there is no undergrowth, and they cannot feed on a big beech-tree. But the occupying tenant is bound not to trap, and so he compulsorily feeds Master Bunny, not for himself or his landlord, but probably for the Londoner's keeper, who generally has the best pull out of them. Our author's remedy for this is as follows, and is best given in his own words:—'It is recognised that a certain quantity of game is a necessary incident in a wood, and that extraordinary exertion will not entirely remove the evil. To relieve himself of all possible responsibility, it is necessary that the proprietor of a wood should give leave to his neighbours to follow the rabbits into the wood, and there destroy them, or should invite them to join in battues for their destruction.' Surely Mr. Lefevre must before this have heard of rabbit parties, and be perfectly aware that, on all estates where any head of game is kept at all, it is almost the universal rule for the head keeper to organise these very rabbit battues he speaks of. There is scarcely a reader of these lines who has not, thoughtless of the danger he was incurring, attended one as a boy, and rejoiced in it; and the writer can remember, as if it was yesterday, two retrievers, a man, and a horse being added to the bag. The two latter were only peppered, but badly so. The right to invade a wood whenever and wherever you like, on the plea you are hunting for a rabbit, is a matter that the readers of 'Baily' do not need to be insulted with. We have stated above that our author is sound on the subject of battues, and, to a certain extent, we decidedly agree with him, and it is only just that he should be heard at large:—'When for sport of this kind (wild shooting) is substituted the modern battue, with its army of beaters, its massacre of hares, or its bouquet of pheasants, and where the sportsmen line the wood, and have all the work done for them, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that true sport has vanished, and that the pastime has become little better than that description by an eminent novelist and statesman—as a tournament of doves. There is no longer the uncertainty of the chase or the exercise of skill in finding the game. It has degenerated into the system where the sportsman can prescribe the number of head of game he wishes to be driven into the shambles, and where the only skill is in killing at what is called a hot corner.' The above passage is supplemented by a long quotation from 'Love's Labour Lost,' the appositeness of which we fail to perceive other than it shows that human nature is much the same in all ages, and that Shakespeare is made to do the duty of the 'Daily Telegraph,' and flatter public opinion under the guise of admonishing the Queen.

Still the passage is right, and Mr. Lefevre only wrote the opinion of many an honest man and good sportsman when he penned it.

‘O ! si sic omnia.’

Before, however, following Mr. Lefevre into the essential points of his essay, we should like to call attention to an anticipation of those halcyon days when game may not, perhaps, cease to exist, for the simple reason that ‘the extermination of partridges is, in his ‘opinion, impossible, and that large woods will always, more or less, ‘hold something in the shape of game.’ Mr. Lefevre’s inference from this agricultural Utopia is that poachers would disappear with the game, and that poor and police rates would be diminished accordingly. If you take away property, there will no longer be any inducement to thieves ; and if you take away thieves, there will be no further necessity for police.

This is fair enough logic for the hustings, and may do for the honourable Member’s urban constituents, who are not by the world at large credited with much power of reasoning. The *petitio principii* is, however, excessively obvious. The fallacy lies in that you must always leave *some* game, and that you cannot, even in theory, be *thorough*. It is an old saying, that an ounce of practice is worth a pound of theory ; and we would commend the following illustration of Mr. Lefevre’s pet notion, not only to our readers, but to any statesman who wishes to evolve a difficult question :—

Within forty miles of Charing Cross lies probably one of the most abandoned districts in the south of England. Hundreds upon hundreds of acres of wood are contiguous to one another, separated only by roads, and the lines of demarcation consist simply of banks which are known only to the woodman employed on the estate. The staple employment of the district is the felling of beech timber, which in its turn is worked up into felloes, chairs, wheel-spokes, and other articles of cheap but general commerce. Upon a very large portion of this district there is no preservation of game, even so far as the casual overlooking of a neighbouring farmer ; but, as Mr. Lefevre observes, in large woods the complete extirpation of game is impossible. The largest of these is the property of an Oxford college, the Fellows of which do not let the right of shooting ; and it is fondly asserted by the natives that it is six miles from end to end, and that if a man who is a stranger gets well into it, he is as good as lost. According to Mr. Lefevre’s theory—of which we shall have more to say hereafter—the sparse inhabitants of these solitudes should be veritable Arcadians—no Mother Eve to tempt them with an apple—no hare, no rabbit constantly crossing the weary labourer’s path, and wanting simply to be knocked down by the stick which the poor fellow is using to guide him home after the honest labours of the day. Perhaps, however, this particular breed of ground-game is confined exclusively to literary circles ; for the writer, in a thirty years’ experience of country life, has failed to run across them, and must, therefore, refer his readers to their own personal experience on the subject,

which will, probably, be equivalent to the well-worn story of the judge who, ever since he had sat on the bench, had never met a stranger who made him a voluntary present of a wheelbarrow full of stolen goods.

Sad to tell, these people are not Arcadians. Many years ago, when in the spring-time of life, the writer was hunting with the present Earl of Macclesfield; then Lord Parker, and when no cry of game and game laws had been raised, his Lordship had a long and wearisome draw through covert after covert, disturbing no head of game, coming on the line of no solitary fox. 'How is it, you have got no foxes?' said he, to an intelligent-looking rustic, 'in these parts? There's no game to stop their being here.' 'Lor' bless you, my Lord, we ain't got no foxes here—we be all poachers: there bean't a man in this county, nor a woman neither, for the matter of that, who arn't got a gun, a dog, a trap, and a net, and it's all game one catches. There's Lord Camoys, he do turn down a few foxes occasionally and try to keep them; but, bless your soul! as soon as they gets out, we has 'em.' This was fair and honest on the part of the man, and the Earl took it in good part; but whether he will remember such a trivial incident, occurring so many years back, I cannot say. But straws indicate the way in which the wind blows; and the man's statement was but a genuine reflex of the opinion which Mr. Lefevre, whether rightly or wrongly, wishes to foster.

But now as to the position, socially and morally, of the inhabitants of such a district as this. There is no game preserving; ergo, the rates, &c., ought to be small. Answer: The poor rates are, relatively, the highest in England; and unless the parish and two others in which these large woods are contained had been taken into 'union,' they would have amounted to ten shillings in the pound. Are they better educated, or have they larger facilities for instructing their children? It is not more than eighteen months since that a case was brought before the Henley bench of magistrates curiously illustrating this. A literally woodland-born child was brought before them with whose case they did not know how to deal. He lived a kind of wild-cat or fox life, sleeping in the woods at night and coming out at day-break, and gaining his subsistence partly on roots, and again from the sheep-troughs, and, lastly, by robbing the wallets of the daily farm-labourers who had taken their frugal meals with them to the fields. All knowledge of right or wrong was entirely out of the question; and although the child was caught *flagrante delicto* in the act of thieving, the magistrates very wisely refused to exercise their power over this poor, innocent, unconscious waif and stray of humanity, and remitted him to the care of the master of the workhouse, not without hopes that better food and better teaching would have a far more enduring effect than either punishment or imprisonment. Curiously enough, a portion of this very identical district has been bought by a rich northern manufacturer, and avowedly for the preservation of the game; so let us note the difference between its



past and present aspect. In the first place, the gentleman who has bought the property (and his is a typical and by no means an individual case) is certainly not one of those young men who, according to Mr. Lefevre, have been brought up in the idea that sporting is the great end and object of civilised life. He has simply made his money honestly by trade, and invested it in the way which to him seemed best. The first thing, however, that he has done is to preserve strictly a large portion of these woods other than the college woods of which we have been speaking; and, singularly enough, the decrease of poaching, and the taking to systematic habits of life, have dated, so far as that district is concerned, from the day on which the property began to be regularly preserved. New schools and new cottages have been built in every direction; and in the whole parish there is not a labourer unemployed. Nay, more, they have had to be imported from a distance. The poor rates are lighter, and there is no complaint. This man, under Mr. Lefevre's wished-for régime, would not have come there, for an Englishman dearly loves to do what he likes with his own, and so Mr. Lefevre's friend, the poacher, would, like Bulwer Lytton's Sisyphus, have 'sinned on.' The vital energy of the manufacturing districts has leavened the southern sloth; but its motive power was not the love of greed. You may call it the innate power of savagery, if you wish; but it is a power which is always consonant to our natural instincts, and in obeying them in reason and moderation, we are taking a far surer guide than in listening to the doctrines of quidnuncs, or the traditions of a whole generation of Tadpoles and Tapers. Mr. Lefevre, being the representative of an urban constituency, naturally thinks that the whole crime of poaching must be laid to the charge of the agricultural labourer, and so, with the cheap philanthropy which is common to superior persons, proposes to legislate exclusively on his behalf. Poor Hodge cannot resist temptation; and when he sees 'three halfcrowns,' to quote the words of the 'Daily Telegraph,' 'looking down on him from every tree,' no wonder that he succumbs, and the only remedy is at once to remove the temptation. Now this is very sad trash. In the first place, pheasants, which are supposed to be equivalent to three halfcrowns, do not look down from the trees until after sunset, and at that time no labourer has the slightest business in a wood, a fact he knows quite as well as his master or his master's keepers. But if we go into a town, or even into a village, we find legs of mutton which are also good to eat, and which will also equal three halfcrowns, but we never hear of any serious objection to a butcher exposing them for sale, although they may be, and no doubt are, a great temptation to hungry people. The truth is, that very little poaching is in reality done by the rural inhabitants, 'where game is at all strictly 'preserved;' but in nineteen cases out of twenty all depredations on a large scale are organised entirely in the towns, and carried out by the urban loafers, who, for this purpose, associate and work together in bands. If Mr. Lefevre has any doubt as to this statement, he had

better apply to the nearest chief constable of his acquaintance, to whom these gangs form a constant source of annoyance. They form a nucleus round which thieves of every description can rally, and when the season for game is over, they keep their hands in practice by any petty larceny which may offer; the only thing they carefully avoid doing being a day's honest work. It was only lately that we heard a chief constable of a southern county giving a description of just such a gang, that had its headquarters in one of the principal county towns. They were from twenty-two to twenty-three in number, and every individual was perfectly well known to the municipal police, and some few, but of course not the whole, to the various members of the rural force. They were the curse of the place; but the police had almost ceased to interfere with them, as the magistrates inflicted such paltry fines that the poachers themselves made it a subject of laughter.

They had a regular club and regular subscriptions, into which so much weekly was paid to meet the expenses of fines and prosecutions, and there were several female members affiliated to the gang. They had two horses and carts to carry the members backwards and forwards on their marauding expeditions; regular game-flats, for the purpose of packing their plunder cleanly and expeditiously for market; many hundred yards of netting, and a lot of most perfectly-trained dogs. Each man took out a gun licence and a dog licence, and, according to all accounts, they made a very good thing of it. Occasionally a member or two got caught, and they lost a hundred or more yards of netting. What did it matter? The fines were paid out of the fund and the netting replaced. If game were made the property, as suggested by Mr. Walter, of the person on whose land it was for the time being, we should soon see an end of scandals like these. A poacher would soon come to be looked on as what he really is, a thief, and the before-mentioned three halfcrowns might be as safely invested in pheasants as they are now in mutton. Tax it if you please, and tax it very heavily; for it is a luxury, and all luxuries should be taxed. Let the amount arising from such taxation be expended in the reduction of the police rates, and then let the police afford it the same relative amount of protection that they at present give to other property.

Up to this point we have presented our readers with what we may term the best parts of Mr. Lefevre's essay. There are other and graver matters that remain behind, namely, the entire animus and scope of the production, having regard to the time at which it made its appearance, and to the fact that its author was a member of the late Government, and is bidding high for a more exalted position in a future one. The consideration of these, however, we must reserve for a future number.

## SPORT AT JAMAICA.

I DO not think that there is a more beautiful island in the world than Jamaica, once the Liverpool, so to say, of the West Indies ; but, alas ! since the emancipation of the slaves, the major part of its glory hath departed from it. The hospitality of its inhabitants, however, remains unchanged, and I doubt not that some of the readers of this article can recall the memory of many happy hours spent there ; of many a trip to Blue Mountain Peak, and of many a picnic graced by the handsomest Creole girls in the world : and mark me, reader, for real beauty ; no woman in existence beats the West Indian Creoles, *as long as they are young* ; but when once they begin to get old—well, the less I say about their charms then the better ! Some years ago, I was stationed for upwards of two years at that very much maligned place, Port Royal ; my father was commander, and I had little or nothing to do but divide my time between visiting friends in the interior of the island and tempt ‘ Yellow Jack,’ by duck and teal shooting in the lagoons. Frequent and vain were the warnings the ‘ governor ’ used to give me, that my shooting expeditions would culminate in ‘ a hot fever and a wet grave in the Palisadoes.’ I had a strong constitution ; and although one of my associates lost his life, and two or three others had a severe touch of the ‘ yellow fiend,’ I never remember to have felt, in the slightest degree, any illness caused by the pursuit of my favourite sport.

I can well remember my first day’s shooting in Jamaica. A party of us left the old ‘ Imaum ’ at daybreak, and, pulling across the harbour, landed in Green Bay, just under the rusty and honey-combed guns of the ‘ Twelve Apostles,’ a heavy battery of twelve guns, built between an extensive lagoon, or marsh, and the sea, forming a splendid protection to the passage up to Kingston ; but, unfortunately, built in so sickly a place, consequent on the miasma from the lagoon, that European troops cannot occupy it, consequently, at the time I am writing of, it was rapidly going to decay. On landing, one of the first objects that arrested our attention was a tombstone with an inscription stating that it covered the remains of a man who was swallowed up by one convulsion of the great earthquake which utterly destroyed Port Royal, cast up again by another, and afterwards lived, I think, twenty years. On reading this, one of my friends coolly remarked, ‘ How extremely nasty he must have been if the earth could not stomach him ! ’

There had been a considerable quantity of rain, and we found the lagoon, in many places, up to our waists in clear water, whilst the reeds and bullrushes were as high as our heads ; however, as we were clad in flannel, we took the water like so many Newfoundland dogs, and, forming in line, began our beat. In a very few moments a double shot from the right announced the commencement of the fun, and directly afterwards a couple of teal got up straight before me,

giving me a beautiful double shot. We had no dogs; and although the birds fell within twenty-five yards of me, I was quite twenty minutes in bagging them, during which time my friends had separated, and, each pursuing his own way, left me alone in my glory—a decidedly bad move on their parts, *as I carried the canteen!*

However, having found my birds, I struck off to the left, and in a few moments reached a clear space of water, about a hundred yards wide by twice that distance long, and there, collected in a confused group in the centre, were some fifty or sixty wild fowl, evidently alarmed at the unusual noise around them, and evidently prepared to take wing. How fervently I prayed that my friends might not flush anything for a minute or two, while I crept cautiously through the reeds until I gained a spot right abreast the group of beauties, and only about five-and-thirty or forty yards from them. Now was the time! kneeling down, I gave them a low sweeping shot with the right barrel, and, springing up without waiting to see its effect, I dropped a couple with the left as the flock crossed me in beautiful distance on their way out to sea. Five birds were the result of the first shot; but two being only winged, managed to escape into the rushes, nor could I, although I hunted for half an hour, bring them to bag. Skirting the open pool, I next put up a 'long leg,' as the negroes call the common blue crane, and added him to my bag, which was already getting decidedly heavy. Another half-hour brought a couple more teal and one or two brown water-hens—a delicious bird for the table, rather larger than the English moorhen—and then, the heat becoming almost unbearable, we knocked off and retraced our steps to the fort, which we found tenanted by a black sergeant of one of the West Indian regiments, whose wife prepared us a first-rate fish breakfast, which, after a salt-water tub, we did good justice to. Our bag consisted of twelve couple of teal, two cranes, and five water-hens. We remained in the fort until three o'clock in the afternoon, and then, skirting the lagoon, had an hour's snipe shooting in the wet fields adjoining it; the birds, however, were very scarce, and we only succeeded in obtaining five and a half couple, when we returned to the 'Imaum' ready for dinner, none the worse for our trip.

The other principal sport in shooting on the island is the pursuit of guinea-fowl, which are very abundant. They are not originally indigenous, but were, I believe, turned out years ago, and have increased and multiplied amazingly. They give good sport, but, as I have stated in a former article, are extremely averse to rising; but when they can be got on the wing they fly rapidly, and, being very strong, require straight holding and a heavy charge of shot to bring them down, and even then, if not killed, the chances are much in favour of their escape, as they run remarkably quick, and are up to all kind of dodges in hiding themselves, so that without the assistance of a good dog it is almost impossible to make a fair bag.

The ring-tail pigeon also gives good sport in the woods and forests with which the mountains of Jamaica are covered; and so delicious

are these birds thought, that it was once said by a celebrated *bon vivant* that it was worth a voyage to Jamaica and back to dine once off them. I have heard that the red-leg partridge has been shot on the east side of the island, but I never met with it myself.

I mentioned just now that two of my messmates died from yellow fever, brought on in some measure by exposure whilst shooting. The one case was a peculiarly melancholy one. Poor young J—— had only been on the station a few weeks; and although I doubt if he had ever shot a head of game in his life, became most anxious to accompany me in one of my excursions after wild fowl. In vain I pointed out that, his not being in the slightest degree acclimatised, he had better wait until he had got more accustomed to the heat. It was no use; he ridiculed the idea of its hurting him, and importuned me so much that at length I consented, but much against my inclination, to take him with me. To make matters worse, we were invited to dine at the Up-park camp mess, and as the gallant fellows then stationed there were not by any means *total abstainers*, our heads were by no means cool when roused out next morning; but as far as the other old stagers and myself were concerned, a header in the magnificent barrack-bath put us all to rights, but poor little J—— both looked and was confoundedly seedy. However, after a cup of coffee and a ‘S. and B.,’ we started for a swamp at the foot of the Liguanea Mountains, about four miles from Kingston, a noted place for teal. We found the lagoon very wet, the water in most places being up to our waists; but as birds were plentiful, and we had three good retrievers with us, we contrived in an hour and a half to bag eleven couple. We then started back for the camp, and on arriving there had a tub and then sat down to ‘second breakfast,’ when I missed my poor little messmate, and on asking what had become of him, one of our hosts informed me that he was having a snooze in his quarters, as he felt rather done up. I fancied that it was only the effect of our last evening’s devotion to the ‘rosy god,’ so thought no more about it until the time came for us to return to Port Royal, when I went to our friend’s room and found J—— very feverish and unwell. I borrowed a *ketureen*, or gig, and drove him down to the Custom House wharf, and chartering a canoe with six sturdy niggers, were quickly on our way for the ship. There was fortunately not a very strong sea breeze that day, so that it did not take us very long to pull down to Port Royal; but on our arrival J—— was very much worse, and directly the surgeon saw him he had him removed to the hospital. *Three evenings afterwards* I followed his body to its last resting-place in the Palisadoes! I need hardly say that this untoward affair put a stop to our duck shooting for the time; indeed, the commodore issued a stringent order that no officer was to go shooting, except with special permission from himself, and he embodied in his memo. a pretty sharp rap over my knuckles, as he considered that it was partly my example which had induced poor J—— to expose himself to the fatigue and malaria of lagoon shooting.

There is both river and sea fishing to be obtained at Jamaica. The river mullet take the artificial fly well, and are magnificent fish. I have taken them up to three pounds weight, and they give as good sport as trout, having lots of fight in them. All the mountain streams are full of them, and in the rainy season, when the water is full and muddy, I have often filled a fair-sized basket, using roast plantain for a bait.

The sea fishing comprises sport of all kinds, from shark fishing (which I described in a former article) to drifting by night for flying-fish. One of my favourite amusements used to be spinning with an artificial bait for barracouta and cavalho from off the dockyard jetties. The barracouta is a very voracious fish, not much unlike a pike; strong as a bull, and not to be taken except with strong tackle and no small amount of patience and skill. A ten or twelve-pounder has often given me forty minutes' work to basket. The cavalho is also a sturdy strong fellow, but has not the fight and dash in him that the barracouta has.

Flying-fish drifting is pleasant work on a fine night; it is thus performed:—A net is spread between two oars, one lashed to the stem, the other to the after-thwart of a canoe or boat; a lantern (lit of course) is made fast a foot or so above the gunwale, and the craft is permitted to drift with the wind. The fish, seeing the light, jump at it, strike against the net, and fall into the bottom of the boat. They are delicious eating, and catching them in this manner is a favourite amusement all over the West Indies.

A few hawks-bill turtle are to be got on the bays round the island; but so many are brought from other places that they are not much looked after.

I think I have now described the principal sports of the dear old island, so I shall only add that if any of my readers have a desire to taste turtle-soup, mountain mullet, ring-tail pigeon, and lastly, although by no means least, land-crab and cold punch, in perfection, let them take a trip to 'the island of streams,' as the old Spaniards, not inaptly, designated Jamaica.

F. W. B.

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### 'OUR VAN.'

#### THE INVOICE.—Theatrical Topics—December Diversions.

How long ago was it that the Cattle Show was considered an institution that must be seen? At what period did hot youth find a vent for its feelings even in the heat, crowd, and discomfort of Baker Street or the Agricultural Hall? That there was such a time with all of us, when to handle fat oxen and inhale the odour of pigs, to stare fatuously at machinery we didn't understand and wink at barmaids we didn't admire, to be trodden on by agriculturists and exposed to the manners and customs of Islington, was considered a sort of enjoyment, we unhesitatingly declare, because we have done it ourselves, and were apt to think the Cattle Show week a winter carnival only to be surpassed by the festival of St. Derby. When did the change come o'er the spirit of our dreams that the fatted bullock in his stall a fatted bullock was

to us and nothing more, and that the Agricultural Hall meant a drive through one of the most uninteresting parts of London and 'a difficulty' with your cabman when you got there? Who can tell? Sufficient that the change has come, at least to the 'Van' driver, and he believes to many equally excellent and worthy people besides. Sufficient for him and them are Islington high-jinks once a year. A nobler animal than the stalled ox paws in the boxes and prances on the sawdust of the great Hall in the leafy month of June. Then we all gladly pay our homage and our half-crowns, and some of us are weak enough to pay our half-guineas, and we see for all this Mr. Secretary Sidney and the great of the land, biped and quadruped. We should like to see the great of the land in a better place, and trust the day may not be far distant when we shall go a little farther a-field than Islington to do so; but for the present we must be content with that suburb—once a year.

And so we have nothing this time to tell about the bulls of Bashan and the cattle in a thousand pens. But there are some other 'cattle' who have been much exercising the thoughts of mankind during the last month, chiefly through the columns of the press, and they are some of our 'actresses'—falsely so called. Briefly, the immorality of the stage has been the last important discovery which in the dull season just prior to the Cattle Show, Count Arnim's trial, and the Transit of Venus occupied our attention. There was something ludicrous in the naively solemn way in which the leading journal of Europe announced the portentous discovery to the world. That the evil had been growing up under the nose of Printing House Square for some two or three years, and that Printing House Square carried that feature in the air all the time and saw nothing of the unclean thing, or looked at it through the most roseate of glasses, was in itself a marvel, but nothing to the marvel when the Thunderer awoke one fine morning, and Jove said to the little Joves, 'Dear me, the stage is very immoral; let us write an article about it.' And such an article! The discovery that the *can-can* was indecent, that there was a good deal of *double entendre* in opera bouffe, and that the costumes worn by the women were verging on the immodest, was all duly chronicled as something that had dawned on the world for the first time—chronicled, too, in appropriate type and with due prominence; and how it was all the 'immoralities' did not at once collapse is wonderful. Then other journals followed suit, and one selected a special 'immorality' for the object of an extremely fierce and personal attack, which, however, fell harmless, for the brilliant writer had evidently forgotten that he was writing about a woman. But still the press in the main spoke the truth, and the only pity was that they had been such a time finding it out.

There is no doubt that the crying scandal of the stage is the presence on it of women who are called 'actresses,' but have not the slightest right or pretension to the name, who openly follow another calling, and as openly make that calling a qualification for the profession they seek to enter. What a curious change have those who are old enough to remember seen within the last quarter of a century. Formerly the stage was not thought favourable to female virtue, and a young woman who adopted that profession was supposed, and rightly, to be peculiarly exposed to temptation and peril. She, so considered our fathers and mothers, might be corrupted by the stage; but it never entered their heads that a time would come when that condition might be reversed, and that the so-called 'actress' of to-day would urge her lack of virtue as one of the principal qualifications, along with a pretty face, for managerial notice. How or when this state of things arose it is bootless to inquire.

Sufficient that it exists, and has (*pace* the 'Times') existed for some period. That it is a great scandal no real lover of the stage will venture to deny; that it is also a very cruel and hard state of things we are about to show. It is not the province of the press to pry into the private life of the artists who labour for our amusement and gratification. In the fierce light which beats upon the stage as much as on a throne, to wear 'the white flower of a blameless life' may not be given to all. We have no right, we ought to have no wish, to expose a lady who gives her talents to a profession which she probably loves and has an honourable ambition to excel in, to 'the thousand peering littlenesses' ever on the watch to blacken every blot. The private life of the stage ought to be as sacred as that of the painter's studio or the musician's closet; but these women who foist themselves or are foisted upon the notice of the public, who are guiltless of the slightest knowledge, we will not say of art, for that would be a prostitution of the word, but of common decency of behaviour, and whose manners are on a par with their morals, these women court the criticism which expresses their real status and condition. If all reports we hear are true, they glory in their shame. The person referred to above, who was signalled out, we presume as a sort of chief among sinners, for a very personal attack, has turned, it is said, the attack to her own and her theatre's great advantage, and has used the hostile criticism as an advertisement! It is as well, perhaps, that this has been done. It makes so much broader the broad line of demarcation between women of this class and the real actress, that it is to be hoped the theatrical public will duly take cognizance thereof, and not consider that every one is tarred with the same brush. For this is the cruelty to which we referred. Careless observers do not trouble to make nice distinctions, and are apt to confound the genuine article with the counterfeit, the glitter of paste and tinfoil with that of the real gem. There are actresses now on the stage, who, if they cannot quite reach the first rank in the profession, are, at all events, zealously labouring to do so, who, impelled by a love of their art, and by a laudable ambition to excel, have raised themselves from the status of mere walking ladies to an acknowledged position; and, in one particular instance, this has been effected under disadvantages which might well have deterred the bravest. We would gladly welcome them to the sisterhood of artists who, amidst much corruption, are doing what in them lies to elevate the public taste for something higher than burlesque or its congener, opera bouffe. And, after all, the class of women against which a just outcry has been raised is a small class; and though there is little doubt the evil has lately increased in magnitude, we may well hope that public opinion may be trusted to work its cure. There is really nothing amusing in seeing a stupid, vulgar woman walk half naked through a stupid part. We might stand it once; but nobody but a very old man or a very young one would wish to see it again. We cannot, therefore, help thinking that in the face of so much that is being done at the present moment by the great majority of the London theatres to elevate the public taste, while at the same time they are quite ready to amuse it, while the Lyceum, the Haymarket, the Prince of Wales, the Olympic, the Gaiety, the Court, the Vaudeville, the Criterion are attracting play-going London by the excellence of their programmes, that the days of the young women in scant drapery, the days of the 'Mabels,' the 'Norries,' the 'Lilians,' the 'Topsies,' 'Popsies,' and 'Botsies' will pass away, and that the directress of the Nudity Theatre, and those who have supported her in her most ill-judged enterprise will discover that something more than a collection of lay figures, however well designed by nature and undressed by art, is neces-



sary to attract an audience even taken from the very mixed elements of our great Babylon.

And as if the criticised as well as the critics were determined 'to add to the hilarity of the evening,' as used to be said at convivial meetings in old days, a theatrical manager brought an action against a newspaper because it said the piece at his theatre was stupid, and a dance in it indecent! Managers have certainly been so saturated with that *couleur de rose* extract pervading the generality of newspaper criticisms that, perhaps, some excuses may be found for them in the suddenness of the blow that 'Vanity Fair' dealt Mr. Francis Fairlie. A piece stupid, and a dance indecent! Merciful powers! were such things to be, and were managers to submit to such insults? 'A company selected,' so said one of Mr. Fairlie's witnesses, 'from the ranks of the profession' (we thought when we read the bill that this was so, only it was not the theatrical profession), a piece gorgeously mounted and dressed, with all the well-known accessories of burlesque surrounding it, 'splendid women,' as Mr. E. T. Smith, with honest candour, used to say when he was a manager, and, it may be added, with an utter inability on the part of one of them to act, dance, or sing—was all this to be exposed to the rude remarks of the critics? Mr. Fairlie determined that the critics should be taught a lesson, and, with the help of that eminent theatrical counsel, Serjeant Ballantine, and such aid as Mr. Richard 'Manuel' could give, rode a tilt against 'Vanity Fair.' The result is history. When Lord Hertford got into the witness box and said that the dance 'was decidedly and purposely indecent,' he shattered Mr. Fairlie's weapons, and the subsequent testimony of a gentleman who said he had *twice* taken his wife (poor woman!) to see the dance in question, failed to repair them. As to the other so-called 'libel,' that the piece was stupid, we fancy every one who had taken the trouble to see 'Vert-Vert' would have endorsed that opinion, and so we trust Mr. Fairlie has learned a lesson, though he failed to teach one. By-the-way, we are glad to see that that gentleman, returning to better things, has engaged Miss Thompson and her company to appear at the Globe in the burlesque that has been attracting all London to the Charing Cross Theatre for the last two or three months; for it is not that London condemns burlesque *in toto*. It is murdered burlesque—burlesque rendered by 'splendid women' who cannot speak the English language or walk the stage that has brought this sort of entertainment into disfavour. In 'Blue Beard,' as represented by Miss Thompson and her company, we have fun without vulgarity, and dances without indecency, and its success has been therefore assured.

Why is it that 'The Merry Wives of Windsor,' that charming comedy to read, ably acted and admirably put on the stage as it is at the Gaiety Theatre, hangs fire, so to speak? Mr. Hollingshead has done everything he can do. There is no one now on the stage to dispute the possession of Sir John Falstaff with Mr. Phelps. Where could be found such representatives of 'the merry wives' as Mrs. John Wood and Miss Rose Leclercq? How could the eccentricities of Dr. Caius be more truthfully depicted than by Mr. Arthur Cecil, or the dry humour of Sir Hugh Evans by Mr. Righton? and could one wish a sweeter-looking Anne Page than Miss Furtado? The other rôles are equally well filled; the *mise en scène* is handsome and appropriate without being overdone. Why is it then that we feel that the wheels of the comedy, like those of Pharaoh's chariot, drive heavily, and that it is with something of a feeling of relief that we see the curtain fall? True it is that the hero of the play is not that other Sir John who bullied Lord Chief Justices, hectora the mad

Prince, and drank, lied, and cheated through the two parts of 'Henry IV.' In the comedy Sir John is rather a poor creature, who gets cozened by two citizens' wives, and laughed at by everybody. He is amusing, but he is not the grand old rascal, with the touch of the gentleman in him, that he is in 'Henry IV.' It may be, too, that the curious conceits of the Welsh parson, his 'cholers and tremping of mind,' together with his 'great dispositions 'to cry,' may be a little too much of 'caviare to the general.' Mr. Righton gave an effective sketch of him, but yet hardly made a hit. The impetuous temper and fierce resentments of the Frenchman are more easily understood, and in the hands of that true artist, Mr. Arthur Cecil, they had every justice done them. And then 'the merry wives' appeared to have so little to do, and as we looked at Mrs. John Wood's handsome face, lighted up with fun and frolic, we wished we could have seen more of it. Mrs. Blimber regretted that she had not known Cicero. We regretted that Shakespeare had not known Mrs. John Wood; he would have made a good deal more of Mrs. Ford if he had. The comedy, is, as we said before, admirably acted, but yet we should doubt its taking with the general public. We trust, however, Mr. Hollingshead will not be deterred from giving us some other Shakesperian revivals. With the company he has got together, what might he not do? A rival manager, who had one good actor with a set of sticks to support him, naturally found that Shakespeare spelt ruin. We hope Mr. Hollingshead will discover that it spells success.

Of course, our young folks home for the holidays will be right glad to hear they have not been forgotten at some of the theatres this Christmas-time any more than the 'older' boys. Pantomimes have been produced at Drury Lane, Covent Garden, and elsewhere on a scale of magnificence never before attempted, if we may believe only half we hear. Burlesque, which threatened at one time to drive these entertainments out of the field, has now to give place to the recognised yule-tide fare. But a description in detail would occupy more space than we can afford. The utmost that was possible to be done in the way of good music, brilliant ballets, dazzling costumes, and gorgeous scenery, has been done—what more could be desired by any young, or even old, fogey?

Hunting in Notts, as elsewhere, has been very much interfered with by frost, and we read of steeplechasing in the south with our feet by the fire and our nags on the straw-bed. Very hard lines this, so that there is very little to record in the way of sport.

Beginning in the north of the county, the Grove have done very fairly—hounds perfect, 'the Viscount' cheery and keen as ever, and the huntsman, Jack Morgan—that is enough. No one who has ever enjoyed a day with him will soon forget it. Morgan and the Grove bitches is a sight every one ought to see before he retires to his arm-chair and gouty shoes.

On November 20th, from Darlton they drew the far-famed Babbington Springs, and, thanks to that prince of fox-preserving farmers, Billyeald, found at once, and away (the old line of last year) towards Weston village, *via* Great Northern Railway, to the village of Moorhouse, close to Ossington, which is one of the Rufford strongholds. Here Morgan was obliged to own himself beat; some unknown drain (as was the case last year) no doubt saved this good fox's life. No one could doubt that friend Billyeald was unequal to a second find, so back to Babbington Springs was the order. Found at once; again away, the old line of the morning at first, but turning to the left the little ladies raced him merrily for twenty miles, and finally marked him to ground in the

prettiest possible manner in a drain, from which he was bolted, and yielded up his brush in the fields.

Of the Rufford what shall we say? Nothing much in the way of sport has reached us. Scents have been bad; changes have been imminent, some averted, others to take place hereafter, the Master, Mr. J. J. Barrow, having intimated his intention of resigning at the end of the season. Two Masters in three seasons is hardly keeping up the old average of Percy Williams, Welfit, and Harvey Bayley, who hunted the country between them for over thirty years.

Coming south, we have much to tell of Mr. Musters, of whose sport, however, we have not heard any particulars, excepting that it has been as good as his neighbours'. First, the sad loss of his capital entry, which, to such a lover of hounds as 'the Squire,' must have been a heavy blow. But he is not the man to 'cry over spilt milk,' and next year will see him, we hope, with a better entry than this year's, which we all toasted this summer at a very pleasant luncheon at Annesley, given to those gentlemen (their names appeared to be 'legion') who walk puppies for the Squire, as they love to call him.

By-the-way, this reminds us of a good story of a capital sportsman, as well known on the Turf as in the Notts clays, who hails from Nottingham, one 'Billy' by name, a thick-and-thin supporter and admirer of the Squire, who, when a meeting was held to consider the presentation of a testimonial to Mr. Muster's predecessor, on that gentleman's return from the Quorn, could only bring to the notice of the meeting that 'Squire wants gorse coverts planted,' and failed to see the chairman's argument as to the meeting being held for another purpose.

Mr. Musters, finding that increasing weight prevents him being his own huntsman, has promoted G. Shepherd, who is in every way worthy of the post, and who has sense enough to understand that his master knows more about hunting than most folks, himself included. We have only to congratulate Mr. Musters on getting so well out of the nasty fall he had the other day, and end our report of hunting in Notts.

We hear of a wonderful run Lord Coventry's hounds had on the 11th, when the meet was at Cropthorne; but they did not find until they reached Bredon Hill, about 1.30. Hounds settled to their fox at once, and ran for two hours and twenty minutes without a check. Of course, they changed foxes continually, for the scent was so good and the country so severe that forty minutes at the pace they went would have settled the stoutest of the vulpine race. The second horses had had enough, and the hounds ran right away from them. A few, however, followed on their tracks, and found them near Bredon Norton, above which village they had killed their fox, his head and brush alone remaining to prove his identity. Curiously enough, he was killed on the top of a large earth which was open. The first thing Robert Price did was to count his hounds, and not one was missing.

It is impossible for any pack of hounds to be better managed than the Pytchley, who, considering what a miserable season it has been, have had as much sport as any other; but, with their neighbours, they have suffered much from want of scent. Lord Spencer does all he can to assist his huntsman, not only by keeping back the 'thrusters,' but also those cunning people who always ride to anticipate the fox. While many have been looking up their skates, his Lordship still continues to hunt, and on the 18th he went out to Harleston and tried to do so, the field consisting of himself and Lord Strathnairn.

The South Devon Hounds—hunting only two days a week, and therefore limited in numbers, but not having one hound that does not work well in his

vocation—have commenced the season with a fair show of sport. On Monday, Nov. 9th, they met in the Stover Vale country, finding their fox in Bellamarsh, pushing him well through the Stover coverts, and carrying the line to Tybrook Park. In the plenitude of these coverts there was some close hunting, and it should be observed that these hounds turn quickly and get well together in the large woods. Again they forced their fox away into the open, and he took the line of the Luton Vale through the low pastures facing the hill to Little Haldon. From the warm scent of the alluvial vale to the gravelly soil of Little Haldon was a trying moment to test the hunting capabilities of hounds. Mr. Westlake left them to themselves, lightly holding them on and cheering encouragingly, and the hunting, on a half scent, over the length of Little Haldon Moor was a most creditable and clever performance. It was lost, however, upon those who only delight in galloping, called pace, and caring little for hounds, not knowing a foxhound from a harrier when they see them. Coming up to him at the Round Tower the pace mended, and from scent to view they ran into him near Ashcombe.

On Monday, Nov. 16th, the fixture was at Lindridge, the seat of James Templar, Esq., a name that gives warrant for a sure find, and the good omen was verified. The meet in the Park, from the beauty of the scenery and from its vicinity to populous towns, is always largely attended, and carriages were in plentiful supply. They first drew Kingsland Wood, where there was a right scent, and found a brace of foxes in Whitelands, going away to the Wells covert, through it and on to Wybrook Park. He was forced away up wind to this point with the hounds close at him, and now he turned, retracing his line to Kingsland Wood, running through Lindridge Park, with a failing scent, on to Umber Moor, and lost beyond Little Haldon. It was quick at the beginning, and throughout the run the lady of General Molesworth, an accomplished horsewoman, kept a first and leading place. In every way these hounds have much improved since the last season; they run more even, show more quality, and have fewer old hounds. Mr. Westlake is deficient in having walks, therefore the home entry is always circumscribed; but although dependent upon drafts, he repudiates the seniors put away for vice, and only enters young hounds. Lord Portsmouth, both from kind disposition and the value of his kennel, is always a tower of strength to short packs, but this year the entries have come from the kennels of the Hon. Mark Rolle and Mr. Trelawny—we repudiate the name of the Dartmoor—and the latter are exceedingly promising and efficient.

The Devonians seem destined to be amused at the men from the East, for it is not many years since we heard of a celebrated M.F.H. well known in the Midlands for his straight, bold riding, who was out shooting black game in the wilds of Devonshire. The sun was hot, the heather high, and the hills steep, nevertheless our M.F.H. toiled manfully on, and blazed away right and left without touching a feather—for his shooting was by no means so straight as his riding—until, towards evening, an unfortunate little hen-pheasant rose before him, and her, to the astonishment of his host and the keeper, he cut to ribbons.

Two regular old-fashioned Devonshire men, by-the-way, were recently contrasting the difference between ancient and modern sportsmen, of course being all in favour of the old school. One said the outward signs of the modern sportsman 'are an eye-glass, a nosegay, a toothpick, and a hog-maned horse.'

We have received good news from the Oakley, Cambridgeshire, and Mr

Leigh's Hounds, and may say that in all three counties there is a capital show of foxes, and all three packs have had a good cub-hunting season, and kept well in blood; but from want of rain the scent was not good in November, and, although all had some nice gallops, there were not the usual hunting runs that the Oakley and Cambridgeshire generally enjoy. But we must not omit mentioning that Mr. Leigh's hounds had a very fast fifty minutes in October, running away from the horses, and killing their fox by themselves. This run was from Norton Common, and another good day for William, besides the fine run related hereafter.

We must hark back to the Oakley, both with pleasure and pain. The Hunt Dinner was very well attended, although we missed one veteran and first-rate rider and supporter of the hunt. The chair was taken by young Frank Pym, and it was gratifying to all present to hear his sentiments, and to find him so good a friend to the noble science; may we often meet him in the field! The cause of pain is no less than a report that, we are afraid, is too true, that Mr. Arkwright gives up the hounds at the end of the season. We have heard no particular reason; but it must be remembered that Mr. Arkwright has worked hard and well in the cause a great many years, and the best horse cannot last for ever.

THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE.—Mr. Lindsell is working with his usual energy with the same servants, and, having a fine entry, has a very clever pack. We must mention one day, that it gave us great pleasure to see the old Master and Squire of Stratton at the meet in his dog-cart, find and kill at Toseland, and to hear his silvery scream when he viewed the fox and his 'whoop' at the earths. We hear he repaired to the late Master's at the Downs to luncheon, did justice to the champagne, and, some of the field coming in, unkenelled him; and a lady, famous for her skill and nerve in riding to hounds, remarked, "Take care, Squire, when you get in the open air." The Squire's laconic reply was '*Experientia docet.*'

On the 2nd of December, Mr. Leigh's hounds met at Silsoe. Frosty morning; did not go on at regular time. Found in the Alders at Chicksands, crossed and recrossed the river, went away over the Shefford and Silsoe road, leaving Cainhoe Park half a mile on the right, over the brook, Campton a mile on the left, up the hill, Meppershall on the left, nearly to Stowclere, where they sunk into the bottoms, and crossed the Black Vale of Shillington, leaving that village nearly a mile on the right, Pirton a quarter of a mile on the left, up the hill, leaving Tingley on the left. We then viewed the fox going over Pegden Hill about a quarter of a mile before the hounds, little Offley on the left, Lilly Hoo on the right, through the Rev. T. Salisbury's Park, sunk the hill through the lower end of Offley Park, leaving Preston on the left, King's Walden on the right, across Stagenhoe Park, leaving Bendish on the right, and Whitewell on the left, into the Hoo Park, where a fresh fox crossed, and every hound viewed him, which took us off the line of our hunted fox. We also had another fresh fox, so we were obliged to give it up. Time, 2 hours and 30 minutes. Distance, from point to point, not less than 14 miles. There were but few at the meet. In consequence of the frost the hounds did not go on till late; and if it had not been for the gallant way in which a lady not long taken to the chase went from end to end, no comment would have been necessary on those few who enjoyed this fine run. Of course, the lady's first inquiry when the hounds were stopped was for her husband, when, to her horror and dismay, she was informed that his horse had shut up, and that he was supposed to be gone home. Sequel, both arrived in safety, the lady taking her horse home quite artistically

twenty-one miles, her gallant husband arriving soon afterwards by rail. As it was his first charger his wife rode, he had not a little anxiety as to its state the next morning. Although Mr. Gerard Leigh is reported rather improved in health, we are sorry to say he gives up the hounds at the end of the season; but we also hear that there is every reason to believe that satisfactory arrangements are being made for the future.

The H.H. have been having some really good sport, especially as the weather has been so very variable, a day or two of frost, then such storms of wind and rain; when the weather was anything like moderate they were sure of a run. On November 30th, they met at Medstead Green, found in New Copse, ran by Bentworth Hall, leaving Thedden Grange on the right, through Bushy Lease and Chawton Park across the Alton railroad, headed back, and was killed in a cottage garden at Thedden. Thursday, December 10th, met at Lunway's Inn, found in Burnt Wood, ran as if for Micheldever village, then to Micheldever Wood, Itchen, and Shriner to Burnt Wood, then the same line again to Micheldever Wood, through Dodsley, Thorney Down, Rounders, leaving Blackwood on the left, through Waltham Tremlitts to Lichfield tunnel, where he was headed by a train, on to Dean Heath, back to Lichfield tunnel and killed; a first-rate hunting run of three hours and a quarter. This is the kind of run that shows the hunting qualities and the first-rate condition of Mr. Deacon's hounds. Saturday, December 12th, the fixture was the Grove, the residence of Mr. Tom Pain, always a great supporter of hunting and a first-rate sportsman, as those can testify who hunted with him when he was Master of the South Wilts. The first fox was found in Springwood and went to ground in the covert. Found the second fox in Sturta, ran very fast to Sheetlands, on close to Hackwood Park, through Priestwood, Green's Copse, leaving Weston village on the left, through Privet, and was killed in the garden of a farmhouse near South Warnborough; a most brilliant 45 minutes.

The Hambledon have done as well as the weather, so changeable, has allowed them. On November 30th, they met at Broadhalfpenny Hut, and found in Highden, went away over the open to Duncombe, through the plantations by Westbury House, then away leaving Berely House on the left and Park Farm on the right, and killed at the back of Bordeaux House, just 55 minutes; a real good run. On Saturday, December 12th, met at the Trooper's Inn, found in the Old Warren, ran through the best of the Foxfield country into Hawkey Hanger, where they went to ground. The first 35 minutes was most brilliant.

On Thursday, 17th, a ball was given at Fareham by Sir J. Clarke Jervoise of Idsworth House, to the members of the Hambledon Hunt and their friends, when between two and three hundred people assembled and danced many a 'merry measure' to the enlivening strains of Mr. Targett's band. This is the second year this liberal supporter of the hounds has thus shown his desire to give amusement to the ladies as well as the gentlemen of South Hants, a kindness which, if we may judge from the cheerful faces and tasteful toilettes of the assemblage, was thoroughly appreciated.

Rumours have, we are sorry to say, reached us of blank days with the Hursley in their low country, and that some of the Southampton men grumble at the scarcity of foxes, which, they say, are no longer first favourites on certain property in the hunt.

The Blackmore Vale have not lacked, indeed, have rather enjoyed, a full share of the good things of the season, nor has even the 'voice of the sluggard' been heard to complain. The condition and working capabilities of the

hounds are beyond all praise, and, with very stormy, changeable weather and catchy scent, Press has been able to show sport fully up to any ordinary average. The *pressers* of a less satisfactory kind, viz., of hounds instead of foxes, have on several occasions tried hard to spoil their own and their neighbours' sport, too. That riding for a start at times causes disappointment to those who love a hunting run, and if Press (who is now not many years short of his three score) may not be so fast as some of the fast men in the shires would like, he lets his hounds hunt, rides boldly and right up to them, has his pack well in hand, and therefore accounts for a great number of foxes *exempli gratia*—fifty and a half brace in seventy-five hunting days last season, and a large stock of the vulpine genus left after such a thinning out.

November 6th.—Met at King's Stag, Pulham. Found on Hazlebury Common, ran to Rooksmare, and killed. Found again at Bagber Gorse, and, after a quick ten minutes, the fox, for some unaccountable reason, stopped in a carthouse, and was killed. Drew and speedily found at Lydlinch withy-bed; the fox broke for Sturminster, but, being heaved, crossed the river as if for Stock. Keeping below Mr. Marwood Yeatman's coverts, he turned round, and, the hounds taking close order, raced him along the meadows up to Lydlinch. He crossed the common, ran the road a bit, and the first and only check occurred. Taking the river-side, as if for Thornhill, but not recrossing it, he made his point for Bagber Gorse, and lay down just beyond it. The hounds worked at every inch of the line, and ran him close to Newton, killing him in the open after a capital fifty minutes. Miss Sorrel's timber-jumping propensities were never more fully exemplified, to the confusion of several who were unable to share that enjoyment. The Master, it was said, never went better in his life.

November 13, Hensbridge Ash.—A good hour and three quarters from Innwood to Toomer, and Spurles back to Innwood, over the road behind Hensbridge as if for Toomer again, where he was killed. Found at West Nyland withy-bed, ran a ring for twenty minutes to another withy-bed, where a leash of foxes broke at once, and, the hounds dividing, were stopped.

November 20th, Walbridge Gate. Chopped a fox at Thornhill, ran a second to Holtham and back, killing him under the covert. Killed another at Stalbridge Common, and from that stronghold the cry was 'Yet they come!' A fine fox broke over the plough, and crossed the River Lidden, about Bagber Bridge, over the common, the hounds carrying a fine head. Crossing the Develish Brook, he got to ground by the lane leading to Sturminster: a very pretty and exceedingly fast twenty minutes. The Pilot (not Pontius) *harassed* all the quiet riders by bellowing to them to go faster, forgetting that he was not among the bulls of Bashan. This style of recreation recalls the fable of the boy and the frogs.

November 27th, Caundle March.—Drew Ferny Down and Buckshaw Brake. Found in Caundle Gorse, ran through the Holts by March Copse to ground in a drain by Fontleroi, bolted him, ran back to the Holts, there changed foxes, and ran to Ashcombe, on for Sherborne Park, from which he turned to Haydon Gorse. Came by Haydon village and North Wootton Copse to Sherborne Park again, where he tried all the drains, as though he had been reared on a sewage farm; on to Honeycomb, where there being lots of foxes on foot, he was given up. Mr. Poole, of the learned profession, eclipsed all episodes in the career of his brother-gunners by jumping Mr. Digby's park wall alone. The Habeas Corpus Act stood a chance of being repealed on this occasion.

November 30th, Cross Keys, Lydford. A red-letter day. Found in Park Wood. After a ring through Fop and West Woods, the fox went well away over the brook, where at a small bridge, over which Press and then the Master crossed, Mr. Merthyr Guest's horse slipped both his hind legs through a large hole in the bridge, and, by great luck and skill, he was turned over on his back, and rescued from an exceedingly unenviable position, much to the delight of those who witnessed the escape of so popular a rider and his favourite old horse. Press was from the bridge alone with his hounds until they reached West Bradley, thence on to Pennard Hill, where the hunted fox got to ground; but the hounds getting in the line of another immediately, we continued through the Ditchat coverts, over a capital line of country; but he took refuge in a drain. One hour and thirty minutes to the front. Being bolted, he crossed the Somerset and Dorset line, and pointed straight for Shepton Mallet. Turning to the left along Beard Hill, he passed East and West Compton, turned down into Pilton Wood, where, after a further hour and twenty minutes, the hounds were stopped.

December 5th, Fifehead Neville.—Drew Puxey Wood, found in Deadmore, ran through Cockrode, and lost. Found again on Hazlebury Common, ran through Rooksmore, crossed the high road for Boyford Farm, left-handed along the brook under Wanston, passing Maplowden, and pointing for Melcomb Park; but, turning to the left, he ran under Bulbarrow Hill, and, making a final effort, got into Lampling's Wood. The hounds, however, were on too good terms with him, and, forcing him through it, killed him on the hill just above the village. An hour. Capital hunting, every inch worked out, and the Master delighted.

Sir Watkin Wynn's hounds have had a very fair share of sport, though, in common with most other packs, sadly hindered latterly by frosts and bad scenting weather. In the early part of the season they had some excellent runs, notably that from Marcheviel Wood—forty-five minutes, very fast, straight, and decisive—without a check from find to finish, and over a very good line of country by 'the Gerwyn,' and across the Overton Road for Perrylau, and, swimming the River Dee, ran into him on the bank on the other side, and the hounds were licking their chops, and taking a 'drink' from the stream before the foremost horsemen could get up, and there were some hard to beat on that day. Another good thing from a turnip-field: forty-five minutes, very fast, all over the meadows, nearly to Holt, when he swam the Dee like an otter, though bank full, and, running parallel with us on the opposite side of the river for Crew Gorse, just before entering which Payne's horn, with the assistance of Tom Smith's strong lungs, managed to stop the hounds. Also another good day from Aldersey, over some of the best of the Cheshire side of the country, running their fox to ground in Eaton Park. Unfortunately, several mishaps occurred that day—two valuable horses being staked and killed, and one or two others seriously injured. Several other good days' sport are worthy of mention did space admit. Sir Watkin has a capital entry this season, and altogether a very fine pack of hounds, and amongst them some particularly fine and smart-looking 'ladies,' who will, we hope, be spared to hand down their good qualities to future generations. He has, moreover, an excellent staff of servants in the field, and all the appointments are in equally good working order. Long may he flourish!

For the benefit of our hunting readers we may mention that a second volume of the 'Kennel Stud Book' will shortly be issued. The work is confined to a few of our most leading packs only, from which all other fox-



hounds of any note can be traced, and it is complete with lists, detail and reference, from 1864 to the present date. The volume will doubtless be invaluable to every kennel, and it is to be hoped that the scheme will meet with such support as it deserves, as in that case it is intended in future to publish a fresh volume every year or two, and with that intention the copyright has been purchased by a M.F.H., who, taking a warm interest in the history of foxhounds past and present, will thus also be able to keep the hunting public posted periodically on the subject.

A writer from the Hunt Hotel, Leighton Buzzard, tells us that sportsmen are much pleased with the management of Baron Rothschild's staghounds this season under the Mastership of Mr. Nathaniel Rothschild, the Member for Aylesbury. Mr. Rothschild understands the business thoroughly, and is determined to show sport if possible. He rides well up to his hounds, and rules the field with a firm hand, which is needed, as there are some amongst them who are not aware that a hound is an animal of considerable value, bred and reared at great expense, and not to be replaced. Nor does he allow those malpractices, such as riding the deer, &c., which so frequently make stag-hunting a bye-word. Their best day was from Old Park Farm: hounds ran hard down the Vale to Aston Clinton, where they climbed the hill, and hunted well through the beech woods of the Old Berkeley country, making them ring again. They took their deer in the vicinity of Chesham, a nineteen-mile point.

Poor Will Boxall had an Oxford professor out the other day who had come to meet the Craven, and they were two hours in and around Marlborough Forest on a gloomy, lowering day, with little scent or sport. Looking askance through his gold spectacles, the astronomer observed to Will, 'Huntsman, this peculiarity in the elements is probably attributable to the transit of Venus.'—'Can't say, sir. Me and the hounds has nothing to do with no Wenuses in the day-time,' was Will's reply.

A Yankee sat opposite two Englishmen, and listened to a few incidents of travel which were narrated as the train sped along. At last, he exclaimed, 'Wall, stranger, that is a tarnation crammer, and you knows it.' Englishman number two took exception to the remark, and inquired whether he considered his friend was capable of uttering a lie? 'Wall, p'raps not, 'Britisher,' was the reply; 'but all I can observe is, if I was to meet that 'other Britisher, your friend, a-walking down Twenty-fifth Avenue, in my city of New York, and atwixt Ananias and Sapphira, I should say that there was a very nice *family party*.

A certain K.C.B., noted for his love and knowledge of horses, mounted a weighty foreigner upon the occasion of a recent review. The Prince had the misfortune to break down the favourite charger. Sir ——— called to his counsels the aide-de-camp, and the limb was bandaged in less time than it takes to narrate the fact; but matters didn't improve, and the garrison Vet was consulted. Being asked whether he ever saw a bandage better put on than that, and in his (explained the General's) own particular way? 'Yes, sir, it's neatness itself, beyond all doubt; but, unfortunately, sir, you've put it on the *wrong leg*!' A little knowledge is, indeed, a dangerous thing.

A doctor living in London was known to be one of the very worst performers in the pigskin; in fact, with hounds, unable to ride a yard. He called on old Bennett, in Westbourne Grove, noted as much for his judgment of horse as knowledge of man. The doctor bid him 130*l.* for his brown hunter, adding, 'I like him, for I much prefer a thoroughbred.' 'Ah,' rejoined

the old dealer, 'you take my advice: you buy a *gingerbread 'oss*; he will be 'some use to you. You *can eat him*, and this of mine *you can't*, nor ride 'him either.'

A gentleman hunting in Leicestershire, who is supposed to have two little failings, not to be very particular about the truth, and not to be very fond of the Pytchley, was out with that pack the other day, when they had a good run and killed. Said the gentleman afterwards, in a sarcastic tone, and loud enough to be heard, 'I shall send this to the papers.' Said a voice from the crowd, in still louder tone, 'Don't you put your name to it, then, or nobody 'will believe it.'

We stumbled across this the other day, and thought it good enough to give our readers. Two Americans had a difficulty in a railway carriage. One threatened the other with a pistol, which he produced from his pocket; his adversary pointed to his umbrella laying on an empty seat, and said, 'Do you 'see that umbrella sitting there, sir? Wal, I've a great mind to shove that 'same down your throat, and *spread it* !'

In the 'Van' for November we spoke somewhat slightly of the Market Harborough Hotel accommodation, and about round men getting into square holes, &c. We are happy to state that a change has come over the spirit of the Angel's dream at that town. A new landlord, Mr. Franklin, has taken the house, and, from what we hear, our hunting friends will no longer have to complain of the how-not-to-do-it-properly system hitherto prevailing. They will find the right man (and woman) in the right place at the Angel.

A military gentleman, fond of manly sports, walking down Holborn the other day, met the ex-champion Bendigo, or rather, we should say, Mr. William Thompson of Nottingham, when the following conversation took place:—

CAPT. B. Well, Bendy, old fellow, how are you?

BENDIGO. I don't know who you mean; I don't answer to that name.

CAPT. B. Hullo! what's up now?

BENDIGO. Thirty-five years ago I came up to London to fight Ben Caunt, but now I have come up to fight for Jesus Christ.

CAPT. B. Then I hope you have learned to fight a little more fair than you did on that occasion.

There have been anecdotes before now current of 'Billy Nicholl,' and told in the 'Van'; and we think he figures a page or two back in some hunting intelligence from Notts. 'This is a railway one. 'Billy' was travelling up to London, and whether something had occurred to ruffle his usual equable temper we know not; but the fact was undoubted that he made use of some very bad language on entering and after he had taken his seat in the train. A rather starchy individual who sat opposite to him at last took upon himself to testify against such profanity, and asked Billy if he was aware he was going to perdition? Billy did not seem quite to understand the question; but, on its being repeated in a more severe tone, astonished the interrogator by saying, in the Nottingham vernacular, 'Just my d——d luck; I *booked* to Paddington!'

We are always ready to welcome the little green pocket-companion that 'Judex' issues about this time. He has always chapter and verse to give for the conclusions to which he comes about the great races of the year. His summary of the performances of the different cracks is very well done, and if we occasionally differ from him in his prognostications, why that is only saying we are racing men. The present analysis will be found a most useful guide to all who are thinking about the Two Thousand and the Derby.

We gladly insert the following:—

*'To the Editor of "BAILY'S MAGAZINE."*

*'109, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.*

*'22nd December, 1874.*

*'Hedges Fund.*

*'SIR,—The Committee have this day invested in Consols in the name of Alfred Hedges the sum of 1243*l.* 4*s.*, being the amount of his loss.*

*'They purpose in a few days to forward to each contributor a statement of the account, with its appropriation, and a list of subscribers.*

*'I am requested by the Committee to thank you for your kind assistance in bringing the matter to so successful a termination.*

*'I am, sir, yours obediently,*

*'JAMES ODAMS, Hon. Sec.'*

That well-known sportsman, Lord Kesteven, has quitted the scene, leaving a reputation behind him as a Master of Hounds and perfect model of a real country gentleman which cannot be surpassed. His portrait and a memoir of him appeared in 'Baily' ten years ago, when he was known to the hunting world and the House of Commons as Sir John Trollope. He was for many years Master of the Cottesmore, succeeding Mr. Borrowes in 1855, and kept them until 1869. His first huntsman was Ben Goddard, who was followed by Will Turpin, Frank Goodall, the present Queen's Huntsman, and by Jack West. Lord Kesteven was a famous houndsman. As a friend and neighbour he will be much missed by all who knew him, and in him hunt servants generally have lost a good friend, as he was a member of the executive committee of their benefit society, in which he took a more than ordinary interest, urging its claims on all hunting men, whenever he had the opportunity of doing so.

A good sportsman has passed away from us in the person of the Rev. Philip Honeywood of Wakes-Colne, Essex. More than forty years ago he was one of a jovial party, consisting of the late Marquis of Waterford, the late Sir Frederick Johnstone, and others, who made the King's Arms at Bicester their headquarters, and hunted with Mr. Drake's hounds. But it was more in connection with hare-hunting that Mr. Honeywood made his mark. For many years he owned a pack of beagles bred by himself, which for evenness in size, perfection in shape, and goodness in work had no equal. These little hounds—for their standard height was below fifteen inches—would kill from fifty to sixty brace of hares in a season. Many were the offers made to purchase the pack on behalf of the Prince Consort and others; but Mr. Honeywood turned a deaf ear to them. When advancing years at length caused him to give them up, they fell into hands that suffered them gradually to deteriorate, and the blood was lost to the sporting world. Mr. Honeywood has died regretted by all who knew him.

To Major Meek—whose sudden and untimely death, followed within a few days by that of his wife and mother, created such a painful sensation in Sussex, for which county he was High Sheriff—coaching owed much in the early and chilly days of its revival. He was one of the Brighton coach proprietors for the first time in 1869, horsing the coach from Lowfield Heath to Staplefield Common, having with him Lord Londesborough, Colonel Stracey Clitherow, Mr. Pole-Gell, and Mr. Chandos Pole; and it was wonderfully horsed and driven in those days. Those were the days when 'what the horses would fetch' was not a consideration; it was pure love

of the pastime, and of it only. 'Handsome Meek,' as he was called at Cambridge, was warmly welcomed and popular in society. He had not given up coaching, and only a month or two since entertained serious thoughts of a Worthing coach for 1875. He met his fate through 'a bad cold.' He had it on him, went out riding on a bad day, and returned home to die at forty-eight.

Mr. H. M. Feist, the well-known 'Hotspur' and 'Augur,' who, under these signatures, discoursed so well on racing, and perhaps had more followers than any prophet who sought to solve the problems of handicapping, has departed too before his time. He had long been in failing health, and the end was foreseen by all brought into contact with him. His place in racing literature will not easily be filled, for his judgment and information were singularly good, and his style light and pleasant; but his greatest loss is to his widow and young family, who, we regret to learn, are left in very bad circumstances. A committee has been formed for the purpose of receiving subscriptions on their behalf, and any sum forwarded to the Treasurer, Mr. Charles Ashley, the 'Sportsman' office, Boy Court, Ludgate Hill, will be well bestowed. Among the countless readers of 'Hotspur' and 'Augur,' the thousands who eagerly scanned the columns of the 'Telegraph' and 'Sporting Life' for 'the tip,' and who profited thereby—the hundreds to whom Mr. Feist was personally known, there will be many found, we feel sure, who will gladly contribute to the urgent necessities of the widow and the orphans.

'Poor Paddy Green!' How many people who glanced their eyes over the obituary of the 'Times' of the 17th of last month uttered these words. How many a jovial yeoman, what numbers of stout agriculturists up for the Cattle Show missed their old friend that week when they dropped in, according to their wont, at Evans's, missed his cordial greeting, his warm shake of the hand, his ever-ready snuff-box. And they would have grieved, too, if they had known that the end was then very near, and that they had seen 'Paddy' for the last time. Singularly enough, he died on Saturday, the 12th, the last day of that week wont to be such a busy one with him. For upwards of two or three months Mr. Green had not been seen at his accustomed post, the new proprietor of Evans's having somewhat ungraciously notified to him that he could dispense with his services for the future. That the old man felt this as a blow cannot be doubted. He was part and parcel of that celebrated temple of conviviality and song, a connecting link to the old and middle-aged, between the present and a now somewhat dim past, when the great Evans himself sat at the head of the table in the old room, when Charles Sloman was in his prime, and there was such a thing as a comic song. To the present generation Mr. Green was an institution whom it was essential to know, and one of the first things that a young Oxonian or Cantab did on paying his first visit to London—the young soldier just gazetted, the sucking barrister, his first dinner eaten—was to go and make the acquaintance of Paddy Green. He was courtesy personified; neither was he lacking in dignity when dignity was required; and he could check a liberty if attempted, so that there was no fear of its repetition. He was the kindest of the kind-hearted. A tale of distress—especially if its object were connected with the theatrical profession—found in him a ready listener, and as readily was his purse opened. Possessed of a wonderfully good memory, his fund of anecdotes—particularly those connected with his old profession, for Mr. Green had been an actor—was rich and varied. He told us, two or three years ago, on our suggesting that his good stories should not be lost to the world, that he had resolved on writing

the reminiscences of his life, but whether he ever seriously applied himself to the task we know not. Evans's will look strange without him, and the Knights of the Round Table by the fire will feel that there is a void in the old room impossible to fill up. With both gentle and simple the kind-hearted old man was a warm favourite, and we believe he had not an enemy in the world. Peace to the manes of 'poor Paddy Green!'

And another good fellow well known to many 'Baily' readers has been called away; and the cheery presence of Tom Marshall will be wanting on many a racecourse and in many a weighing-room. True, we have missed him long, for his health, which began to give way more than a year ago, kept him, with little interval, a close prisoner to a sick room, and he had been compelled to relinquish all the active duties of his various offices. Few men were more respected or better liked than Mr. Marshall. Straight and upright in all his dealings, and of an integrity unimpeached, he possessed that genial *bonhomie* of manner, his frank, open greeting the index of his mind, that made him popular wherever he went. It was with regret and astonishment, therefore, shared by many, that we read in the columns of such a respectable paper as the 'Morning Post' a paragraph speaking of the dead man in terms not only most offensive, but also untrue. How or why such a fashionable journal as the 'Post' troubled itself about poor Tom Marshall is curious, but more curious still is it that such a man should have an enemy—an enemy, too, who might have remembered the old adage of *de mortuis*, and yet who did not.

It may be as well to note before closing, that the portrait of Apology, by Harry Hall, is just published, and will rank with any of the other well-known winners included in the 'Baily' series. The picture, we feel sure, will be extremely popular, not only 'at home' in the county of broad acres, but with a host of admirers all over the country.

Two years ago, a very personal and offensive poem (so called) was published under the title of 'The Coming K——,' and was read, we fear, 'Human nature being sick,' because it *was* personal and offensive. The experiment was repeated last winter and again this, but the authors of 'The Coming K——' have, we are happy to say, reached the end of their very short tether. Not that their present production, 'Jon Duan,' is lacking in personality and offensive matter generally, but it is so abominably stupid. A clever scoundrel we are apt to pardon: a sharp fellow who says unpleasant things of our friend and neighbour is generally a popular character, but a dull, muddy-pated knave, who can only be personal in a stupid way, there is no mercy for *him*. Anything more vulgar and commonplace, and yet with a certain pretence about it of being rather deep than otherwise than this same 'Jon Duan,' we have never read; and it is the most impudent attempt at getting money out of the pockets of the public that was ever attempted.





Pembroke

# JULY 1890 THE LITERARY GAZETTE

## WORKS AND ARTISTS

### PREFACE OF THE EDITOR

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# BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

### THE EARL OF PEMBROKE.

HEREDITARY statesmanship is not so common in this country as some other much-prized virtues that descend from father to son. That fox-hunters should beget fox-hunters is almost in the nature of things. The trophies of the goldsmith's art won to-day on the Turf go to join, in the platerooms of noble mansions, other trophies more remarkable for solidity than beauty, and the prize medals of many cattle shows are to be often found under one roof-tree. In the domain of art, it is true, the mantle of the Master, save in some few notable instances, rarely falls on him who is to follow, and art and statesmanship would seem in this to be nearly allied; but as there are exceptions to every rule, we have ground for believing that the son of a distinguished statesman, who, at an age when other young men are thinking more of the pleasures of life than its duties, has entered with ability and zeal upon official life will prove a bright one.

George Robert Charles Herbert, thirteenth Earl of Pembroke and tenth Earl of Montgomery, is the son of that Sydney Herbert, some time Secretary for War, who during his too brief career stamped himself as the distinguished statesman we have hardly yet reconciled ourselves to the loss of. To the ancient Baronies of Herbert of Cardiff (1551) and Herbert of Shurland (1605), then enjoyed by his brother, the twelfth Earl, another was to be added—Herbert of Lee, a title by which the father of the present Earl was summoned to the Peers in the year that saw his lamented death. The subject of our present sketch within a year of his father's decease succeeded to the Earldom of Pembroke, and, after the usual course of a public school, went, at the age of seventeen, to New Zealand and the South Sea Islands, where he remained for four years. The world was a gainer by that voyage. Few of our readers will need to be reminded of those brilliant 'South Sea Bubbles' that were blown by 'the Earl and the Doctor,' how they flashed and glittered, and how, moreover, they were not entirely 'bubbles,' but a residuum of sound common sense was to be found when they burst. No more charming pictures of life in the Southern Seas could have been painted, the

colours so brightly harmonised, the story of adventure so well told. During this long cruise Lord Pembroke became an adept at boat-sailing and all sorts of sea-fishing. His collection of sea and land birds—a very large one—was unfortunately lost in the wreck of his yacht, the *Albatross*, vividly described in the ‘*Bubbles*’ above mentioned. He returned to England in 1871, and taking up his residence at Wilton, became Master of the Netton Harriers, presented to him by that veteran sportsman, Mr. Walter Flower. Lord Pembroke had indeed been a Master of Harriers at an early age; for when he was thirteen, he had a pack which he hunted, with his two younger brothers as whips, and great was the sport they enjoyed over the Wiltshire downs. Of shooting of all kinds he is extremely fond, and as he killed fifty-one brace of partridges early in September to his own gun, without any artificial assistance, such as driving, &c., he must be considered a very fair shot.

The Earl of Pembroke has, we have reason to believe, not let his pen be idle within the last two or three years, though his name has not appeared to the writings attributed to him. On the accession of the present Government to power last year, Mr. Disraeli, so keen, and an excellent judge of the rising talent of the young generation, offered Lord Pembroke the Under Secretaryship for War, and in the office most identified with his father's name the young politician is preparing himself for the future. He has talents of a high order, he is a deep thinker, and, moreover, brings to bear on the duties of office a mastery of details which has already stood him in good need. There is every reason for supposing that Lord Pembroke has a career before him, and it is one which the country will watch with interest for his own sake and for the sake of the name he bears.

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## THE TURF IN IRELAND.

‘Let Erin remember the days of old,  
Her Birdcatchers, Barons, and “Fogs:”  
The glory that blazed in her era of gold,  
Say, has it not gone to the dogs?’

MOORE (*or less*).

WHATEVER may be the fate of Sir J. Astley's impending motion, by which he virtually proposes to limit foreign successes upon the English Turf, Irish interference with the gains of owners on this side of the Channel seem never likely, at any rate in the present state of affairs, to call for Jockey Club legislation with a view to its removal. In times not so very long gone by, the aspect of the case was materially different, and we find inscribed in our racing annals names of many a mighty victor hailing from the Sister Isle. In those good old times the excellence of Irish breeding and training was something more than the mere memory into which it has been suffered to lapse. Nowadays we are apt to regard even Irish pedigrees

with some suspicion, and the list of Irish mares in the 'Stud Book' as a sort of apocrypha to the volume which issues at stated intervals from the Turf College of Heralds in Old Burlington Street. Much of real good old blood has been draughted from the island, or suffered to decay; and has become as rare as the claret for which so many hospitable cellars were celebrated before these days of light Gladstone wines. Irish racing, if not, like her Church, disestablished, is confessedly at a lamentably low ebb, if we are to measure its prosperity by a comparison with the popularity and support it continues to command in England. This assertion will probably meet with an indignant denial at the hands of those who are still content to stand by the fortunes of Irish sport in its home at the Curragh; but if the ancient spirit still animates her sons, what has become of those champions of old renown, veritable giants in the days that are no more, whose names still adorn the flower of English pedigrees, and which are hotly flung back in Saxon teeth if the slightest idea of Irish inferiority at the present time be only suggested? It is no use for Ireland to refer us, like some faded beauty, to the 'light of other days,' when Harkaway's Cup career was in the zenith of its glory, and when 'Fog' cleared his way through discomfited opponents on the banks of Don. In the present day these recollections savour too much of 'Brian Borhoime and the Irish Kings,' from which each Patlander fondly boasts descent. Pedigrees and genealogical trees are excellent things in their way; but the point we are desirous of arriving at—namely, the reason of the decay of Irish racing—cannot be put on one side by a reference to equine heroes long since passed away. No one has attempted to disprove the assertion that in the days of Birdcatcher and The Baron, Ireland could very well hold her own upon the Turf, and that she possessed the 'rale article' in such cattle as came across the streak of silver sea to dispute with the Saxon oppressor his highest trophies on the Turf. We were ungallant enough to entertain just the shadow of a doubt concerning the age of Faugh-a-Ballagh; and the story goes that Russborough, the 'baker's horse' (who won the St. Leger, but, like Goody Levy, 'didn't get it'), had his dental system most roughly and unceremoniously overhauled after his dead-heat with perfidious Yorkshire's Richmond pet. Yet, on the whole, Irish victories were well received, and, like the French, they were welcome to come, see, and conquer; and if they waxed riotous and insulting over the potations pottle-deep in which they drank health to their pets and 'justice to Ireland,' we took it good-humouredly and in good part, careless whether they chose to crow on our own or any other dunghill. They went home rejoicing 'back 'to Erin,' with English gold in their pockets, and the village priest, Father Claret, blessed the winner after his Holiness at Rome had 'stood in' with the owner, and the priest himself had been put on good measures of usquebaugh and potatoes 'to nout.' As for the horse, he came in for well-nigh as much veneration as the fabled steed of O'Donoghue when he glides on the waves' crest along the placid bosom of Killarney, 'to be seen only by the good.'

Since those days racing on the Curragh has gradually declined, until at the present time, regarding it from an English point of view, all general interest in the contests decided there has long since abated. Local interests will, of course, continue to hold their own; and it is difficult for mankind, more especially for such a sanguine race as that which inhabits the Green Isle, to appreciate any decadence of their former glories. Between the flags of the steeplechase course Ireland still nobly holds her own, and her Punchestown owns no rival near its throne for the excellence of the horses composing its numerous fields and the genuine enthusiasm of the crowds intent on the racing game, as yet unswayed by betting considerations and attracted by a pure engrained love of the sport. On the plain of Waterloo, too, the Irish Brigade has marched to many a victory under the Lurgan banner, when the mighty black was yet in the flesh, and 'McGrath' had bonfires lighted in honour upon his native hills. England still regards the land of St. Patrick as a hunter emporium, however short supplies may have been of late years, and in the dearth of high-class animals still looks forward to the time when horse-breeding shall once more find favour among her farmers, now that the *video meliora* has become less certain than the *deteriora sequor*. The hearts of Ireland's boys are still as open and warm as of yore, and the genius of hospitality has not fled the land of her birth; but a grievous change has come over that branch of sport once so dear to Erin's children, and it is in vain that she invokes the spirit of her mighty dead when

'Tis but the living who are dumb.'

The Curragh still spreads its grassy bosom to every passing breeze, the landmarks of her time-honoured courses unmoved by the finger of decay; among noble and gentle the devotion to the sport of kings is deep-seated and loyal as ever; but where are the pieces with which to play the game? Where are the *horses*, once their country's pride? And can it be said of them, as by their own Goldsmith, of the 'bold 'peasantry,' that they,

'When once destroy'd can never be supplied?'

We shall hardly be accused of spite or exaggeration in founding our arguments upon facts unhappily notorious, and so palpable to all except the individuals they most concern, that it may seem an insult to the understandings of our readers to cast even the shadow of a doubt upon their reality. Irish candidates for our important races in England have come forward with diminished alacrity since the day when Barbarian made it rather uncomfortable for Daniel O'Rourke, and when Paddy had his only and meagre consolation in being beaten by a horse with an Irish name. Kingstown followed Wild Dayrell home right humbly, with the 'sherry bay Isles' at his head; but then he was hardly the sort of horse to raise much enthusiasm even among the 'Brigade.' In after-years there was much talk about Mr. Disney's Bombardier, who somehow 'exploded' before his time, like many

other bubbles; and then we heard of the prowess of Tom King, whose knock-down blow, however, came prematurely, and prevented him answering the call of time. Assassin was a well-named St. Leger darkie, who never had half a chance of getting his knife into Lord Lyon and Co., being ignominiously left at home to pick up Plates on the Curragh; and the latest importation has been Sarsfield, whose testimonials state that he ran repeatedly in that race of nonentities, Kingcraft's Derby. Dunsany was imported to Ilsley for the sake of winning a big handicap, but without success; and the list of Ascot Cup entries last year showed that Ireland had at last found her Quintus Curtius to leap into the gulf of Irish degeneracy in the chivalrous O'Shaughnessy, whose mighty monster, Glendove (of unearthly colour and 'of no sex at all'), cast down his gauntlet in such company as the racing world has hardly seen gathered together. After the Lincoln *fiasco*, however, it was deemed better policy to keep him at home; and meanwhile England folds her arms and waits for some worthier champion to come against her, but seems to wait in vain. We have hereinbefore alluded to the unequivocal successes attained by Irish steeplechasers on English soil, and all honour to Ireland for the long list of victories to which she can proudly point; but we are at present 'on the flat,' not between the flags, and beg to enter our most emphatic demurrer against cross-country successes being pleaded as a set-off against general Turf decadence. The argument that because Ireland can always hold her own, and frequently beat us at the jumping game, her loss of form on the racecourse is therefore to be condoned, is one which will not hold water for a moment; and reminds us of the Oxford and Cambridge men, the latter chaffing the former upon the loss of the University Boat Race, and his friend's rejoinder that 'at any rate we won the cricket match.' Tom Hood's story, too, occurs to us of the two donkeys of opposite sexes, of which the milk-giver unfortunately died, and his owner brought the disconsolate widower to fill his consort's place at the pail, remarking, 'Jenny be ded, miss; but Ize brought ye ' Jack. He doesn't give no milk, but he can bray.'

Not that we wish to carry the comparison beyond the mere sentiment of the story, nor to compare Paddy with the beast of Balaam, except allegorically. We want to show the reason why he 'don't 'give no milk;' and we shall pay no attention to any other qualification the possession of which he may boast. The length and breadth of our assertion (which we tersely reiterate) is this—that Irish racing has retrograded, and this through no lack of patronage from those in high places, nor on account of the national love and taste for the sport having in any degree abated or declined.

Granted this general state of decadence in Irish racing matters, it is satisfactory to find that the cause and cure of the complaint are equally obvious, and requiring no elaborate diagnosis of the various symptoms attending it. It is something for reason and remedy to go hand in hand, and that we should not be left in the very awkward, although common, predicament of laying open a sore without the

means of suggesting a method of healing it. The origin of this Irish Turf atrophy is as plain as the great hill of Howth to eyes unprejudiced by national jealousy and pride; and a very effectual mode of relief is at hand, if we can only persuade the patient to adopt it. To those inclined to dispute the plainness of the case, and to refer the decay of Erin's Olympian games to mere external causes, we would recommend a careful investigation of the Irish portion of the 'Stud Book,' if a mere cursory glance at the return of thoroughbred stock in the foal list is not sufficient to convince the most sceptical that we have laid our finger upon the weak point. To those accustomed to study pedigrees of English racers, and to trace back to their fountains the various streams of blood composing our racehorses of the present day, nothing can present a more lamentable spectacle than to find what little blue blood is left in Ireland, forming, in many cases, unions with anything but patrician families, to say nothing of frequent *mésalliances* with half-breds. Distinguished scutcheons have admitted doubtful quarterings, until the various titles seem by one consent to be approaching that dead level of mediocrity from which a return to higher regions, if not impossible, is at any rate the work of years. 'Irish horses' might furnish a fruitful text for the racing genealogist; but we must hasten on without waiting to specify instances, which crop up in almost every page of the Irish Turf Peerage. But if, through neglect or mismanagement, the Shelahs of the Stud have lost caste and character, what are we to say of the 'Sires of the day' in Ireland? After mustering their forces and inspecting their ranks, can we any longer wonder, nay, can we be restrained from expressing our astonishment at those too apparent signs of decay which are sapping the foundations of the 'sport of kings' in the Sister Isle? 'Ireland for the Irish' may be an excellent cry in its way, and we cannot blame owners of stars of the Curragh for considering their poor geese swans of the utmost magnificence, and if they destine them to a Stud life after their labours in training. But home supplies appear to be quite inadequate to the demand for stallion services, so that the Irish are under the necessity of yearly importing English thoroughbred stock to supplement the wants of their own country; and we find, accordingly, the English element strongly predominating in their Sire list. But, either from want of money or enterprise, they content themselves by bringing over what we may without offence term the scum and refuse of the English market—horses which have not come up to the expectations of Stud-masters in this country, and which the foreigners decline to treat for at any price. Run down the list of fathers of the Irish Turf of the present day, and, putting on one side for the nonce the native element, reckon upon the fingers how many names there are on the roll which can be connected with any marked success on the Turf. Respectable nonentities will be discovered to abound; but in vain do we look for any of those 'household words' among lovers of racing lore which rise so naturally to our lips in recounting the pedigree of some crack of the period. We wonder to

see how mere 'walking gentlemen,' or even 'second villains,' assume leading parts when they have touched Irish soil, and selling platers undergoing as complete a transformation as Cinderella's pumpkin, and so 'made up' into fashionable stallions with blarney and butter that their former owners would scarcely recognise in these Lords of the Harem the very humble servants of the stable at home. Jeames de la Pluche becomes Lord Pavo, and commands as much hero-worship in Ireland as Blair Athol or Lord Clifden in England. The consequence of all this it is easy to comprehend; for we still find the old maxim,

'Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis,'

to hold good among horses as well as among men; and it has long since been proved hopeless, except by an occasional lucky chance, to breed anything much above mediocrity, not to speak of Derby winners and Cup horses, from the 'pariahs and outcasts of the Turf.' Yet year by year, with some few notable exceptions, Irish breeders are content to pursue a track becoming gradually more hopeless and confused, and to see their animals sink lower and lower in the scale in which all racehorses, 'as such,' must be weighed, without taking into consideration any baser uses to which they may come at last.' We hear of horses who have 'gone to Ireland,' like ne'er-do-weels among ourselves, who try a pound a week in Australia as a *dernier ressort*, and are heard of occasionally as mating with the 'grey barbarians' in the bush. And, strangely enough, Paddy's fingers seem to burn to get rid of a good thing the moment a penny is to be turned by an advantageous 'swap.' So we find a horse of some size, quality, and breeding, like Wild Oats, and a more than average two-year-old performer, brought over from Ireland on hire to the Stud Company, just as if he was too good for the place, and his owner taking back a horse plenty of whose stamp are to be found in the country. Common sense speaks plainly enough, that Ireland is going on the wrong tack to improve her breed of horses, so far at least as concerns those 'successors to Birdcatcher and Harkaway' of which we have lately heard so much. Remedial measures are so obviously plain, that we almost feel an apology to be due to our readers for naming them at all. A radical change in the Irish system of breeding is the leading operation towards effecting a cure; and if this should be satisfactorily performed, there need be no apprehension concerning successful results. The impoverished state of Irish racing blood requires a careful system of renovation; and though ultimate recovery of tone seems certain enough, the process must necessarily be a protracted one, and its final accomplishment the work of more than one of the generations of man. Worthless and plebeian strains cannot be summarily eliminated, and it is only by a gradual infusion of new blood that the good can be expected to override the evil. But surely enough the first fruits borne by a policy of regeneration will make their appearance, and patience combined with judgment will in this case, as oftentimes heretofore, work wonders towards the end required. We cannot expect an utter and



sudden extermination of all that is undesirable any more than we can reasonably look for the instantaneous arrival of new Avatars; but the way of reformation lies so clearly before those who are not wilfully blind, that there can be no excuse for overstepping its boundaries, nor for turning back in despair. Precedent upon precedent is given for guidance; and a revolution in the Irish kingdom of racers can readily be accomplished without sacrificing any of the advantages already possessed by Irish breeders in the rearing and breeding of the 'chasers' of which they are so justly proud. Susceptibilities may be slightly wounded, and national pride offended by such necessary measures as the introduction of a new *régime* demands; but the healing and soothing processes will speedily do their work, and past humiliation be forgotten in present evidences and future prospects of increasing prosperity. We cannot expect Irish breeders to be at the trouble and risk of sending their mares across the Channel each spring 'in search of a husband;' so that the first step must be the introduction into Ireland of some first-class horses, and, if possible, such of them as have already given evidence of ability to perpetuate their excellencies. Enterprise and capital will accordingly be found the primary requirements, and if neither of these qualities can be termed national characteristics, they must of necessity be adopted as acquired tastes. Nothing short of the highest class, and, as a natural consequence, at the highest prices, will bring about the desired changes; and surely, if private enterprise were found deficient, public spirit among the enthusiastic children of Erin would not be wanting to accomplish the desired reformation. At present there seems to be a necessity in Ireland for those representative studs which have undoubtedly done so much to keep up the charter of Englishmen as the first horse-breeding nation upon earth; but, to judge from facts as represented through their own organs, Irish ideas seem to lie rather in the direction of each individual having his stallion, and striving to underbid his neighbours for popular favour in attracting mares. The consequence is an overflowing of the country with mediocrities, naturally entailing financial failures; whereas it appears to us that centralisation should rather be the object aimed at, not only as presenting features of greater importance, but as offering *variety* to those desirous of courting its undoubted charms. The stagnation, so to speak, of blood round innumerable petty centres cannot be advantageous, at least in the case of thoroughbred stock; and we would rather advocate a return to the old system of stallions walking the country than see each coterie of mares limited to the local sire, without regard to the 'fresh fields' and pastures new' which, by common consent, are held to be beneficial, as changing the current of the blood and renewing its circulation.

We have had some untoward truths to tell, but why should we hesitate to apprise the patient of his danger, when he has everything to gain by taking early measures for relief? Year by year we have noticed things going from bad to worse, mainly, we believe, through

the want of a ready, if rough, reminder that Ireland was rapidly losing caste as the *genetrix nutrixque* of the thoroughbred. Her sons are too apt, perhaps, to kick against English interference, and to repel English suggestions, however earnestly offered and disinterestedly advanced. But they must be pretty well convinced now, after the facts and figures laid before them, that if deterioration and degeneracy are mere 'cuckoo cries' as regards the English Turf, that in Ireland things are not prospering as they thought, and that the cause and cure are neither doubtful nor far to seek. To the many with whom we have conversed on the subject the same views have, after consideration, presented themselves; but unfortunately a large section remain unconvinced, if we may judge from their tone, denunciatory of all reform, and impatient of alien interference. Reformation is neither a speedy nor a pleasant process, and especially humiliating to those spirits who look upon suggestion in the light of dictation, and resolutely shut their ears to the charmer's voice. We cannot look through the long list of patrons of the Turf in Ireland without wishing to see them, in all sincerity, better represented than by the horses which carry their colours; burlesques upon the higher characters played by their predecessors during the palmy days of Ireland, and only capable of affording amusement by racing among themselves. France and Germany fear not to take up the gage thrown down by England; but the countrymen of Watt and his compeers hold aloof, because they are well aware how poor their chance of successfully cutting in at the game with the indifferent cards they hold. We trust that all Irishmen will accept these remarks in the spirit which has dictated their exposition at a period of admitted depression in racing matters, so far at least as Ireland is concerned. We should regret to behold the humiliating spectacle of the Sister Isle falling behind Gaul and Teuton in the struggle for supremacy among horse-breeding nations of the world. If Ireland could only be brought to see her degeneracy, we have every confidence in the patriotism and enterprise of her sons to work such a speedy revolution as to bring them once more to the front. But temporising and Micawber-like measures will be of no avail; for nothing but a worse state of things is likely to 'turn up' if strong measures be long delayed. Ireland requires some second St. Patrick to arise in the land, armed with full powers to exterminate the baser elements which have gradually been suffered to prevail, and to inaugurate a new era, recalling the older days when she could boast to hold her own, and 'proudly maintain her right' to be considered the nursery instead of the pauper asylum of the thoroughbred. The proud Saxon would then no longer laugh at the idea of the introduction of an 'Irish horse' into the betting for our St. Legers and Cups, a goodly proportion of which might follow across St. George's Channel those trophies with which the names of The Baron, Faugh-a-Ballagh, and Harkaway will be everlastingly associated. Nay, the Blue Riband of the Turf itself, so often grasped at only to be denied, might blend its hues with the kindred green of the Shamrock, and '*Redeunt Saturnia regna*' be proudly inscribed

on the banner of Ireland's progress—a dream too sanguine, perhaps, even for the warm and hopeful temperament of the Celt, but one we would fain indulge in, and regard its fulfilment as not too remote—

‘If Ireland only to herself prove true.’

AMPHION.

## COUNTRY QUARTERS.

### THE ESSEX STAGHOUNDS.

‘WHILE on the subject of Essex,’ said our friend, ‘I must not forget to tell you of the staghounds for which it has always been famous, and which, I believe, were started by the celebrated Colonel Mellish, so well known in the days of the Prince Regent, who lived at Chingford, where his hounds were hunted by young Crane, and afterwards by Will Dean, who, on leaving him, went to live with Lord Fitzwilliam, with whom he remained until his death; while one of his sons held a large farm under his Lordship, and the other was his steward.

‘About 1813, Mr. Long Pole Wellesley of Wanstead had them; and his huntsman was old Tom Rounding of Woodford Wells, who was the father of the Epping Hunt. Tom afterwards kept a pack of hounds with which he hunted hare and fox, and turned out a stag before them on Easter Monday. He was one of the jolliest fellows imaginable; used to ride an old chestnut horse, and always wore a green coat with brass buttons, and a buff waistcoat.

‘Then came George Simpson of Galleywood; a large farmer and cattle dealer; one of the best yeomen in England. He always had a good horse, and generally won at Brentwood, and, I believe, died not long ago.

‘In 1831, Mr. Sheffield Neave of Dagenham Park took them, and was at first assisted by Mr. Tufnell and Mr. Drummond the banker, but in 1837 he became the sole Master. Mr. Neave hunted the hounds himself, and his whip was old Meshach Cornell, a very good servant, who had before lived with Mr. Charles Newman. Mr. Neave was a wonderfully hard and daring rider, never turning from any fence. He rode in a peculiar style, and, it is said, was the first man to gallop over the big banks and take them flying; as formerly men used to pull up and jump them standing. The regulars now were Mr. John Drummond, the banker, as the song said, “not fearing his neck;” Mr. John Jolliffe Tufnell of Langley’s Park, as good a man over the country as ever was seen, and also fond of catching hold of a team, and he could put any four together; Parson William Tower, who, as was said, “from hour to hour can shove his good steed without mercy along,” was a great talker about horses; Mr. Commissioner Cecil Fane, brother of the Rev. F. Fane, who had a nice lot of beagles at Priors Kelvedon, after which the field ran.

' The Commissioner, though nearly blind, was an exceedingly hard  
 ' man; Captain Kingscote, the Rev. Joseph Arkwright of Marks  
 ' Hall, Mr. John Hill, the London banker, and Mr. Robert Hill of  
 ' Shoreditch, the tobacconist; little Mr. Abbott of Chigwell, a  
 ' proctor in Doctors' Commons, who had a pack of harriers; Mr.  
 ' John Stallibrass of Hazlewood Common, before noticed as a good  
 ' sportsman and rider, and his brother John; "Bold Mr. Balfour,"  
 ' a pupil of Billy Tower; Mr. Brown, who also went well with  
 ' Lord Petre; Parson Lockwood, who could take his own part any-  
 ' where; Mr. John Chandless, Mr. North Surridge, the banker, Mr.  
 ' Judd and "his neat bit of blood," who hunted also with the  
 ' Puckeridge; Tom Webb of Hatfield, the father of foxhunters in  
 ' Essex, who never rode more than nine stone, and, by his own  
 ' statement, "never had a bad horse;" Sam Reeve of Ingatestone,  
 ' went well; he was another good yeoman whom Lord Petre was  
 ' glad to mount; Sam Adams of Waltham, a well-known man, who  
 ' now hunts on foot; the Rev. Charles Tyrrell of Boreham, a  
 ' short man on a tall horse, went well; Mr. Barker of Brentwood,  
 ' Mr. John Stane of Forest Hall, Ongar, where the hounds often  
 ' met, was a fine horseman, a good sportsman, and most hospitable;  
 ' Mr. William Sims, and the Rev. Henry Sims, who shone on his  
 ' grey; Mr. Pemberton, Hon. Arthur Blackwood, who then hunted  
 ' from London, and latterly from Oakham, where he died, 1874, a  
 ' famous sportsman; Mr. Thomas Mashiter of Priests, on Tom  
 ' Thumb, who would go into the dirtiest pond to rescue the deer;  
 ' Colonel Richard Howard Vyse of the R.H.G., a very fine horse-  
 ' man and wonderfully bold at water; Mr. Whitfield, who after-  
 ' wards made his mark in Leicestershire and Northamptonshire;  
 ' James Cassidy of the Sun and Whalebone, Mr. A. A. Hankey,  
 ' Mr. George Harrington, Mr. John Gore of Woodford, Mr. Crush,  
 ' a farmer; Mr. Charles Phelips of Briggens Park, a brother-in-  
 ' law of Mr. Farquharson; The Rev. Mr. Rush of Elsenham Hall,  
 ' was fond of racing, and the first master of the late James Robinson,  
 ' rode blood horses, and was very particular as to the width of his  
 ' bridle-bits, having them to fit the horses' mouths exactly. He used  
 ' to train his hunters to jump with a line. He went well for twenty  
 ' minutes, then went home. George Orbell of Romford, a horse-  
 ' dealer, who turned out as well as any nobleman, and rode valuable  
 ' horses. One of the most active men ever seen—he could jump  
 ' on his horse while in a trot. He was fond of steeplechasing, used  
 ' to attend Newmarket, was noted for his hospitality, and was one  
 ' of the few men Mr. Conyers was afraid to attack.

' In April, 1840, Mr. Neave turned out two celebrated deer,  
 ' Wild Goose and Marden Ash, in the Oakley and Fitzwilliam  
 ' countries. Mr. Neave and his friends were entertained by Mr.  
 ' Magniac of Colworth House, and it was agreed by the members  
 ' of these hunts that they had not seen a better run during the whole  
 ' season than was afforded by each of these deer.

' He used also to turn out in the cream of the Roothings at Waples

‘ Mill, Matching Green, King William, and High Laver Church.  
‘ He kept his hounds at Myless, and the deer at King William.

‘ In February, 1844, on giving up the hounds, he was entertained  
‘ at a public dinner at Bishops Stortford, at which all the leading  
‘ gentry were present, and presented with a piece of plate “in re-  
‘ “membrance of zeal as Master of the Essex Staghounds for twelve  
‘ “seasons.”

‘ In 1846, Lord Petre of Thorndon Hall was Master, with Joe  
‘ Roots as his huntsman.

‘ And then came an interregnum of some years; after which,  
‘ in 1851, the Hon. Fred Petre, who, up to this time, had kept  
‘ a pack of harriers at Writtle Park, became Master, and hunted  
‘ the hounds himself, with Joe Roots as whip, until he was suc-  
‘ ceeded by Jack Barker. Mr. Petre seldom comes out now with  
‘ his old pack.

‘ Afterwards, the late Frank Barker, who, as I have said, was killed  
‘ at Islington, hunted the hounds and had the keeping and manage-  
‘ ment of the deer. His fate was a sad one; and a handsome tablet  
‘ has been placed to his memory in Mountnessing Church, by his  
‘ hunting friends, to record his untimely fate, and the inscription ends  
‘ with these words: “He was fearless in danger, constant in friend-  
‘ “ship, and sympathising in adversity.”

‘ The regular men have been Lord Petre of Thorndon, who does  
‘ not hunt now, but no man rode harder or better than he did both  
‘ in this country and with Lord Southampton. Mr. James Parker,  
‘ who assisted Mr. Petre when he first took the hounds, and was  
‘ Master for one year; Mr. Charles Ducane, who was Member for  
‘ Maldon, now Governor of Tasmania, wore long spurs, and got to  
‘ the bottom of all his horses; Mr. Tufnell of Hatfield Peverel,  
‘ Mr. Edmund Round of Springfield Lyons, Mr. George Sullins of  
‘ Hatfield Broad Oak, Messrs. Joseph and Sam Reeves, farmers, of  
‘ Ingatestone and Willingale; Mr. T. Webb of Hatfield, still going;  
‘ Mr. Hanbury, Mr. Louis Soames, Mr. Glyn, the late Liberal  
‘ Whip, now Lord Wolverton, who now has staghounds of his own  
‘ in Dorset, rode very hard on a particularly neat horse called  
‘ Strychnine which once belonged to Palmer the poisoner; Mr.  
‘ Albert Deacon of Briggens Park, Messrs. John and William Davis  
‘ of Ilford, Mr. Maddocks Corry, from London; Mr. Bunter of  
‘ Cranham Hall, where his family have resided for many years, is a  
‘ good breeder of sheep, and fond of sport.

‘ In 1867, the Hon. Henry Petre succeeded his brother, with Frank  
‘ Barker as huntsman, and in 1871 took to hunt them himself.  
‘ At first Mr. Petre’s kennels were at Oakhurst, but are now at  
‘ Westlands. They have no boundaries, but go where they choose,  
‘ every one being happy to see them. Mr. Petre resides at Spring-  
‘ field, near Chelmsford, but the hounds are housed at Ingatestone.  
‘ When they need a huntsman in the field, Mr. Petre is never  
‘ wanting; he does not know how to spare himself or his cattle; he  
‘ can steer an unwilling or difficult horse with rare tact and hands,

‘ and is obliged very often to gallop and jump when the field are  
‘ taking things easy. With scarcely a word said, Mr. Petre has great  
‘ control over his field, never very large, it is true, who all regard  
‘ him with feelings of warm esteem. The Secretary is Mr. C. R.  
‘ Vickerman of Thoby Priory, a curious old place. Harry Sidney,  
‘ the comic singer, declared he “never saw a quicker man,” and  
‘ Mr. Sidney was about right. He has owned some good horses,  
‘ notably Carlo, Baroness, Cloister, &c., and now he breeds his  
‘ own; he is a first-rate Secretary, and contrives to produce a satis-  
‘ factory balance-sheet annually. The committee meetings usually  
‘ take place at Mr. Christy’s of Boyton Hall, at whose residence the  
‘ hounds meet three or four times a year, and whose free-handed  
‘ and hospitable welcome to everybody is not easy to forget. His  
‘ son, Mr. J. Christy, is a good rider, and can pilot a young one  
‘ over a difficult place. Mr. Calley, son-in-law of the Master, is  
‘ well mounted and is always well placed in a run. Mr. Collinson  
‘ Hall of Knavestock, a welter-weight, but hard to beat with all his  
‘ ballast; Mr. Osborne of Writtle, also a heavy man, is difficult to  
‘ please with horses, but is determined to have a good one. Sir  
‘ Fowell Buxton of Warlies, goes uncommonly well with these  
‘ hounds; in fact, like all the Buxtons, he means going. The late  
‘ Mr. Charles Buxton, one of the well-known Members for East  
‘ Surrey, who died in 1871, was a dashing horseman, and trusted his  
‘ horse implicitly. Over an awkward gate he once got a very bad fall,  
‘ breaking his jaw; it was some time before he recovered his power  
‘ of speech, and he amused himself by writing a cheerful song on the  
‘ joys of stag-hunting. In a severe run he would generally jump off  
‘ his horse at a check, if only for a minute, and even if he were in  
‘ the middle of a wet and dirty field. Mr. Anthony Trollope is as  
‘ well known as his own novels, and as well appreciated; he is very  
‘ short-sighted, and never appears to distinguish between big and  
‘ little fences, but takes them as they come. Mr. William Whitfield  
‘ from the Regent’s Park, is a rare good light-weight man, and still  
‘ as wiry and clever over a country as ever he was; Mr. Marriage,  
‘ another light-weight, is always forward. Mr. Page Wood of Scrips,  
‘ is fond of slipping away from the East Essex, and is quite at home  
‘ with the staghounds: always on a well-bred horse, he is never  
‘ absent at the take of the deer. Over a country he is, perhaps,  
‘ not so good as his brother, Colonel Evelyn Wood, a Victoria Cross  
‘ hero, who rides to the front as he did in the Crimea, in India, and  
‘ in Ashantee; he has a good eye to hounds, is careless of the fences,  
‘ and will not be denied. Mr. John Tabor of Braintree, is another  
‘ of the dauntless division, and makes up for any lack of pace by  
‘ going as straight as a rule; his horses may be “better in their wind  
‘ “than on their legs,” but they well know their rider, and would  
‘ rather fall than shirk a rasper. Mr. Basil Sparrow of Gosfield  
‘ Place, is a heavy-weight with a large heart, quite regardless of  
‘ anything between himself and the hounds; and if he is not up at  
‘ the finish, he is sure to be busy digging out his horse, or otherwise

‘ repairing damages. Mr. Price of Upminster, is a regular attendant and a nice quiet rider. Sir Charles Cunliffe-Smith of Suttons, near Romford; General Mark Wood of Lambourne rode as a Guardsman should, but he loves Newmarket Heath better than Good Easter or Boyton Hall; Mr. Edward Courage of Shenfield, a tall, weighty man, has good horses and does not need telling how to ride them; Sir Thomas B. Lennard of Belhus, is an old member of the hunt, but the distance is against him, and his drag-hounds and stud-farm help to keep him away. Mr. H. Garrett comes up from Suffolk, and is a daring horseman; his Lucifer is equally good over water or timber, or anything else; he has won the strangest prizes for jumping, trotting, and for special merit, and is valued at close on four figures. Mr. Patmore and Mr. J. Lucking of Writtle, tenants of Lord Petre, have a kind welcome for all, take great interest in the hunt, and are regular standing dishes at every meet. Mr. Philip Barker is always well horsed, ignoring the old saying about the cobbler’s wife being the worst shod; having many high-class horses on sale, he can insure a safe conveyance, and is second to none when hounds run hard; he keeps the hounds and the deer, and finds that the latter do better on hard corn and plenty of it. Mr. T. D. Ridley of Chelmsford, will own none but well-mannered horses, has a capital stud; his four sons all ride well, and the family liberally support hunting. Mr. Petre’s hunt is small and select. The fixtures are never advertised, and the fields being small and under control, the sport is consequently most enjoyable.

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## FRANK RALEIGH OF WATERCOMBE.

### CHAPTER XII.

THE first trial of the coracle and the adventure befalling her, recorded in the foregoing chapter, took place, as the reader will remember, a whole year before Frank, returning as a truant from the otter-hunt, entered the Doctor’s den under the protecting wing of the fair widow. The crazy fishing-boat, however, notwithstanding the ban of inhibition imposed upon her, still continued to flourish; floating by day under cover of the dense foliage fringing and overhanging the stream, and stowed away by night in the darker mazes of an adjoining wood.

During those twelve months, to which it will still be necessary to revert, the ownership of the coracle, although never brought prominently before the Doctor’s notice, entailed upon Frank a peck of troubles, and once involved him in a most serious scrape. So buoyant and lively was the little craft that, drawing as she did scarcely two inches of water and floating like a cork literally on the surface, the slightest unsteadiness or inability to preserve the exact balance was enough; over the intruder was cast, like Palinurus, into the flood. In fact, immersion appeared to be the inevitable fate of

all attempting to set foot in her for the first time ; and it was only after many trials, always made in a state of nudity, that Frank acquired the knack of keeping his seat and working the paddle without the risk of a capsizes.

Then, a long apprenticeship became necessary ere, guiding and working the boat with his left hand through rapid runs or gurgling eddies, he could, at the same time, with his right twirl his rod overhead, and throw a couple of flies, light as thistle-down, on the rippling wave. To kill and take in a heavy fish had not as yet fallen to Frank's lot ; and it was only a master of the art, like Powell, who could accomplish that feat without running the risk of losing the fish and getting a ducking into the bargain. He, however, was as much at home in her as in his own arm-chair, if indeed he possessed such a luxury in those wretched lodgings over the carpenter's shop.

'Five and twenty night-lines and all baited with minnow,' said Frank, addressing his friend Powell in a tone of utter despair, 'has that poaching thief Richards put down nightly for the last month ! Why, he'll kill every big fish in the river, if he isn't soon stopped.'

'I only wish I knew how to stop him,' replied the other, equally aggrieved ; 'he has spoiled my sport for many a day past, haunting as he does, late and early, all the best stickles on the river and scaring the fish he don't catch into their innermost hovers. Once a trout has caught sight of his ugly face, there's an end of that fish for the rest of the day ; and you may as well throw your hat in as a fly, with a view to catch him. The vagabond has already quite ruined the stream.'

'We must bag his lines,' said Frank, boldly ; 'that's the only plan I can think of.'

'What ! carry off the man's property ; commit a theft ?' replied the other, seriously ; 'no, Frank, that would be a far worse offence than even his poaching.'

'I didn't mean to appropriate the night-lines,' said Frank, honestly, 'but simply to cut them adrift, and so frustrate the fellow's depredations. And I mean doing it, too, the first moonlight night we get next week. Cockburn and I have rigged up a rare grappling-hook out of some old iron hoops, lashed back to back ; and if we don't creep up every line the beggar owns, my name's not Frank Raleigh.'

And so they did ; Cockburn and he soon afterwards stole from their beds at midnight, scaled the court-gates in the rear of the school-house, and quickly gained that dark portion of the river frequented, it was thought, by fish of a monstrous size, and known to be habitually poached, on that account, by Richards. The coracle, brought from its hiding-place in the wood on the boys' shoulders, was soon launched ; while Frank, now fairly at home in her, guided her course, and with a long line over the stern towed the grappling-iron through the bed of the stream. On the right bank first, and afterwards on the left, followed Cockburn, prepared with knife in hand to cut



away the lines, craftily secured beneath the surface to the roots of the overhanging trees, but which the grappling-hook fished up at regular intervals with unfailing success.

During this operation, carried on for upwards of two hours, line after line was brought up, and, being instantly severed and deprived of its bait, was again cast back with its leaden weight to the bottom of the river.

Clear and bright was the sky overhead, the moon giving a steady light, and the wind scarcely stirring even the leaves of the lofty aspens that towered over the stream. Frank and Cockburn had agreed to talk in a suppressed voice; and but for the gentle murmur of the waters, and now and then the flopping of a big trout or two at the end of a lucky line, which elicited a wild cheer simultaneously from both of the boys, not a sound was there to break the silence that prevailed around.

Upwards of thirty lines had been cut adrift—a number exceeding that reported to Frank—and, although not one was appropriated, neither he nor his companion exhibited the slightest compunction in unhooking the fish and retaining them.

‘Won’t we have a glorious tuck,’ said the latter, bearing a brace of pounders on a willow-twigg run through the gills; ‘if they won’t cook them for us at the Red Lion, they will at Barrett the baker’s. I owe him a tick already, and he’ll be too glad to add that to the score. Why, there’s enough for three fellows here; so let’s ask old Powell to join us and give him, for once, a good blow out.’

‘Ah! he won’t come,’ said Frank, decisively; ‘he’d rather go without food for a week than eat fish bagged in this way. I know the parson too well for that: a trout caught by a night-line, and that line set by poacher Richards, would, I verily believe, well-nigh choke him. Besides, he’d be sure to say we’d robbed the robber, and would accept no share of such spoil.’

‘Then I pity him from my heart,’ said Cockburn; ‘it’s no wonder the fellow is half-starved, as he deserves to be, if he is so mighty scrupulous.’

Faint streaks of light were now visible in the eastern sky, and more than one herald had gone up on soaring wings to welcome the coming morn. But, busy as the boys had been, several large pools, including some of the best runs on the river, still remained undragged; and loth enough was Frank, having succeeded thus far, to hold his hand and leave the work only half done.

‘We shall be caught, I tell you, if we don’t bolt at once,’ remonstrated Cockburn for the second or third time; ‘that fellow Richards is like a butcher’s dog, sleeps with one eye open, and will be down upon us to a dead certainty.’

‘One haul more, then, and out comes the coracle,’ replied Frank, tossing out the creeper as far as he could fling it into the eddies of a deep hole; ‘there must be some more lines in this pool, and by good luck a fish or two at the end of them.’

‘Hang the fish!’ exclaimed his companion, becoming momen-

tarily more and more nervous, as he listened to a 'golden gladdy' on the topmost spray of a thorn-bush, piping his hymn of praise to the god of day. 'Hang the fish! we've enough for our supper 'already, and we shall get nabbed, I tell you, if we stay a minute 'longer.'

An immense eel, however, weighing upwards of two pounds, now came wriggling and splashing to the surface; and Frank, exulting in the capture, wasted a good half-hour or more before he could succeed in unhooking and securing the slippery prize. This being at length done, the coracle, now brought to land and dragged across a narrow grass meadow sparkling with dew, was again speedily stowed away in one of the darkest nooks of the adjacent wood. The two boys, then, following the public footpath along the river-side, made the best of their way back to Buckbury.

They had now reached the upper end of the last meadow, and were about turning from the river into a bye-lane leading into the town, when the figure of a man coming directly to meet them caught their sight; and before they could take any steps, either for concealing the fish or beating a retreat, they scarcely needed a second glance to recognise the broad shoulders, rusty velveteen jacket, and red throat-lash of Richards the poacher.

'Let's run, Frank!' exclaimed Cockburn, in an agony of terror; 'over the fence, I say, as fast as we can go, or the ruffian will 'murder us to a certainty.'

'Not a bit of it,' said the other, deliberately; 'he can't lick us 'both; and if we only stand by each other, he'll know a deal better 'than to try it on, I say.'

'I'm not going to fight that fellow, Frank; catch me making 'myself such a fool; no, I'm off like a shot,' and, suiting the action to the word, he vaulted over the road-bank, fish in hand, and, dashing off at full speed, he entered the hanging cover in which the coracle was concealed.

Richards was a well-known savage, living on the result of plunder all the year round; in winter, by 'burning the water' and killing salmon in their spawning beds, and, when they failed him, by robbing hen-roosts, snaring hares, and, as the farmers averred, knocking many of their moor wethers on the head, and eating the best mutton of any man in the parish. In the summer, his spurt-net and night-lines played havoc with the neighbouring streams; while from the rookeries, for ten miles round, he gleaned a bountiful harvest by robbing the rooks' nests and selling the produce in the Plymouth market for veritable plovers' eggs, none but connoisseurs being able to distinguish the one from the other. Then, if sober for a week, few could play a smarter foot at a turn of wrestling than Richards the poacher.

So, the act of Cockburn in deserting his companion and bolting with the plunder, rather than meet, red-handed, so rough and savage a customer as this outlaw was known to be, if not a proof of high courage, was at least a strategic move indicative of considerable

discretion on the boy's part. Luckily for himself and Frank, Richards did not catch a glimpse of the fish, which the former took care to conceal under the folds of his jacket as he jumped the fence, or assault and battery would have been the inevitable result; nor did a suspicion of the game played by the boys cross his mind.

'Yeu'm off betimes, young gen'leman,' he said, as he approached Frank, with a heavy crooked stick in his hand, which he used for gathering in his lines: 'bin a bird's-nesting, I reckon; but there 'ban't no eggs now; 'tis tew late vor they. What's up wi' t'other, 'then? 'Twas titch-and-go wi' un, fai,' ovver thiccky vence; a lissom 'chap, he, as ever I zeed.' And he stood pointing his stick after Cockburn, as if he was utterly puzzled to guess on what errand he had sped away so suddenly.

'Ay, he jumps like a deer,' said Frank, avoiding all explanation, and so passed on without let or hindrance on his road to Buckbury. But he had not gone many yards ere, feeling himself now out of harm's way and comparatively safe, he turned his head to see what course Richards would take when he came to the spot at which Cockburn had disappeared. If the man held on by the river-side, his companion, thought Frank, would have nothing to fear; but if any suspicion of the loss he had suffered should occur to him, he would in all probability follow Cockburn over the fence and track him, as he might easily do, through the wet grass to the adjoining wood. Then, assuredly, if he found him, there would be murder, or violence little short of it, perpetrated on his friend, if he, Frank, did not at once turn and back him up in what otherwise must prove so unequal a fray.

So the boy reasoned and determined at any cost to retrace his steps and stand by Cockburn to the death, rather than abandon him at such a pinch. However, happily for both of them (for the poacher could have annihilated a dozen such fellows), he merely looked over the fence and then, to Frank's unspeakable relief, hastily passed on to his avocation on the river.

In about ten minutes after, just as Frank was approaching the school-gate over which he had clambered in making his exit, great was his delight at viewing Cockburn emerging stealthily out of a copse hard by. He then darted rapidly under a row of dark elm-trees, like a fox stealing away under cover of a hedge-row, till, soon reaching the road-bank and seeing the coast was clear, he bounded over the fence within a few yards of the schoolhouse.

'That was a narrow shave, Frank,' he shouted out as soon as he could speak; 'and if I had listened to you, we should have had a 'jolly licking and lost our supper into the bargain; but, thanks to my 'legs and brains, here they are' (and he held up the fish exultingly), 'and hang me if we don't have the eel collared for our breakfast!'

'Don't kick up such a row, you noisy jackass! don't you see 'that window next the gate? That's old Twigg's bedroom, and if 'he hears you, no tanner would give sixpence for your hide for a 'month to come.'

Cockburn was cowed in a moment. The very idea of falling into

the Doctor's hands, after such a night, struck terror to his soul ; for well he knew detection would be followed by a merciless flogging, so he absolutely quaked, as Frank again said :

‘ I'd rather take a leathering a hundred times over from that fellow Richards than be tanned with birch-bark for ten minutes by old Twigg.’

They then scaled the gates, took their shoes off, crept into the house, and were soon fast asleep in the little dormitory consigned to their use.

We must now turn to Richards, who, after parting with Frank, soon gained the river-side, and at once proceeded to search for his lines. The first pool or two being drawn without success, he attributed the failure to a want of accuracy on his own part in not having sufficiently marked the exact spot at which he had set his lines. So, for a considerable time he persevered with his crook, peered into deep holes and examined the banks minutely above and below the surface of the stream, but all in vain ; not a line made its appearance. ‘ I zot zix o' mun herealong, I'll swear to 't,' he said to himself ; ‘ and cuss me if I can fang ere a wan o' em !’

The footpath on the bank had been so much used that scarcely a blade of grass remained to indicate the recent presence of the boys ; so he worked on for some time longer without a glimmer of suspicion as to the handiwork in which they had been engaged. His self-accusations, however, were loud and vehement. ‘ Born fule and thickhead as I be, nit tu know where they be tu ; zot 'em mysel', tew ; and I zoher as a jidge, t' night.’

At length he came to the place where the boys had landed the coracle and dragged it, as might be plainly seen, through the long grass of the dewy meadow ; and instantly, as his eye tracked its course from the water's edge, the mystery was revealed to him. He then knew the boys had lifted the lines, and had probably hidden them and the fish they had caught in the adjoining cover.

‘ I'll ate vire, ef I don't dra' the blid of that young 'oresbud !’ he exclaimed, gnashing his teeth with rage and vexation ; ‘ and he as coped the vence, he knawed he was guilty ; widn't vace me, nit he, the darned young smuggler !’

He then followed up the track of the coracle, thinking he might find and recover at least some portion of his lost property ; and, using all the craft of a practised poacher, it took him but a short time to discover the hollow nook in which the vessel was hid. ‘ I've a heered tell o' this boat avore,’ he said, regarding it with some curiosity, but finding no trace of either lines or fish in it. ‘ He'd a got 'em, then, that lissom chap as cut away ; fule as I be, I zee ' it all now, plain as a pancake !’

The coracle was lying bottom upwards, and, being overhauled and scrutinised in various ways during the search, it became apparent to Richards that, from the slight texture of the fabric, he might at once take his revenge and destroy it on the spot. So pulling out a long clasp-knife he drove it through the canvas covering with little effort, and

then running it along the ribs, ripped the bottom with several wide gashes from one gunwale to the other. Had he been hacking up some malignant wild beast that had wrought him a deadly injury, he could scarcely have done it with more zest or savage delight.

'There,' he said, as he chuckled over the work, 'I've a do'd vor 'un now; they wan't go to zay in he agen, I zim; no, nor y't rob a 'poor chap ov's tackle never no more.' Then, remembering the loss of his lines and, as he had reason to believe, of some good fish as well, he continued with still greater bitterness: 'Aye, but I han't a 'vinished wi' they vellars zit; I'll ha' my money vor they new lines, 'or I'll skin 'em both, ef I've to swing vor't.' With this resolve he shut up his knife and returned to Buckbury.

For hours together, towards nightfall, might Richards have been seen after this event prowling about on the banks of the brook or under the dark elms contiguous to the town, with the hope of waylaying the lads and fulfilling the fell purpose on which he was bent. But Frank and Cockburn, whose feat was the subject of universal admiration throughout the school, had their emissaries on every side, and the presence of the poacher in their neighbourhood was as well known to them as the whereabouts of Doctor Twigg in the schoolhouse.

Matters had been going on in this way for some days, Frank taking especial pains (for he alone had been accosted by Richards) to avoid the rencontre, which he soon discovered the latter was seeking. So conscious was he of the unpardonable provocation he had given and of the savage character of the ruffian that, very contrary to his ordinary habit, he exhibited a wise discretion in not venturing beyond the precincts of the playground, except with a body-guard of the bigger boys. So, up to the fourth or fifth day, the poacher's chance of savage reprisals was fairly baffled.

It was almost a week after the adventure when, as a game of football was going on in a field adjoining the town, and Frank, as usual, taking an active part in the play, an accident occurred to a boy called Clark, which necessitated the immediate attendance of a medical man. He had been tripped up; that is, kicked under the heel while in the act of running—a legitimate trick in the old game that usually sent the victim head-foremost to his mother earth—and his collar-bone smashed by the fall. Alas! Frank had been the perpetrator; and seeing the gravity of the mischief (for Clark had fainted under the pain), he rushed off for Dr. Host without a moment's delay.

In his anxiety for the sufferer, not a thought did he give to the danger of breaking the quarantine he had so far imposed on himself. Any one of the boys would gladly have sped on such a mission; but, as he had inflicted the injury, the uppermost feeling of his heart impelled him to rush forth and make the only reparation in his power by bringing instant help to the unfortunate lad.

He had scarcely left the ground two minutes, and had just reached the first clump of elm-trees that headed the avenue leading into the

town, when, observing the thick undergrowth of the adjoining shrubbery agitated by the movement of some living object within, he caught a glimpse of something red passing rapidly through the bushes in a parallel line with himself; but, for the instant, he saw nothing more. Another glimpse, however, was enough; and he distinctly saw the red throat-lash of Richards the poacher, who was gliding stealthily and noiselessly forward, like a hunting-leopard stealing on his prey.

No antelope, apprised of the enemy's presence, could have darted off with lighter foot than Frank at that discovery. Away he went with the speed of a Camilla to the far-end of the bosky grove, which he was luckily the first to gain, as he saw Richards breaking the fence only ten yards behind him and doing his utmost to head him at this point.

'Cuss thee!' shouted the poacher, in a voice choked with rage; 'I'll ha' thee now, or I'll zee why zo.'

The terrible sound of the ruffian's tongue so close to his back, sent a thrill of alarm through Frank's bones; still for the life of him he couldn't forbear shouting in a half-defiant, half-derisive tone, 'Ah! but I'm not caught yet, though.'

A long grass field now lay between them and the narrow neck of lane leading into that quarter of the town in which Host lived, and unless Frank could maintain the lead up to that point, there was no chance of escape for him; fall he must into the poacher's hands. Had his life been at stake he could not have struggled more earnestly to save it; but the long stride of his enemy, now within five yards of him, was not to be denied.

Not a soul was in sight whom Frank could appeal to, not a garden door open to which he could fly for refuge. He thought of a fox with the hounds on his haunches, but no earth open to save his brush; and he felt he was in a like predicament, and that in a few more strides 'the race must be to the swift, the battle to the strong,' and he must succumb.

'Stap, I zay!' roared Richards, at his elbow, at the same time thrusting his crook-stick between his legs, he brought the boy heavily to the ground. In an instant the ruffian was on him, as he threw the whole weight of his carcase across Frank's back and seized him by the collar with the grip of a vice.

'There, yeu cussed varmint, I've a got 'ee now, and I'll scrunch 'thy liver out or mak' thee gi'e back they lines! Where be they 'tu? Spak' out, I zay.'

But the boy couldn't speak: his breath had been fairly knocked out of him by the fall; and now, gripped as he was by the collar and oppressed by the man's weight, he lay on the sward, utterly powerless and gasping for dear life. 'You'll choke me,' he said at length faintly; but Richards, without relaxing his firm grip, only answered, 'They lines, where be they tu? and they vish, as yeu fanged, how 'many was they? faive, zix, or a dizzen? and I'll ha' every farden 'o' th' money vor 'em, zee if I don't.'

'What be yeu at, there, Richards?' shouted a man, rushing up at that instant, and now close at hand; 'be yeu a murdering the lad?'

Richards was on his legs in a twinkling, apparently taken aback by this sudden and unexpected interruption. 'No,' he stammered out, 'I ban't a murderin' ov un; I'm a sarching vor zum lines 'he'th a got o' mine.'

'I've not got your lines, you cowardly brute,' ejaculated Frank, recovering his wind the moment he was released, 'and I'll make 'you pay for this.'

The man who had come so opportunely to his aid proved to be Peter White, Dr. Host's groom. He had been sent to catch one of his master's hacks, which, bare as the pasture was, were turned out to get their living as they best could on the short commons supplied by this field; half a peck of corn after a day's journey being the sole addition allowed to each horse throughout the summer.

'That's not the way to sarch the young gen'leman, anyhow,' said Peter, giving Frank his hand and helping him to rise. 'Yeu've s sarved un cruel bad, sure enough, and wid a sarved un wuss if I 'hadn't a com'd up. I zeed that, and will swear to 't avore any 'jidge. Ef yeu don't get three months for this, I ba'nt ca'd Peter 'White.'

This threat appeared to intimidate the ruffian, who, after relieving himself of sundry fearful imprecations, in which he vowed there was one law for the rich and another for the poor, he made off and disappeared from the field.

Frank was slightly bruised; but, with that exception, in five minutes was none the worse for the outrage. The coracle, too, by the help of a few pitch plaisters judiciously applied to her bottom, was rendered as buoyant and serviceable as ever in the course of the first holiday obtained by the school.

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### 'THE NOBLE SCIENCE.'

No more welcome addition to the sportsman's library could have been made than this splendidly got-up edition of 'The Noble Science,' by F. P. Delme Radcliffe, which has for years been *the* standard work on the Chase, and has received its meed of praise, both from the scholar and the practical Master of Hounds; for it is written in such a style as to amuse the one, while (we say it advisedly) it instructs the other. Perhaps few men have ever been found so well calculated to write on the subject of the noble science as Delme Radcliffe. Sprung from a race of sportsmen—as a poetical friend says of old Derwentwater's line—he is the son of the best gentleman jockey of his day; a gentleman who not only was able to

\* By F. P. Delme Radcliffe. Third Edition. George Routledge and Sons, and L. C. Gent, London.

contend, and to contend successfully, amongst amateurs, but also took silk in the Oaks on more than one occasion; so that the author of 'The Noble Science' may be said to have been born a horseman. And in an equal degree must his love of hounds and hunting been inherited, seeing that his grandfather, Peter Delme of Erle Stoke, Wilts, Tichfield, Hants, and Grosvenor Square, possessed stag-hounds, foxhounds, and harriers, all at the same time. Given in the same individual a taste for literature and a facility in the use of his pen, which has called forth the commendations of such a man as Croker, and it is not to be wondered at that he should produce the most readable work on the management of horses and hounds and all the *minutiæ* of what he justly terms 'the noble science,' that has been written in our language. Mr. Delme Radcliffe, moreover, did not merely inherit these tastes and talents, he cultivated them; and in all manly sports befitting an English gentleman he was *nulli secundus*. With the gun, his beating Captain Peareth by one bird at Bottisham, on the Cambridge road, in their match of twenty-five birds a side, stamped him as a shot of the first water. On the race-course, his riding Wilna, and beating Colonel Bouverie on Donegani (Cup Course), and his succession of victories on Lady Emily showed that he was a worthy successor to his father's mantle; while as a Master of Hounds he for years kept a most complete pack of harriers, subsequently sold to Sir James Flower, and then for five years he was Master of the Hertfordshire Foxhounds, in whose time the much celebrated Wendover run (one of the historical runs) occurred. Equally well known as yachtsman on board the Fair Rosamond. And happy are we to write it, although the days of youth are no longer his, his hand has not lost its cunning.

The work itself is too well known to need either eulogium or description at our hands. Like a fox, well found, well hunted, and well killed, it is all that can be wished from start to finish; and 'if fox-hunting be no longer the sport it was,' the author's description of it reads fresh and blood-stirring as ever. Starting under the auspices, as it were, of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, who has been graciously pleased to signify his great gratification in accepting the dedication of it to himself, with a careful revision throughout, and a new preface, the book has, at the hands of author, printer, and publisher, had such a thorough preparation for its third heat, that we may fairly prognosticate its coming home as triumphantly and successfully now as when it left the post for the first time thirty-five years ago.



## NEW YEAR'S DAY.

'Scribimus indocti, doctique poemata passim.'

'Tis a fine hunting day, as balmy as May,  
And the hounds to yon village will come ;  
Our best friends will be there, whilst sorrow and care  
Shall be left far behind us at home.  
See servants and nags on their way,  
While true sportsmen their scarlet display.

CHORUS. Let us join the glad throng  
That goes laughing along,  
And all go a-hunting to-day.

Farmer Hodge to his dame says, 'I'm sixty, and lame,  
Times are hard, and my rent I must pay ;  
But I don't care one jot if I raise it or not,  
For I must go a-hunting to-day.  
There's a fox in our spinney, they say ;  
We shall soon find and get him away.  
I'll be first in the rush, and ride hard for his brush,  
For I must go a-hunting to-day.'

CHORUS. Let's all join the glad throng  
That goes chaffing along,  
And be sure to go hunting to-day.

Says our doctor in boots, after breakfast that suits  
Him too well (it's of ale and good beef),  
To his patients in pain, who have come once again  
To consult him in hope of relief ;  
To the poor he advice gives away,  
To the rich he prescribes and has pay ;  
But to each one he said, 'You will quickly be dead  
If you don't go a-hunting to-day.'

CHORUS. So we'll join the glad throng  
That goes rattling along,  
And prescribe you some hunting to-day.

As the judge sits in court, he gets scent of the sport,  
And the lawyers apply to adjourn ;  
For no witnesses come, they have all stay'd at home,  
To follow our hounds and the horn.  
Says his lordship, 'Full fines they must pay,  
If they will not our summons obey ;  
But it's very fine sport, so we'll break up the court,  
'And, tipstaff, go hunting to-day.'

CHORUS. Let us all join the throng  
That goes chatting along,  
And, for argument's sake, hunt to-day.

Hark! yon village bells chime, there's a wedding betime,  
 And our parson unites the fond pair,  
 When he hears the sweet sounds of the horn and the hounds,  
 Feeling sure that he ought to be there.  
 Says he, 'For your welfare I'll pray,  
 But regret I no longer can stay;  
 Now you're safely made one, I must quickly be gone,'  
 For I must go out hunting to-day.'

CHORUS. So I'll join the glad throng  
 That goes trotting along,  
 And preach upon hunting to-day.

None were left in the lurch, though old friends at the church,  
 With beadle, and clerk, and all there,  
 Determined to go, and to shout 'Tally ho!'  
 While the ringers all joined in the cheer.  
 See bridegroom and bride in array,  
 Whilst each to the other did say,

CHORUS. Let us join the glad throng  
 That goes streaming along,  
 And all go a-hunting to-day.

If there is but one cure for all maladies sure  
 Which reaches the soul to its core,  
 'Tis the sound of the horn on a soft hunting morn,  
 And where is the heart wishing more?  
 For it turneth the grave into gay,  
 Maketh pain unto pleasure give way,  
 Helps the old to feel young,  
 And the weak become strong,  
 So we'll all go a-hunting to-day.

CHORUS. Then let's join the glad throng  
 That goes bustling along,  
 And glory in hunting to-day.

*Sherborne.*

ANTELOPE.

## MR. LEFEVRE ON THE GAME LAWS.

### II.

'Ne sutor ultra crepidam.'

WE suppose that it was necessary for the object with which Mr. Lefevre published the pamphlet that it should extend over a certain number of pages. Even if he had nothing particular to 'tell' (like the witness at the inquest in 'Bleak House'), he ought to have a good deal to 'say.' Hence there is a long exordium on the history of the Game Laws, after the encyclopædic manner. It begins with Canute and the game laws of the 'Scandinavian continent, whence

'Canute probably derived it.' Surely there is something wrong here. Our author has scarcely done as much as he might. The pamphlet is seventy-nine pages long, but it might have been even longer had Mr. Lefevre extended his speculations to the state of the law of venery in the days of Esau, or to the source whence Nimrod 'probably derived' his game licence. But we suppose we must be content with Canute and the law of the Scandinavian continent, which, translated from the Latin quoted by Mr. Lefevre, amounts to a permission to any man to hunt any wild beast, so long as the hunter did not trespass on any other man's ground, or the beast did not hunt him (although Mr. Lefevre's quotation omits the latter alternative). The laws of Edward the Confessor are also laid under contribution. Here we have some more Latin, all to show that the monarch disapproved of poaching or trespass, and warned all and sundry off his manors. Then we come to the Norman era, when the right of sporting was reserved to the conquering race, and when, as Mr. Lefevre tells us, the invaders found it necessary to keep the natives 'in as low a condition as possible, and especially to prohibit 'them the use of arms.' The writer remembers how, at a College debating society, more than twenty years syne, a discussion on the Game Laws was enriched by a statement that they took their origin in a desire on the part of the Normans to prevent the Saxons acquiring a knowledge of the use of firearms. Mr. Lefevre attributes it to the necessity for the peasants being in bad condition, in order, we suppose, that they might be the more readily knocked about by their masters. Mr. Lefevre cannot let off the Norman times without a little bit of Latin, and accordingly quotes from Bracton a description of the royal prerogative, which extended to '*feras bestias et aves non domesticas*.' The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle of the year 1087—that well-known sporting writer of the time of Henry I., Ordericus Vitalis—and Matthew Paris, who wrote in the year 1209, all contribute to the 'great feast of learning' from which Mr. Lefevre has 'stolen the scraps.' King John, according to the last-named authority, seems to have anticipated Mr. Auberon Herbert, and to have gone beyond the wildest dreams of that lover of birds, by making the destruction of any manner of fowl illegal. After a polite mention of Magna Charta, as, indeed, was only due to so venerable a document, our author comes to the Charta de Foresta, promulgated by Henry III., and confirmed by Edward I. This charter is largely quoted from by Mr. Lefevre, who by this means fills a page of his pamphlet. Then we are introduced to Henry VIII., to Charles I., to James I., and to Queen Anne, the fact of whose decease Mr. Lefevre unaccountably omits to vouch. Then we come to 1831, but rest there only for a moment, for back we go to the enactments of Richard II., of Edward I., of Henry VII., of Elizabeth, of James I., and Charles II. Then we cross the Channel, and read of French '*ordonnances*,' which should not, as Mr. Lefevre might have warned us, be confounded with the canon law. Then, after examining the French game laws, which provide,

amongst other things, that all partridges should have red legs, we go to Germany, and then back home again; with an account of the Act of 1831, and a summary of the existing Game Laws, the historical part of the pamphlet ends, equally to the relief of the reader and of the author, who has thus made up twenty-three pages of 'padding.'

After this we come to the second part of the pamphlet, containing Mr. Lefevre's reflections upon the legal aspects of the matter. Their originality may be estimated from the following sentence:—  
 'It need hardly be pointed out that domesticated animals, such as oxen, sheep, and poultry, have all the true attributes of property. They have been appropriated, bred, and reared' (by-the-by, the order in which these processes are recorded indicates the possibility of counting chickens before they are hatched), 'and can always be fully identified.' And again, 'The domesticated pigeon, or dove, closely approximates to the condition of poultry,' especially when roasted. And again, 'The case of pigeons is more worthy of attention, and has been explained at length, because in many respects pheasants, when reared by hand, as is now so often the case, very closely approximate to them.' We have read somewhere a description of small-pox, where the disease is declared to be 'hereditary if you sleep in the same room;' and we can well understand the 'approximation' of pheasants to pigeons when they are fed in the same field. Mr. Lefevre next deals with the wily swan. 'The swan,' says he, 'is another bird nearly allied to the domesticated creature;' but what 'domesticated creature' in particular has the honour of his alliance we do not learn. (The term, we would remind him, is rather a wide one, and has been held to include those amongst mankind who are known as 'good husbands.') Then we are invited to consider the duck. 'Ducks, when domesticated,' says our author, 'are the subject of property in the same manner as poultry,' the chief difference between the duck and the fowl being, in point of fact, the natatory habits of the former, the affinity after death to sage and onions, and its habit of saying 'quack' (although not reproachfully), as Mr. Lefevre cannot have failed to observe, though he omits to mention it. Rooks are next dealt with—crows appearing to enjoy the same immunity from literary mauling as from other attacks; for are we not told that

'Ho! ho! ho! laughs the big black crow,  
 For that no one will eat him he well doth know?'

Rooks are dismissed with a pat on their glossy backs, and on we are taken to squirrels and hedgehogs, badgers and ferrets; then to the fox, which, in some parts of the country, 'is still considered to be a nuisance, and not the subject of the so-called noble sport of hunting.' We are not aware in what parts of the country these opinions exist, except it be amongst certain gamekeepers; but, by Mr. Lefevre's sneer at the 'so-called' noble sport of hunting, we are reminded of the Methodist parson, quoted in the 'Saturday Review,' who spoke with proud contempt of the 'so-called nineteenth century.'

We have hitherto referred to the puerilities of the pamphlet. We could wish that its faults had been only those of manner. We grieve, however, to mark traces in the pamphlet before us of a bitterness of spirit, of unfairness of imputation towards those who delight in the sports of the field, and of desire to buy a cheap popularity at a dear rate, by setting class against class. In the following paragraph, for example, Mr. Lefevre seeks to show that an offence against the Game Laws is a private wrong merely, the inference intended to be drawn being obviously this, that a civil injury, calling for civil redress only, has been raised to the rank of a crime, and is punished as such, solely in the interests of the rich people by whom the laws were made. 'It is important,' says our author, 'to observe that the offences against the Game Laws are not in the nature of public offences, but rather of private wrongs. It does not at all follow that because a man is in pursuit of game on another man's land, that he is therefore committing an offence against the law. The offence is in his doing so against the will of the occupier or landowner. The occupier or landowner, if he does not preserve game, may be careless on the point whether his grounds are entered or game taken or not; and if he cares not to enforce the penalty, it is certainly not the duty of any other person to prosecute for the trespass. It is an affair between the landowner and occupier and the trespasser, and it is not one in which the public are interested; and this is so far recognised, that the information for trespass must issue at the instance of the person aggrieved, or by his authority; and the costs of prosecutions under the Game Laws form an exception to nearly all other cases, and are never paid by the public. The Game Laws, in fact, afford the means of enforcing private rights, and the wrong committed by the trespasser in pursuit of game is not in the nature of a public wrong which the community is much interested in detecting, preventing, and paying for.' Unless Mr. Lefevre considers that reiteration of a statement proves its truth, there is nothing in the above paragraph (except the small circumstance that costs are not allowed in Game Law cases) which justifies the proposition for which he contends, or supports the inference he intends to be drawn. The characteristic that 'the offence is in doing the act against the will' of the person aggrieved is common to a score of offences, and constitutes in many cases the difference between a lawful and unlawful act. A man takes your watch or your money: if with your goodwill, it is simply the receipt of a gift; if against your will, it is felony. A man enters your house at dead of night: he either pays a visit or commits a burglary, according as he does it on invitation or against your will. *Volenti non fit injuria* is a legal maxim which the writer of a legal treatise, and a barrister withal, should have heard of. All laws for the protection of property may be described as Mr. Lefevre has described the Game Laws. It is the interest of the State to protect private rights for the sake of the common welfare, because it is better for the community to punish robbery, violence, or usurpation than to leave it to the aggrieved

person to organise and use force for the protection of his property, or to execute private vengeance on those who may have wronged him. The observations made *in invidiam*, with reference to the criminality of offences under the Game Laws, apply with equal force to half the offences on the Statute Book. It is too bad that, for the sake of currying favour with the vulgar, so disingenuous a use should have been made of them here.

But this is not all, or even the worst, of the indications given in this pamphlet of the animus which inspires it. We are driven to assign political and party motives to Mr. Lefevre, because the genesis of the pamphlet is incomprehensible without such an explanation. The antecedents or (to use an old pun) the relatives of the author do not account for the rancour with which he pursues everything connected with sport. Mr. Lefevre is not one of those sublime mechanics who are necessarily affronted at the existence of a class superior to themselves in point of wealth, breeding, or leisure, and who, looking at all things from the one-shirt-a-week point of view, see no occasion for the existence of

‘The squire, or parson of the parish,  
Or the attorney.’

He is a gentleman by birth, education, and position, *nutritus faustis sub penetrabilibus*, the nephew (and it is believed the heir) of Lord Eversley. Those who know the breezy tract on the confines of Hants and Berks where that nobleman’s estate lies, and where what was once common land and the holdings of small freeholders, is now the local habitation of carefully-preserved and hand-fed pheasants, will read, as we have read, with wonder and sorrow the following extract from Mr. Lefevre’s *brochure*.—

‘A further ulterior effect of exaggerated game preserving is the impetus it gives to the aggregation of property and to the squeezing out of small freeholders. There is nothing so hateful to the game preserver as the small freehold where the game may be taken *in transitu*. It is, therefore, a great object with such men to buy up such small freeholds even at extravagant rates wherever it be possible; and this action accounts to some extent for the diminution of the number of small freeholds.

‘Another indirect evil of the present state of game preserving is, that so many men of the upper classes are brought up in the belief that sporting is the great end and object of civilised life. Hundreds of young men of the present generation have been ruined by this folly. This country is not large enough for them. They ransack the world for fresh fields for their gentle prowess; they roam over the world to the centre of Africa, or the hills of India in search only of game; and all this enterprise and activity is thrown away upon the most useless sport, without leaving a trace of any benefit to the actor or the world. It may be doubted whether the sportsmen of England have contributed a single fact of any importance to science or to natural history. The same fashion has also created a false

'ideal of life. It is considered by many engaged in industrial pursuits that one of the highest objects of ambition in life is to become a game-preserving landowner on a great scale.' (Pp. 51, 52.)

We do not know which is most remarkable in this passage, its composition, its information, or the tone of its feeling. The picture in the first paragraph of the game preserver grievously injuring the small freeholder by paying him an exorbitant price for his land, and acquiring acres 'even at extravagant rates wherever it *be* possible' (as Mr. Lefevre happily phrases it), is unique. The knowledge of political economy displayed is on a par with the grammar. We do not know whether our author's prejudices go the length of making him reject game as an article of food, but if so, he is in a minority. This is how the transaction, regarded by Mr. Lefevre as deplorable, really stands. The little freeholder has been furnished with money far beyond the market value of his land, in other words, with capital enabling him to turn producer on a larger scale; whilst the game-preserving landowner is raising food, 'closely approximating,' as Mr. Lefevre would say, to pigeons and poultry in quantities so large as to shock the Member for Reading. What wrong does the public suffer? The only wrong done is to the pockets of the landowner who chooses to give too much for the land. Again we remind Mr. Lefevre that *volenti non fit injuria*.

But from a teacher of political economy our author becomes a mentor, or, as Mr. Squeers described himself, 'a headucator of youth.' Hundreds of young men, he tells us, are ruined by sport. The country is not large enough for them; they ransack the world; they roam over the world; they go to India and Central Africa, in quest only of game; and, continues our author, lashing himself into a frenzy so fine that it spurns the rules of composition, 'all this enterprise and activity is thrown away upon the most useless sport, without leaving a trace of any benefit to the actor or the world.' We have heard of young men, and for that matter old men, being ruined by gambling, by drinking, by smoking, by loving not wisely but too well, and even by not wearing flannel next the skin, but never, until we read Mr. Lefevre's pamphlet, by the pursuit of game, little and big. The belief that this country is not large enough for them—in other words, the love of travel and adventure—has never, until this *brochure* appeared, been imputed to Englishmen as a sin. It has, on the contrary, been deemed to be that noble characteristic of the nation which has led it to colonise, to extend its navy, its commerce, and its dominion into the uttermost parts of the earth. What would England have been if Englishmen had been content with the boundary of the four seas? *Dat veniam corvis*. Nothing that a sportsman can do seems right in the eyes of Mr. Lefevre. That 'thrusting outwards' which has made our country the foremost amongst the nations of the earth, and which has colonised and civilised America, Australia, and New Zealand, is sneered at under the phrase 'This country is not large enough for them.' There is something worse, we take leave to tell Mr. Lefevre, than feeling

that the country is not large enough for us, and that is, feeling that we are not large enough for the country—that our sight is so oblique and our heart so small that we cannot sympathise with the spirit of an Englishman! Even if sportsmen range the world in quest of sport, and penetrate into the centre of Africa and the topmost ranges of the Indian hills, what harm do they inflict on anybody? Certainly none upon the natives of those regions, who are only too glad to welcome them, to share their sport and receive their pay. Certainly none upon themselves, unless sounder health, strengthened nerves, and sweeter sleep be reckoned curses. Does Mr. Lefevre mean that manly exercise is unnecessary, or that it can only be taken safely on the pavement of Regent Street or in Rotten Row? But sport is ‘useless,’ continues Mr. Lefevre: ‘it has done nothing for science. ‘It may be doubted,’ he says, ‘whether the sportsmen of England have contributed a single fact of any importance to science or to natural history.’ Of course anything ‘may be doubted,’ as nearly everything is doubted nowadays. If, however, Mr. Lefevre had extended his researches even as far as the Zoological Gardens, which is not postulating very much, he would have seen some of the contributions of sportsmen towards zoology. If he had ever condescended to glance at the ‘Field,’ or at ‘Land and Water,’ he would have seen that, in journals devoted to sport, and supported entirely by sportsmen, such writers as Buckland, Francis, Pennell, and the like, contribute not inconsiderably to the advance of science and the wealth of their country, as well as of natural history. If he had ever deigned to peruse the biography of a sportsman, he might have read that perhaps the greatest sportsman of the present century, Assheton Smith, discovered the principle of the wave line as applied to ship-building (of which, however, it may be that the late Secretary of the Admiralty has never heard), besides managing, with the utmost success, the largest slate quarries in Wales. These are a few, and only a few, of the many instances of incidental aid given by sport and sportsmen to science. We admit that which is self-evident, that the object of sport is healthful recreation and excitement, and that it is not undertaken in the interests of science. We should be quite prepared to defend its followers even if sport were utterly useless to science; but we maintain that the statement of Mr. Lefevre is not only irrelevant, but also unfounded, and that the sportsman, whilst professing to do neither, has really done much to help both. But there is another point in which sport may be disparaged. ‘Out of nine Members of the late Cabinet in the House of Commons only one was a sportsman.’ We are not concerned here with politics, or we might retort upon Mr. Lefevre that the Cabinet would have been better, more popular, and longer lived if there had been a little more of the love of English sport and the spirit of English sportsmen in its composition. The connection of statesmanship with sport is an unfortunate topic for Mr. Lefevre to have introduced. The two most popular statesmen of the present generation, Lord Palmerston and the late Earl of



Derby, were two of the keenest sportsmen of their day ; and it must have occurred to many of our Liberal readers between 1868 and 1873, to sigh for one hour of the jaunty lord of Broadlands, and for a little more of that genial humour which, if not begotten, is at least nurtured by sport, and is, and ever will be, a power in politics in merrie England.

Notwithstanding Mr. Lefevre's feeble sneer at fox-hunting, who does not remember the celebrated, though somewhat undiplomatic, appearance of Lord Palmerston when a guest of His Imperial Majesty at Compiègne ? His Lordship had on the ordinary costume of his Hampshire hunting-field, and, whether purposely or otherwise we cannot say, his red coat was one of the oldest, and blurred with many a stain dear to the 'so-called' English sportsman. It was a cold and tempestuous day, and such as by general example seemed to necessitate the use of an overcoat. His Majesty begged Lord Palmerston to accept the use of one of his own. 'Sire,' replied Lord Palmerston, 'you know that nothing gets through the English red coat.'

The school of professors and prigs to which Mr. Lefevre belongs would doubtless have accepted the use of the overcoat, but we think that even the protection of this delicate class of politicians is less important to the interests of the country than the answer which Lord Palmerston's 'so-called' sporting tastes enabled him to make.

The argument of Mr. Lefevre that because only one out of the nine Cabinet Ministers were sportsmen, therefore sport should be abolished, is about as logical as that because out of the nine Members of the same Cabinet who belonged to a University, eight were Oxford men, therefore the University of Cambridge may be done away with.

We have dealt rather with the spirit than with the letter of Mr. Lefevre's pamphlet, because the treatise is evidently intended by the author to be read 'between the lines.' It is not so much that he wishes to elucidate or amend the Game Laws as to pose himself before the public (and especially before those who have learnt all they know about game in Leadenhall Market) as the champion of all who feel themselves aggrieved because they cannot go poaching with impunity, so he quotes Mr. Arch, 'whose opinion,' he says, 'upon all subjects affecting the interests of the agricultural labourer is worthy of the utmost respect,' and generally places himself *en rapport* with those to whom landlords are an abomination. What motive, we repeat, other than a party, and a political one, could Mr. Lefevre have had in producing this pamphlet at all ? He knows nothing about sport ; he is not a practising lawyer ; he has had no official connection with the Game Laws, unless, indeed, his discovery and acquisition of a somewhat unsound Dromedary connects him with the pursuit of animals *fera natura*, and which, therefore, might serve as a cover hack. There is not even the excuse of strong public excitement upon the subject of the Game Laws ; for although it is true that a Parliamentary Committee has been sitting, and that legislation is imminent, the question now is rather one between landlord and

tenant than between game preserver and poacher. There is nothing left for us but the hypothesis, however unwillingly we adopt it, that for the sake of currying favour with one class, the feelings, motives, and pursuits of another have been unjustly assailed, and that the Game Law question has been a mere stalking-horse, upon which to exhibit Mr. Lefevre's love of the working man, and especially of that kind of working man who does not work for his living, but prefers to take his neighbour's pheasants, or, failing them, his fowls. We fear that even as a decoy for popularity the pamphlet has been a failure as great as we have shown it to be in point of information and argument. It has fallen, as we have said before, stillborn from the press. It has been passed *sub silentio* by the leading journals. It has not been noticed by politicians of mark. It has been reviewed here simply as an example of the soundness of the maxim with which this article is headed, and of the dangers of advertising oneself politically at the cost of insulting and misrepresenting one's own class and connections. Popularity is not worth having by such means, even if such means can obtain it, which Mr. Lefevre must begin to doubt by this time.

The school to which Mr. Lefevre belongs makes no secret of its object. In the words of its principal organ, 'it will know no rest till 'it has torn the last rag of feudalism to shreds,' and the Game Laws, although virtually recast in 1831, still savour of feudality. *Delenda est Carthago*. This is the weakest part of the fortress; this is therefore the first to be attacked. Hence this pretentious array of learning and unseemly twaddle about the French Revolution. Feudalism has, however, in its day done much for England; and the thread of its continuity, as seen in the House of Lords, and felt in many a centre of local self-government, runs deep into the heart of the land. Life, whether individual or national, must always be continuous. 'Whatever nation,' says a writer in the 'Quarterly,' 'breaks off the traditional link of its origin forfeits its place among the 'living and leading ones of the earth, and its spasmodic efforts to 'enter upon a new line of existence can only lead it further and 'further astray from its true orbit. Macaulays may apologise and 'Buckles may extol; but a revolution like that of France is at most 'a splendid suicide; and death, however the convulsions that precede it may for a short period simulate renewed vitality, is not the 'less certain and complete. If England has up to the present day 'shown herself capable of throwing off and recovering from demagogues and empiricists, while France and Spain have sunk down 'from one attempted reintegration after another into what we now 'see them, it is because England of one century has never disconnected herself from the England of the century before, and, while 'she has gradually modified, has never precipitately abjured her 'primal institutions.'

We are sorry for Mr. Lefevre! He, doubtless, thought to have added his mite to what he terms statesmanship—he has simply contributed another chapter to 'the philosophy of the ill-conditioned.'

## SPORT IN THE ITALIAN ALPS.

BY 'THE OLD SHEKARRY.'

HE only who has lived amongst the mountains, and participated in the perilous excitement of ibex and chamois stalking, can form a notion of the feelings of delight that the old hunter experiences when a sudden turn in the road reveals to him the glistening peaks of a snow-clad range towering high against the deep blue sky. The heart thrills with exultation at the idea of being once more amongst such scenes with his trusty rifle on his back, creeping up steep lichen-covered ravines, or stepping along narrow ledges of rock, where the sweet-scented, delicate edelweis grows. He recalls to mind the happy days spent on the Alm amongst the mountaineers, the red-letter days of glorious sport, the pleasant returnings from the chase, the *jödler* of the shepherds, the dances with the buxom *sennerinnen*, and pictures to himself the hearty greetings with which he will be welcomed by his old associates. It was with these pleasurable sensations that, in company with my good friend Carlo Martini, I left the village of Cogne, escorted by a corporal of the king's *gardes-chasse*, who had received an order from Le Chef du Cabinet Particulier de S. M., giving me permission to shoot in the Royal preserves. The districts of Cogne, Campiglia, Val, Savaranche, and Ceresole comprise the king's hunting-grounds; and here the game is strictly preserved, sign-posts being set up in different places, with the inscription, '*Défense de chasse*,' whilst in every valley keepers and *gardes-chasse* are stationed to prevent poaching. This district is well-stocked with chamois; but its chief attraction in the eyes of a sportsman is that it is now the only spot in Europe where the steinbock, or bouquetin (*Capra ibex*), is still to be met with. Being ambitious to shoot a European ibex, I made up my mind not to fire at any other game, so as not to lose a chance; and having promised the *gardes-chasse* a considerable *douceur* in case of my getting a shot, they became as anxious to insure success as I was myself. According to the report of one of their number, three *boucs* had been seen very lately on the glacier De Tragio, above the Chatelet du Poucet, on the eastern slope of the Grivola; so, after a solemn consultation, it was determined to make the chalet our temporary headquarters, and we were now *en route* for this destination, three mules carrying a goodly supply of *comestibles* and bodily comforts, as well as rugs and waterproofs. The corporal, before leaving Cogne, sent to gather information from one of his mates stationed at Carasole—a village in the valley d'Ozca, south of the Grand Paradis—but his messenger had not returned when we started.

We found the chalet excellent mountain quarters; and our appetites were gratified with the luxury of an unlimited quantity of rich milk and cream, and bowls full of delicious *brousse*. As we did not leave Cogne until close upon noon, it was too late to think of doing

anything more than a cursory survey of the hillside with our telescopes until two of the herdsmen came in, when, to our great gratification, the favourable report concerning the ibex was confirmed by both; and one of them offered to guide us to a spot which, he said, was a sure find early in the morning, as he had constantly seen their fresh tracks on the soft snow, showing that they had passed soon after sunrise. Highly gratified with this encouraging news, after a plentiful supper and a glass of hot grog all round, a quantity of new sweet hay was spread, and, rolling ourselves in our rugs, we slept most comfortably.

At 3 A.M., the corporal and his party, who had passed the night in a kind of loft at the back of the chalet, awoke us, and we found some delicious *café au crème* and a huge *schmarrn*, or omelette, ready, and, after we had done ample justice to the good cheer, we set off for the glacier. The air, at this early hour, was somewhat chilly; but the exercise of walking at a good pace kept us warm, and I was delighted to find the weather as clear as could be desired, for the sky was cloudless and the stars shone brightly. But dawn was rapidly approaching, and already the glistening mountain peaks stood out in bold relief against the bluish-grey background. After about an hour's steady walking up a somewhat steep ascent, through patches of flowering saxifrage and boulders of rock covered with soft green mosses, we entered the upper snow regions, where vegetation disappears. Still we travelled on, and after a stiffish burst, which tried our climbing powers very severely, we gained the crest of a high ridge which formed one of the lateral sides of the glacier. Here, in three or four places, the clefts in the side of the mountain were filled with deep snow, which does not melt even at midsummer, and where the ice forms small glaciers. At the foot of these diminutive glaciers, where there is often a low terminal moraine, flow small mountain streams, caused by the melting of the ice, on each side of which are strips of luxuriant herbage, the only signs of vegetation at that altitude. These are the favourite feeding-grounds both of ibex and chamois, and, according to our guide's account, one or other of them was a certain find for *boucs* in the early morning.

One of these snow gullies lay just below us, and a troop of seven chamois were quietly browsing close to the edge of the glacier; the other two feeding-grounds were considerably higher up the ridge. Having carefully reconnoitred the ground with my telescope, and made sure that no ibex were lurking near, I proposed to make a move to the higher altitudes, but my companion, Carlo, was dead beat, and decided to remain where he was and have a smoke until I returned; so the corporal, one of the herdsmen who served us as guide, and myself commenced clambering along the steep ridge, keeping just below the crest, so that we could not be seen from the glacier side of the slope. After about an hour's scramble over boulders of rock and beds of hard, frozen snow, we came to a huge level slab under an overhanging cliff, and here our guide bade us wait

whilst he divested himself of his ruck-sack and shoes and crept on all fours to the brink of the scarp overlooking the glacier. He had hardly taken a momentary glance than he began to wriggle back, and I could tell by his action, as well as from the sudden lighting up of his face, that the game I sought for was in sight. When he joined us, he said he could see three ibex, one of which had fair horns, but that they were far out of shot and were making their way towards the head of the glacier at a good round pace, so that it was useless for us to attempt to get near them. This was somewhat provoking after all our trouble, but it could not be helped; we had got to the ground too late in the day, and the game was off to a higher altitude. Slipping off my boots, I fastened a rope round my waist, threw the other end to the corporal, who made it fast to his belt, and crawled to the brink of the precipice, which was somewhat ticklish work, as it sloped downwards and was covered with short, slippery moss that afforded very insecure foothold. From this point I had, at any rate, the satisfaction of seeing the game I had come so far in search of; for at about six hundred yards distance a good-sized buck and two doe ibex were trotting leisurely up the steep side of the mountain with as much ease as if it was a macadamised road, and I watched them through my telescope get over a terribly rough bit of ground in five minutes that would have taken me an hour at least.

Having watched the game until it disappeared behind a distant ridge, we took a pull of *eau-de-vie*, and made the best of our way back to the place where we had left the rest of our party; but they had decamped for the lower regions, and it was not until we approached the Alm that we caught them up. They had seen two troops of chamois, but no ibex, and had not fired a shot. Although we had come back empty-handed, we passed a very jovial evening, and the corporal related some of his adventures with poachers, several of whom he had shot down at various times. In some parts of the Alps constant mountain warfare was maintained between poachers and the *gardes-chasse*, and in these encounters many a stalwart forester has 'gone under,' and many a bold mountaineer has found a nameless grave amongst the *latschen*.

The evening was very sultry, and just before we turned in I noticed the mercury in the barometer had fallen considerably, whilst the thermometer indicated a degree of heat that seemed extraordinary when the altitude of our domicile was taken into consideration, so I felt sure that a storm was brewing; and later on in the night I was not surprised to hear loud claps of thunder, and to see a dark mass of gathering clouds rolling onwards until they obscured the highest peaks, where they soon commingled in conflict, as the almost blinding flashes of forked lightning darting from beneath them plainly indicated. In the mountains the pulse of Nature becomes tempestuous only a very short time before the storm breaks, and often but little warning is given. On the brightest day mists will suddenly rise in muffled shapes, like sad ghosts, wrapping the whole range in their

cloud-like folds; and should the hunter be thus overtaken in the pathless mountains, if the fog lasts he may look upon it as his shroud, since in such cases, lone and cut off from human aid, nothing is to be done but to lie down and wait until the vapours lift, and the chances are that in the meantime he will be frozen or starved to death. This is, perhaps, the greatest danger in chamois hunting, although a steady hand and foot, with a perfect absence of 'nerves,' are also absolutely necessary. He has often, in the pursuit of his calling, to scramble along narrow ledges of rock or ridges overhanging precipices, when, if he were to allow the peril to cloud the brain, he would be lost to a certainty. Luckily, mountain training not only begets strength in every limb, but it also endues the mind with self-reliance, and when difficulties present themselves the whole frame thrills with exhilarating excitement that, despising danger, enables the hunter to surmount obstacles which to the uninitiated appear impossible. The herdsman who served as our guide was a splendid specimen of an Alpine mountaineer, and, although he carried a heavy ruck-sack, he always kept ahead, and continually put both the *gardes-chasse* and myself to shame by his daring agility and endurance. He skipped up steepes we toiled heavily over, and took in his stride chasms and crevasses that we hesitated about crossing at all; yet, having had a good deal of practice in the Himalaya and the Tyrol, up to this time I had imagined myself to be a pretty fair mountaineer, until I found my powers so vastly exceeded by this simple peasant, who evidently got over the ground with very little fatigue or trouble, whereas the corporal was quite done up, and I myself felt that I had had quite enough for one day.

As rain fell heavily during the night, and storm-clouds still threatened when we got up in the morning, it was considered advisable to defer our intended expedition after the ibex until the weather became more settled; so we remained in and about the *Alm-hütte* all day, amusing ourselves as we best could, by playing *écarté*, shooting at a mark, or talking to the *sennerinnen*, when they could find a few minutes to spare from their multifarious duties. The 'living roses' of the Alps, as some enthusiastic tourists call these hard-working dairymaids, are seldom endowed with much personal comeliness; for the *beauté du diable* of youth soon becomes obliterated by constant exposure to all the vicissitudes of climate, and at an early age they have a premature weather-worn appearance, which, added to their *noli me tangere* costume, that resembles that of a man from the waist downwards, does not enhance their feminine attractions, and whilst in their company one is apt to forget their sex. They are, however, as a rule, cheerful, good-natured lasses, full of irrepressible spirits, fond of a joke, and hospitable to a fault; for I have often known them to put themselves to a good deal of inconvenience in order to make their guests comfortable. The mountaineers themselves are a powerful and handsome race, not particularly learned, and somewhat superstitious, but with head and heart in the right place. They have no illnesses worth mentioning, and rarely require

a doctor, except in cases of accident ; but it is, nevertheless, true that the same district that can boast of some of the finest specimens of the human race, as regards muscular development, also produces a great number of *crétins*, or idiots, and poor creatures affected with incurable *gottre*. I can attribute no cause for this state of things in such a healthy region, unless it is that these people drink 'snow water' that may be more or less impregnated with injurious earthy deposits deleterious to the constitution, or that the disease is generated by 'in-and-in' marriages between blood-relations, which is very prevalent in valleys more or less isolated from the rest of the world. In some of these valleys, it is said, that one in seven has some distortion or swelling in the throat, whilst one intellect in fifty is more or less deranged. This is a sad proportion ; but, from the number of unfortunates I have fallen in with in these parts, I cannot think it overrated.

Towards evening, the clouds cleared away, and when the sun set there was every indication of favourable weather for the morrow's expedition. My friend Carlo had no ambition to make a second expedition, and the corporal had received a message that obliged him to return to headquarters ; so Giuseppe, the herdsman, and I started alone as soon as the moon began to rise, which was about 2 A.M., and we got over the ground much quicker than we had done on the previous occasion, so that we arrived at the first feeding-place before the day had broken. I could easily have got within fair shot of a troop of quite twenty chamois, who, even at that early hour, were afoot and feeding ; but I had come so far expressly to kill an ibex, and did not care to pull trigger at any other game until my object was accomplished. My companion looked at the troop with a wistful and somewhat imploring visage, and his mouth evidently watered at the idea of a roast haunch, for he whispered beneath his breath, 'Should I not like to have the picking of the ribs of that fat doe that 'is so very near us and offers such an easy shot !' But I was above temptation, and bid him lead the way to the higher feeding-grounds. On arrival there, my self-denial was amply rewarded, for the buck ibex we had previously seen, and three or four does, accompanied with their young ones, were quietly browsing beneath us like tame goats. They were perhaps two hundred feet below us, and the buck seemed to be about a hundred and twenty yards from the base of the scarp. Although the distance was not great, the ledge of rock on which we were standing was so sloping, and offered such insecure footing, that it was an awkward matter to get the muzzle of my long-barrelled rifle to bear in his direction. As soon as I got into firing position and felt steady, I gave a low whistle not much louder than a marmot would emit, but it produced the effect I anticipated ; for the buck raised his head, and stood motionless with the exception of his ears, which moved forward as if to drink in the sound, and bringing the fine bead of the rifle to bear against his fully-exposed shoulder, I pulled the trigger, and the moment the smoke cleared away, to my intense gratification, I saw him floundering on his back, with his four

legs pawing the air. Fearing, however, lest it should escape or roll into some inaccessible crevasse, I fired a second shot, aiming at his chest, when he rolled over and lay perfectly still. If I had had a breech-loading rifle I might have had a fair chance of killing a doe, as the others, panic-stricken at seeing their leader fall, were some time before they made themselves scarce. I was, however, quite contented, having killed a bouquetin, one of the rarest animals in Europe.

Although my quarry was dead, I doubt very much if I should ever have obtained his horns and skin if it had not been for my stalwart guide Giuseppe, who, knowing the ground, soon found a practicable path by which we could descend to the almost inaccessible place where he lay. As it was, we had to use the axe very frequently to cut steps in the steeper slopes and to knock away the icicles formed by the drippings from the snow above. At last, however, we accomplished the descent, and making a circuit under the cliff-like rocks amongst the débris that had fallen from above, we reached the spot where the ibex lay, and took the spoils, consisting of the skin, head, and horns, leaving the flesh, as it was too rank for food.

Having washed our hands in an ice-cold snow-stream, we lightened the ruck-sack by 'lining the inner man' with the greatest portion of its contents; and when our meal was over, Giuseppe, making a compact bundle of the ibex spoils, slung it to the end of his alpen-stock, so that he could carry it over his shoulder. This arrangement completed, we started on our return journey, reaching the Alm-hut at about three in the afternoon, where we received the congratulations our success had earned.

The next day was devoted to chamois shooting, and my friend Carlo was lucky enough to get a brace of young bucks, whilst I had to content myself with a tough old ptarmigan that was stupid enough to stand still after I had missed him once, and gave me a second chance, when I nearly cut off his head with a rifle ball. We made an unsuccessful attempt the next day to stalk a troop of chamois on the eastern slope of the Grivola, and were returning home, somewhat mortified with our ill-luck—for we had three times come across our game without being able to get a shot—when, as we were passing along a lichen-covered slope under the shady side of a precipitous rock, I heard the peculiar shrill whistle of a chamois, and I was just in time to knock over a fine buck with a shot through the neck that sprang up from a hollow about fifty yards in front of us. I fancy he must have been asleep until our talking alarmed him. He proved to be an old buck, with thick, wide-spreading horns, which subsequently I considered good enough to have mounted as a pair of carvers, as a *souvenir de chasse* for my esteemed friend, Mr. Bailly. This was our last day's sport in this district, for the weather again became unfavourable; so we made the best of our way to Cogne, and from thence by the valley of Aousta to Turin.



## HOW WE WON THE PONY RACE.

WE often now hear of 'grand coups' and those sort of things in the racing world. Formerly they were not quite so much in vogue; and ere the era of handicaps commenced, a man had some difficulty in bringing off a real good thing, even at a county meeting, to say nothing off a leather-flapping affair, unless, indeed, he had a horse that could gallop a dozen miles for the King's Plate; and perchance then there was not so much fun in laying odds on him with the risk of a breakdown looming in the distance. Even in those primitive days, however, a well-planned thing was occasionally managed; and I chanced in my youth to see a real good one of this sort, which perchance, taking all its attendant circumstances into consideration, may not be altogether uninteresting to the readers of 'Baily.'

I was, in the year 183—, staying with my friend Hardwicke, in the south of England, as good a fellow as ever lived, but, like other good fellows, troubled with the 'shorts,' for in reality his heart was far larger than his pocket. Fond of racing—not, as many men now are, for the speculation it encourages, for he seldom backed a horse belonging to another person—he was, as far as his means allowed (and he never exceeded them under any inducement), passionately addicted to the sport, and had generally something good for the Cocktail Stakes (this was the day when racing half-breds was in fashion); and, moreover, any hack which fed from his manger was generally good enough to hold its own in pony races, and so bring some grist to the mill.

In the latter direction old Jem Pike, the sporting publican of the neighbouring town, was a sad thorn in his side. Jem had graduated at the East End of London, in the most palmy days of cock-fighting, trotting, pony-racing, and the 'ring,' for as yet the suburban gatherings were not, and bonifaces had scarcely gone the length of owning a leg in a steeplechaser, but confined themselves more to the amusements above mentioned. Moreover, James Pike, Esq., landlord of the Pig and Whistle, was something of a genius in his way, and managed, as he expressed it, to 'land a pot' over things that many people would never have thought of. For instance, his house took its name of the 'Pig and Whistle' from a circumstance which occurred long ere Mr. Pike was in a position to own even a racing pony. He lived within a few miles of the town of —, where a regiment of horse was always stationed; and although the place was well enough in winter, when there was plenty of hunting, for it was within reach of more than one well-known pack, the summer months were made long days indeed for those who had to tide them over. Jem's house was convenient either as the finish of a walk, ride, or drive; and here, on most afternoons, some of the subalterns of whatever regiment was at — found themselves, as there was plenty of cricket, billiards, and so forth, to be had, not to mention a quiet little go in at ratting,

cock-fighting, or badger-drawing, all of which Jem could manage comfortably for his patrons.

Young Dickson, who was in the Lancers, was one of Jem's most frequent visitors—a wild spark, and ready to make any imaginable wager. Moreover, he was the owner of a cob which, although nothing to boast about, was, as the Yankees say, 'pretty smart for a 'short journey.' One afternoon, when Jem had been a more than usually good customer to his bar after his early dinner, Dickson chanced to brag of the pace of his cob; and Jem, who held no very high opinion of either the cob or his owner, chaffingly said he had a pig in his sty which should beat the cob five hundred yards for a pony. This Dickson thought too good to miss, and a match was made to be run in a month; the money was posted, an umpire chosen, and articles drawn up. Betting, as may be imagined, was strongly in favour of the cob; and Dickson and his friends got on a nice little bit by laying odds, which Pike was only too ready to take. As may be imagined, he put his pig into a strict course of training, and this was the *régime*: piggy had one meal a day, from a trough placed a little beyond where the finish of the race was to be. Before enjoying it, he was taken to the starting-post, accompanied by a boy on a pony, armed with a long and heavy hunting-whip, whose orders were to give piggy a few yards' start, and then lay the thong well in whenever he could catch him, while Mr. Pike stood at the far end, blowing a shrill whistle, and rattling a bucket of what, to a pig kept on short commons, no doubt seemed most savoury food. A little practice of this sort caused piggy to jump from the post as quickly as 'Speedy Pain' on old Cranbury, when in a good humour, while the rib-roasting he underwent from the hunting-thong gave him a wholesome dread of letting a horse within several lengths until the post was passed; so that when the match came off, piggy not only jumped away in such sort that nothing but a rabbit could have rivalled, but took care to keep so clear of the cob, who, being slower at the start, was rattling in his rear, that he may be fairly said to have won in a canter. Mr. Pike 'copped' at least fifty pounds over the match, and spent thirty shillings of it in a new signboard, which was at once altered from the Jolly Farmer to the Pig and Whistle.

Jem then bought a racing galloway or pony, which so took the shine out of everything the neighbourhood could produce, that very special regulations were made to exclude the rat-tailed bay mare, Blooming Heather, from all contests, or to so overwhelm her with weight, that winning, even although she must have been nearly as stout and good as the game little Gimcrack himself, was out of the question. Hardwicke had a pony which had never run in public, but which he tried to be nearly up to the form of Blooming Heather, and entered in a race at —, open to ponies under fourteen hands, which had never won a stake of twenty pounds. Knowing how good his nag was, he, of course, made pretty sure of winning. However, a week or so before the day, a rumour got afloat that Jem

Pike had a regular rod in pickle—a new pony brought all the way from Yorkshire—which could give Blooming Heather seven pounds, and walk away from her; so that Carlo, Hardwicke's pony, went very much back in public favour, and odds of at least 4 and 5 to 1 could be had freely about him, for I must say that in — the pony race played the part of a miniature Derby, and created almost as much excitement. One evening, about a fortnight before the race, I was sitting with Hardwicke enjoying the soothing influence of a post-prandial cigar, and revelling in as lovely a prospect as England could produce, when a message was sent in that a small boy wanted to see Hardwicke, who, being in need of a light lad at the time, ordered him into our presence.

'Well, my boy, what's your name, and what do you want?' was the question addressed to a red-haired, ferret-eyed individual, about the height of sixpennyworth of coppers.

'Why, fust, sir, I wants a job in the stables; and then I wants to spite that ere Jem Pike, as larruped me and turned me a-going, 'cause his old mare had some stains on her quarters, which it wern't my place to wisp over, but Tom's, as always does her.'

'Well, I suppose you can ride; but how are you going to spite Mr. Pike by coming to me?'

'Why, he's safe to win the pony race, and yourn 'ill run second; then, if you'll only keep dark till the time comes, I knows enough to disqualify his nag, and you gets the stakes; don't you see?'

'So far, so good; but how am I to trust you?'

'Why, just look at the welts he has left across my back, and you may trust me to ruin him if I can; and I can do it, too, if you'll only take me.' And the young gentleman would have discarded his shirt then and there, to show his grievances, had he not been stopped.

'Well,' said Hardwicke, 'why not tell me all about it before-hand, and let us stop him starting.'

'No, no,' said the youngster; 'that won't do for me. I wants to see the old beggar win, and then lose the stakes and bets when he thinks he got it all in his own pocket safe and snug—that's what I wants; but then, I can't lodge an objection unless I had a 'oss running.'

'Well, tell us about it now,' said Hardwicke.

'No; let him run and win, as he will do, and have the stakes, if you don't stop him then; take me on in your stables, and if we don't purl him over, my name ain't Bob; but mum's the word, and I mustn't be seen here until the race is over. Once past the post, and we'll soon settle him.'

'Well,' said Hardwicke, 'meet me at the weighing-tent as soon as the race is run, and, if you can do as you say, I will find a berth for you.'

'All right,' said the young one, with a grin; 'I'll settle old Shark, and be in your stables in a fortnight, or I ain't Bob Stickles; and now you may put the money down as fast as you like, for it's all over but shouting.'

The latter injunction, perhaps, was not exactly complied with, though I think we all had a little bit extra on the strength of Bob's tip when the day of the race came. Half a dozen ponies started, but nothing had a chance save Carlo and Mr. Pike's Creeping Molly, a very smart-looking mare, said to be half-sister to his old Blooming Heather. Hardwicke's orders to his lad were to win if he could, but at any rate run second, which he had no difficulty in doing, though Creeping Molly won both the first heat and the second easily enough; and until the moment came for weighing-in we saw nothing of our friend Bob. No sooner, however, had Creeping Molly's jock seated himself in the scale, after winning the second heat, than he stepped up and said, 'Mr. Hardwicke, ask them if they ain't a-goin' to weigh 'the tail?'

'Weigh the tail,' said several; 'what do you mean?'

'Why, it's the old mare with a false one on, of course,' rejoined the youngster.

Then there was a row. Pike was pinned in a corner, and his jockey held down in the scales to prevent him from bolting, while a dozen hands were quickly at Creeping Molly's tail, which, yielding to the pressure of outward circumstances, came clean away, and left standing before the crowd the old rat-tailed mare they had so often cheered to victory. Of course, Carlo got the stakes, we landed all our bets, and Mr. Pike and his jock were indulged in an impromptu bath in a neighbouring pond, a luxury that most probably neither one nor the other had ever indulged in before. Mr. Pike after this found it convenient to hand over the Pig and Whistle to another owner, and retire to a 'pub' in the 'little village,' where his sharp practice would be better appreciated than at —. Red-haired Bob went from ponies to horses in Hardwicke's stables, and, retaining the sound maxim that 'honesty is the best policy,' was able to turn a natural talent for riding to good account, and often found his way to the winning-post amongst a good field when steeplechases were run over a really hunting country, as his knowledge of pace often landed him a winner when the gentlemen, amongst whom he sported silk, had ridden their horses to a standstill. Now, with increasing weight and years, he has dropped the *Mr.*, which distinguished him in his riding days, and looks after one of the largest studs of hunters in England, not only to his own advantage, but that of his employer as well, and often says, 'I might have been a rogue, and transported before this; in fact, I was in a fair way for it, if old Pike hadn't welted me quite so hard, you know, sir. But, thank God! that licking saved me; and you may take your oath I don't spare it on the youngsters as comes into my stables. It does 'em a world o' good, I can assure ye, sir.'

N.

## 'OUR VAN.'

## THE INVOICE.—January Jollities.

WHAT days we were having with the wane of the old and the opening of the new year! The portrait of 1875, as a smiling young cherub, with no clothing to speak of—much affected by Christmas cards and illustrated papers—was certainly singularly out of place. A most rude and blustering very Boreas of a baby did the youthful year promise to be, and though he thought better of it, and a change came o'er the spirit of his dreams, soon after his birth, the prospect was not exhilarating, except to those people who like 'seasonable weather,' or are great performers at Prince's and on the Long Water. And here we would venture to express a doubt whether that school of art cultivated in Hans Place is a good preparatory academy for the Long Water and the Round Pond. We hear so much of the pastime that has become so fashionable—skating rinks are cropping up in all directions—that we confess we expected to see many better performers on the real thing—we mean among the women—than we did during the late frost. Ladies with a high reputation from Prince's, who had long emerged from 'the nursery,' and were calculated to run alone, did not shine at all in Kensington Gardens, the Botanic, or the Horticultural; and, *vice versa*, two accomplished sisters who skated in a way that excited the admiration of every one who saw them, were, we heard, bad performers on wheels. Our information is, however, limited on this subject, and we hazard the opinion above expressed with diffidence, being quite ready to stand corrected if we are wrong. And what a gay scene was Kensington Gardens and the Botanic! and what a time it was for everybody but the poor icemen, who had struggles with idiots to prevent them attempting to drown themselves, and then had to fish them out of the water when they (the idiots) had nearly succeeded in their endeavours! The roughs, of course, gave trouble to the police; and we are sorry to say some well-dressed roughs followed their example, insisting on going on the ice when it was declared unsafe, giving false addresses when asked for their names, &c., and behaving altogether in a caddish and disreputable fashion. If these gentlemen could have been allowed to drown themselves quietly *by themselves*, no harm, perhaps, would have resulted. Unfortunately, however, they endangered other lives besides their own by their folly. A party of Canadians were rather lions, and excited a good deal of attention, their skating being something not often seen on London waters, though, perhaps, its equal might have been found in the Fens. And what a time of it late wayfarers had on New Year's Night, when, in the brief space of a few minutes, London streets were covered, after a shower of rain, with a thin coating of ice. Carriages came, perforce, to a standstill; ladies had to walk home from theatres how best they could; people clung to area railings, and the request of the police to 'move on' was a bitter mockery. A volume of adventures, more or less ludicrous, might have been written about that night.

But the ice king left us at last. This was his final act and deed; and though the country was covered with snow, hunting men posted down to their several localities, and the ladies of the different *corps de ballet* did not look upon quite so many bearded and stalwart sportsmen in the stalls. They had had 'a good time,' we think—the sportsmen—and had done everything, from the Philharmonic to the Opera Comique (which is saying a good deal for them); had cheered the Vokeses as the Vokeses deserve to be cheered; had solemnly

sat out 'Hamlet,' and professed themselves delighted (but about that we have a private opinion); had sworn by their gods that there was only one Lydia Thompson; had seen that Dundreary was unchanged, and Kate Vaughan, at the Princess's, charming; had laughed at 'Loo,' and discovered that the 'Two Roses' were still blooming. There was a good deal of hanging about certain stage-doors, and the unsavoury localities of Wych Street and Castle Street were witnesses to many 'swells.' The sudden disappearance of 'the goddess of 'material love' from the first-named was a source, we believe, of much regret to the fox-hunting world, as it was, of course, to that of art. Financial reasons, we hear, precipitated her lamented retreat—the 'dropping' of some six or seven thousand pounds—a large sum, though probably not excessive, to pay for the privilege of exhibiting 'material' charms. Another goddess reigned in her stead, and gave, we believe, as the testimonials say, 'every satisfaction.'

Among the brilliant spectacles of the season, we must reckon 'Dick Whittington,' at the Alhambra, as the chief; but then it is a spectacle alone. The story is dull, and, with the exception of one amusing scene—a parliamentary discussion in Bambouli—it is dully told by Mr. Farnie. Offenbach has written the music, and whether it was that the Alhambra singers were bad exponents or not, the composer's fame will hardly be increased by 'Whittington.' Still, we should like to hear the score apart from the glare and glitter of the Alhambra boards, and we should also like to hear it rendered by some men and women who have not had a music-hall training. Probably the verdict might be more favourable than it is now. But as a spectacle, and more especially as to the ballet part of it, we have seen nothing so good of late years. The 'Barbaric Ballet' in the second act, dressed by Alfred Thompson, with Mdles. Pitteri, Pertoldi, and Sidonie as *première danseuses* and an army of *coryphées*, is worth the whole piece, and that seen, we should advise every one to come away. Mr. Thompson is a consummate master of costume, and he has struck out bold and novel ideas here, skilfully blended old ones there, so that the 'Barbaric Ballet' is really a feast to the eye. The Alhambra young ladies can dance too, as well as show the beauty of the human form divine, though we must add that the Lord Chamberlain's injunctions seem to have been attended to, and there is nothing, as Mr. Podsnap would have said, 'to raise a blush on the cheek of any young person.' Mdle. Pitteri still dances with the easy grace and poetry of motion that charmed us all when she first appeared in London, and Mdles. Pertoldi and Sidonie most ably second her. The comic business is chiefly sustained by Mr. Paulton, who displays some genuine humour in the scene above mentioned, where some of our modern legislation is held up to ridicule; but the efforts of some other gentlemen to raise a laugh were rather laboured. The librettist, however, had, it must be said, not been kind to them. We wish we could speak with praise of the efforts of the ladies. Miss Julia Matthews, who we heard with much pleasure in 'Madame Angot,' seemed to us overweighted here; and the pretensions of Miss Lennox Grey and Miss Grace Armytage to be considered opera singers we were in ignorance of. The gem of the opera is a quartet, 'Love and Money.' While old Fitzwarren and Captain Bobstay are going over the accounts on board the ship, Alice and Dick sing their love and devotion to some really charming music; and we should fancy this piece would find its way to many a chamber concert. Miss Kate Santley, of course, was Dick Whittington, and she also played the rôle of Miss Kate Santley. Her numerous admirers will, we feel sure, be gratified at hearing this, while those unfortunate and misguided people who are of the contrary part will understand our meaning.

At the Criterion Theatre M. Lecocq's last comic opera seems an assured

success, if we may judge by the audience which gathers night after night to listen with pleased attention to the strains of 'Les Prés St. Gervais;' and though, as a whole, it cannot be said to equal its predecessor, 'Giroflé-Girofla,' far less 'La Fille de Madame Angot,' whose sparkling melodies still ring in our uncritical ear, making us *difficile* and too apt, perhaps, to draw comparisons which are not quite favourable to the new composition, there is yet much to attract the true lovers of opera comique at Messrs. Spiers and Pond's charming little theatre, where it is evident the greatest pains have been taken to combine talent with elegance and taste in the *mise en scène*. M. Sardou has to share the fate of all French authors by the translation of his libretto into our prosaic language; and the character of the Prince de Conti, sustained by Madame Pauline Rita, is a difficult *rôle* for one so comparatively new to stage business as that highly-accomplished lady is at present. There should be an *abandon* in the young hero prince which is wanting, both in style and *physique*, though Madame Rita sang the music allotted to her care with truly artistic skill throughout, and gained deserved applause, both in the popular valse-time air, 'I tremble; I start!' and the duet in the second act with the Sargeant Larose. We were much struck with the impersonation of Friquette by Miss Catherine Lewis. This young actress not only looked the part of the fascinating and fancy-free grisette, but sang with spirit, and showed great promise of better things to come with greater experience. The chorus of schoolmasters in the first act, so successful in Paris, needs French artists to render it effective, though it is sufficiently popular here to ensure a certain *encore*. We must own that, in our opinion, the fun of the piece falls somewhat flat, and that Mr. Connell lacks the power to excite our risible faculties by his exaggerated contortions and grimaces, which are devoid of true humour, and become rather depressing than otherwise. *Le chef de bataille* is really Mr. Brenner, on whose effective singing of the most taking songs in the opera its success is mainly due. He possesses a clear, ringing, tenor voice and an amount of 'go' essential to the *rôle* he so well sustains of the dashing Sergeant of Conti's regiment; and when he is on the stage we may be sure of something good, whether he sings alone, supports the *prima donna* through a duet, or joins in the vigorous *ensemble* which takes place in the second act. The plot being known and commented on ere this, we have not touched upon; but lest we should be considered too partial to our old friend 'Madame Angot,' we advise all our readers to pay the Criterion an early visit, and judge for themselves whether or not that popular favourite is effaced from their memory by M. Lecocq's latest effort, beautifully mounted and placed on the stage with every adjunct to scenic effect by those who cater so energetically for our tastes, mental and physical, succeeding alike in each and all—our good friends, Messrs. Spiers and Pond.

After a somewhat spasmodic revival of the 'Two Roses' at the Vaudeville, the management have now brought forward a new comedy from the prolific pen of Mr. H. J. Byron, which bids fair, from the success it achieved on its first representation, to be one of the hits of the theatrical season. 'Our Boys,' as the play is called, abounds with drollery, while the very extravagance of the story furnishes the author with frequent opportunities of indulging in quaint sketches of character. Mr. Farren, as a stiff, starch-looking baronet, and Mr. James, as a good-natured butler, are both excellent; and, if in the latter case the manager is bound to have more than his quota of good things to say, it is equally clear Mr. James knows how to deliver them with proper effect. How two young hopefuls disappoint their fathers by falling in love, each with the wrong *demoiselle*, and how their fathers turn out their sons to

starve, but afterwards relent, form the sum and substance of the plot. The incidents in themselves, though not very probable, are at all events made sufficiently interesting by the cleverness of the dialogue; and we may safely say that Mr. Byron has never produced anything more provocative of general merriment than 'Our Boys.' We had almost forgotten to mention, last of all, but not least in our estimation, that the parts of the ladies are ably sustained by the Misses Amy Roselle and Kate Bishop. Miss Cicely Richards also richly deserves a word of commendation for her capital assumption of the rôle of a lodging-house servant.

Among other parcels of hunting and sporting intelligence, we have been favoured with permission to lay before our readers the contents of a private letter from Hungary, giving a description of how they do things in that country, that we think will not fail to interest them. We offer no apology for its date, for sport of all kind has, we fancy, through the heavy snowfall in Eastern Europe, been stopped for some time :—

'August 11th, 1874.

'In the way of news, I have a hunt to relate to you. It took place on the 8th inst., in the woods which cover the principal mountain of our environs, the ——. One may say that all —— was there. Among the sportsmen were Count —— and his son (his eldest daughter, too, also with him), the pastor of the place (*parochus loci*), the schoolmaster and his son, divers persons in the employ of the Count; while among the guests were Count ——, his daughter, and his future son-in-law. A dozen gamekeepers and fifty peasants, men, women, boys, and young girls, completed the company. The start was picturesque; many gentlemen were on horseback; the two Countesses were seated in a waggonette; some sportsmen were in cars, filled with straw, and drawn by four oxen. Thus we ascended the first slopes of the mountain, then, afoot, began to beat the woods. The hunt was serious, since its object was to kill a bear. For some time the neighbourhood had been infested, and a horse and an ox had been strangled, one after the other, near the village. I have already described to you how hunting is managed here. The sportsmen place themselves on the look-out in two perpendicular lines, and stand fifty paces apart, whilst the peasants, in order to ensnare, beat the wood in a contrary direction; so the game generally flees towards the hunters, who fire at it. Our first station was above the little town of ——, where an admirable view was obtained of the whole scene. The peasants aroused a bear from his repose at the foot of a rock; he took to flight through an open gap, without a shot having been able to reach him. At that moment the schoolmaster and his son were at twenty paces from me, under two fir-trees. Hearing something about the bear, this brave Mr. —— quickly resolved what to do: threw away his gun, and climbed up into the fir-tree, whilst his son availed himself of the similar refuge near him. This incident caused much amusement throughout the day. The sole result of this station was the death of a woodhen, killed by young ——. The hunt recommenced higher up, and a fox was killed by Count ——. Then a level place was reached, where was a stable, around which was formed our encampment for breakfast. A great fire was kindled, at which were cooked soup, beef-steaks, and potatoes. Cold provisions had been brought, such as haunches of venison larded, hunting-cakes of meat, fruit tarts, confectionery. In the way of wines, there were set on the improvised table red "Villenger," beside white wine, l'Evéque, "piipoki boz," &c.

'After the repast we completed the ascent of the ——, to admire the magnificent panorama of mountains. Towards the north we perceived, in all its



'grandeur, the snowy chain of the Carpathians. The mountains where we dwell are the counterforts\* of the Carpathians. As for the principal chain, it is separated therefrom by a very large valley, and offers this peculiarity, that it appears like a pinnacled wall. These Carpathians, then, resemble a long fortress surmounted by a dentated crest. Their colour is grey, and vegetation is far from them. After a short halt, which permitted us to admire the landscape, we redescended into the woods which cover the —, and continued the chase. Halfway down was a post for charcoal-burners; there we took up our position, at twenty paces from one another. The Count — was posted at the highest point, with his daughter; then came his son. I had placed myself a little farther off, holding in my hand my Lancaster rifle; then came other sportsmen. The peasants, who had remained on the summit of the mountain, began to descend, chasing the game before them. Suddenly I heard a first report near me. The young — had shot down a roebuck. A few instants later a gun was fired off a little higher, and the Count exclaimed, "I have wounded him; he must be sought lower down in "the wood." Thus it was a bear, roused by the peasants, had descended towards us, and had announced his presence by the crackling of the dead branches which he had crushed under his enormous paws. Having reached the road, he cleared it at a bound, four paces from the Count and his daughter, when that keen sportsman let off a shot at him; but the animal continued his course. We descended into the lower wood, where as we went we found spots of blood. All at once one of the gamekeepers confronted the bear, which, wounded, couched in the coppice. (I forgot to say that the ball that had transpierced him had rebounded and had fallen in the grass beside young A——.) The gamekeeper twice fired at him; but the bear arose to encounter his antagonist, who prepared to receive him with the butt-end of his firearm. At this moment other hunters arrived, who quickly fired several shots, of which one only reached the bear. It was then needful to put an end to him with a stroke of a hatchet on the head. With the paws tied together, and a stake passed between the legs, seven men bore him to the ladies' carriage, where they fastened him so that the public might see his head and his paws. We made a triumphal entry into the village; the carriage occupied by the two young ladies was surrounded by sportsmen and a crowd of peasants collected from all parts; and this picturesque *cortège* proceeded to the château under salvos fired by the gamekeepers. Then came the music of the Gipsies, and with a serenade terminated this memorable day. The bear was six feet in length. Its skin, when prepared, will make a splendid carpet. As for its flesh, it was given to the Gipsies, who will live upon it for many weeks.

'P.S.—We have eaten the paws of the bear; they were excellent. I send you some of the long hairs of the animal.'

True to his old habit when on this side of the border, Mr. Anstruther Thomson has been keeping himself and his hounds in condition by having a few days in the snow; and as it is not a breach of confidence, they cannot be half so well described as in his own language in a letter to a friend in the Midlands, to whom he sent a fox's brush through the post, possibly the first that ever passed through it, as a Christmas card:—

'Charleton, 23rd December.

'MY DEAR —,

'You asked me for the brush of a Fife fox. I sent it in an envelope yesterday, having had a capital day's sport. I started in a sledge tandem,

\* Counterforts, or, buttresses.

'accompanied by two of my sons, with a saddle on the leader and another under the seat, and drove about seven mile to Wilkieston, where we left our sledges; the boys got on the horses, and the hounds met us. I and my men had the ponies among us. There were about two inches of fresh snow, and the roads a mass of ice. We found in Paradise, a covert of Mr. Whyte-Melville's, and the moment the hounds were in, my son Charlie viewed him over an open place in the covert. There was a tearing scent, and 27½ couples of hounds had three and four rings in concert. I tried to head him, but could not; and he came away close to me (I was on foot), with the hounds 100 yards behind him. The snow was a good deal drifted at the fences, and the ponies could only get along the roads. Fred Whitehall cut along the road, and I ran till I was blown (not far), the hounds running through Denheed Gorse, while I got on a little hill, and saw him away on the other side, going up Drumcerro Craig, the hounds carrying a capital head, and both my men with them. Hastings tied his horse up, and left him for me, and he cut on on foot; he is the best on his legs I have seen, not only stout, but very fast. We got up to Lededdy Covert, and found the hounds running hard, going round the covert a dozen times or more, and at last they killed their fox handsomely. They ran the best part of an hour, with the best scent I have seen this season. At 2.5, we cut down to Magus Moor, and found directly. I did not see the fox; but the hounds came past me like a whirlwind, making the snow fly off the fir-trees. Fred Whitehall viewed the fox away, and, having a pony, set sail after them. I was next on foot, Hastings and my boys being at the other end of the covert. The roads were covered with ice, and I looked back in hopes of getting a pony, as I was nearly used up, when down I went on my back on the ice. Tom came up presently and gave me his arm, and we blundered on. At the end of the park at Mr. Melville's, I heard Fred halloo, "who-whoop!" and found they had run into their second fox without a check. We got the head and brush; the rest was eaten. Made our way back to the sledge, changed our wet clothes (there was so much snow on the trees that we were wet to the skin), and got home just in time for dinner.'

'New Year's Day.

'I have been out to-day, but the snow beat me, the drifts in places up to my waist. We found lots of foxes, and I saw three myself; but the wind was very high, and I could not get the hounds to settle. Last Monday had a capital day; ran a hare to ground, and killed one after an hour's run.'

From the Pytchley we hear that Lord Spencer, who, like Mr. Anstruther Thomson, is not deterred, as we hinted last month, by hard weather, was able to get to work again on the 4th. It is satisfactory to hear also that the new huntsman, Goodall, is doing his duty admirably. He reminds many of the Pytchley men of his father in his manner with hounds; treats them as animals gifted with the extraordinary intelligence foxhounds possess should be treated, and, consequently, he has completely gained their affections, and it is a pleasure, our informant says, to see him in the field with them. This is a great contrast to the state of things that prevailed under a former régime, and the change is appreciated. Goodall is a first-rate huntsman also, and therefore always with his hounds.

We give with pleasure a few extracts from the journal of a good Pytchley man:—11th. Found at Blow Hill; ran by Harrowden, Orlingbury, nearly to Gibb, and raced into him. A good thirty-five minutes. Had a good hunting run in the afternoon.—13th. Met at Misterton; found in Thornborough Spinnies; went away over the brook, leaving Gilmorton on the right, up to

Bitteswell, on by Ashby to Dunton, to ground. Came back to Misterton; found in the gorse; came away at a rare pace to Shawell Wood, through the bottom end, on by Cotesback to Coton, where we lost him.—15th. Clipston Windmill: found a fox in Alford Thorns; went away through Marston Wood to Sibbertoft, on through Hothorpe Hills to Theddingworth, and killed him. Found second fox in Sulby gorse, went away over the road down to Theddingworth; leaving that on the right, they ran parallel with the railway up to Bosworth, and on nearly to Kilworth; then bending to the right, took a wide ring into Bosworth gorse, got up to him and went away at a much improved pace, leaving John Ball on the right, by Knaptoft, Walton, North Kilworth, and run into him in the open, near Welford. Time, one hour and a half; the last forty minutes very fast.—16th. Badby Wood: took a fox a ring round Everdon and back to the wood, out at the top end, over the Barnbury road, and then as hard as ever they could go to Staverton, and killed him close to the house. Time, one hour. Killed a short-running fox from Staverton Wood; then went to Braunston gorse, and had a first-rate hunting run, going by Bragborough, Welton, Thorpe, back again to Bragborough, on by Ashby St. Legers, leaving Watford village on the right, to ground near Murrcott. Time, two and a quarter hours. A most enjoyable run. Hounds ran hard on the grass, but had to feel for it on the plough. The select few at the finish bore ample testimony to the severity of the country.—18th. Sywell Wood: found at once, and went away through Hardwicke Wood to Wilmer Park, by Young's covert, through Blow Hill, by Finedon and Isham to Barton Segrave, on to Cranford, leaving Cranford Wood one field on the left, to Woodford, then by Slipton back to Cranford, and killed him on the road between Cranford and Barton; a right good hunting run, twelve miles as the crow flies. Nothing but the determination and patience of the hounds and their huntsman killed this gallant fox, and it is no mean achievement to handle an old woodland fox at the end of two hours and a half.—20th. A very large field met Lord Spencer at Watford, had a capital gallop from Lord Henley's gorse, going by Crick village to ground near West Haddon. Twenty-five minutes. Had a long drag afterwards with a fox from Vanderplank's, and lost him. Went on to the Hemphoe, got away with a fox at once towards Kilworth, but could do nothing with him. Those gentlemen who say the Pytchley Wednesdays are spoilt by the crowd would have felt easy in their minds at this time in the afternoon, as we left Lord Spencer and Mr. Craven going on to draw the old covert at South Kilworth. We heard they found and run up to Walcot, and stopped the hounds at dark.—23rd. Saw a return of snow and frost, but it was all right by 11.30, and we had a capital gallop from Tallyho, going by Hazelbeech through Maidwell dales, leaving Berrydale on the left, over Hopping Hill nearly to Blue covert, leaving that on the right, on to Sunderland Wood.

By-the-way, the men who hunt with this pack, and they are gallant gentlemen, as a rule not insensible to feminine charms, were much exercised one day in the early part of last month, when the hounds met at Lilbourne—and they had a fast thing from Crick over no end of big fences, all requiring a deal of doing—by the appearance of a lady among the field who was a complete stranger to every one. She was—we have the authority of a distinguished member of the hunt for the expression—'a remarkably crummy woman,' and as she was very well mounted and always in front, she excited a considerable amount of attention. 'Who is she?' said everybody; and a gallant 'Driver,' who is popularly supposed to have an extensive acquaintance among ladies, 'crummy' or otherwise, was appealed to. But the 'Driver,' while expressing

the highest and warmest admiration for the plump party, professed himself unable to give any information, nor could the wisdom of 'Æsop' solve the riddle. She appeared to be on rather more intimate terms with her groom than suited the blood of Vere de Vere, and there was a something about her that forbade the idea that she had relations among the upper ten. A savour of the South Bank, the slightest suspicion of the Fulham Road, lingered in the shape of her hat and the set of her well-cut habit; but all this did not prevent her being the leading topic of conversation at more than one dinner-table, and when, two days afterwards, she appeared at Brockhall on a very knowing old chestnut, curiosity culminated. A well-known dealer was seen to speak to her, and then the sportsmen felt relieved. They would know now who she was, and the diplomatist of the party was commissioned to ascertain. Approaching the gentleman in question, he, in his most insinuating manner, said, 'Pray tell us who is that lady who went so well last Wednesday from Crick? I think I have seen her with the Queen's.' 'You have,' was the reply; 'she comes from London, and her name is Rogers.'

The Bicester had a capital gallop from Griffin's Gorse on the 9th, going by Priors Marston and Hebdon up to Bedly Wood, about 30 minutes, very fast. The Master had the best of it, and we hear it would take a better scenting day than they have had this season for hounds to get far away from him. Lord Valentie promises to rank high among the few (both professionals and amateurs) who can be called *huntsmen*.

Captain Arthur Holme Sumner has been showing rare sport since the departure of the frost and snow from the Cotswold Hills; indeed, he was heard to say that out of the last nine days, from the date of our correspondent's notes, eight had been good ones. Monday and Wednesday, the 11th and the 13th of January last, saw such runs as do not occur often, and therefore deserve a place in the 'Van.' A large field, over 250, met at Rowel Gate on the 11th. The wind was in the south, and, although the weather was too muggy for seeing far, it was evident that it was a good scenting day, from the alacrity with which the bitch pack began operations when they were run through the small coverts on the way to the New Gorse, which has provided the best runs in the country. Mr. Colquit Goodwin Craven's coverts would have been drawn, but for the fact that they lay in the direction of Squire Dent's preserves, and as this gentleman had been arranging for shooting there, the Master drew the country in the opposite direction. Hawling Lodge plantations and Gazeley held no fox; but as the pack approached the end of the New Gorse a view holloa from Joe, the huntsman's second horseman, proclaimed a fox away, and a regular wild equestrian revel commenced. The fox was a good one, and the hounds, coming out of covert with a view, swept along together with collective energy, 'mute from sheer ecstasy of pace,' for Hazelton Grove. Very few got a good start, and amongst these were Travess (the huntsman), Sir Alexander Ramsay, whose age has not abated his ardour, Mr. John Goodwin the steeplechase rider, Mr. Henry English, Mr. Comely, Mr. R. Lloyd, Mr. Baker of Prescott, and one or two more, all of whom were delighted to see Farmer Hanks of Charlton Abbots among them, riding his miniature hunter, and holding his own. These galloped away after the streaming pack, but without catching them, and behind them came a rushing cavalcade, alternately cursing and apologizing, as long as a comet. At Hazelton Grove there was a welcome check; but the ten minutes' burst over a heavy country had already told a tale on horses short of work. The huntsman's spurs were red, and his com-

panions' nags were all more or less pumped out. Luckily for all, they got twelve minutes time to congregate and get their second wind; for the hounds, having carried the line through the covert and out at the far end, crossed a ploughed ground, and threw up in a turnip field. Seeing some men at the corner of the field pointing and gesticulating, Travess made a forward cast, when up jumped the fox from the turnips, where he had been lying *perdu*, and ran back into the covert. With veritable feminine viciousness, the pack rattled him in full chorus round the covert, forced him out, in full view of the field, at the top, and coming away with a burning scent, raced him through Hazelton village, across the Pusedown road, pointing for Compton Abdale, over an open and level wall country, where you could see the hounds, even if you could not get to them, for half a mile ahead, for by this time they had run out of fog into perfect sunshine. Compton Drain—a culvert a mile long, which has often been an asylum for a beaten fox—was tried by our flying friend; but, luckily, it was stopped, and as the hounds approached, he jumped up in view, and made for the earths to the left. The stopper's care had barred this second city of refuge, and the pack, thirsting for his blood, were close at him, when another fox, which a couple of hounds had brought from Hazelton Grove, unluckily met them, and they rolled him over in double-quick time; while the hunted fox, with his tongue out, his brush drooping, and hardly able to raise a trot, was seen sneaking off across the big fields, going slowly for Compton Grove. Colonel Scott Thompson of the 14th Hussars safely and skilfully piloted a young lady through the run, and they both jumped the last wall with an awkward drop, just as the hounds killed their fox close to them. The gallant officer most justly urged the claims of the fair *débutante* to the brush, and it needs not to be told that the courteous Master, with unanimous approbation, acceded to the request. Getting the inquest over as speedily as possible, with many a sidelong glance in the direction of the holloas which greeted the escaped convict, the Master had the hounds clapped on the line again, and away scored the pack, as fresh as if just out of the kennel, going over the walls like a flowing stream to the mouth of the culvert, which the fox had tried again, on for Stowell Grove, which he left on his right, and straight for Hangman's Stone, when a check in the highway road enabled a straggling field to reach them once more. Anxious to kill his fox, Travess lent too ready an ear to a holloa which turned out to be after a fresh one, and by the time he got back to the point, it was impossible to recover the line; and so, with evident depression of spirits, this energetic and skilful huntsman had to yield to the orders of the Master to give him up. Next to the fox, the pack, the Master, and the huntsman, should come in order of merit Mr. R. S. Johnson, from the Durham country, who has lately been a welcome addition to the field. Riding over eighteen stone, on the best of cattle, he goes in such style as to excite the wonder and admiration of every one. Indeed, the harder hounds run the more he likes it and the better he rides. He never loses his start, and knows how to make good use of it when he has got it.

On the 13th January, the dog pack were brought out at Withington Wood, and another big field gathered. They found in this wood directly, ran the whole length of Chedworth Wood, which adjoins it, and Joe, who had a front seat again to see the fun, holloaed a wiry, tough-looking fox away. The scent was not too good; but the hounds hunted him steadily across the road for Chedworth village, and thence for Calmesden. Near this point the fox had been headed, and, meeting the hounds in a road, got nearly in their

midst ; but saving himself in the tumbling confusion—not without the loss of a bit of fur—he whisked his brush in sheer derision of the pack, which, although racing him in view across the fields, were unable to catch him. Crossing the road at Foss Cross, he brought the pack to their noses, and, improving his advantage, went straight away for Barnsley. The pace was now very good. Only the huntsman, the Master, Mr. H. Humphreys, Mr. W. O. Brigstocke, Mr. J. Philipps, and Mr. R. Chapman, so it is said, managed to keep in the same field with the pack, which drove along over four miles of the pick of the V.W.H. country till they reached Colapen, where the fox was headed, and, retracing his line, went straight back to the wood where he was found. Here the pack got on to a fresh fox, and although they recovered the line, the Master, out of sympathy for the horses, gave this gallant fox another chance. Time, one hour and twenty minutes. Distance, twelve miles.

Old Harry Ayris used to say that Cotswold foxes in his time took a deal of killing. The present breed, to judge from the reports received, have not degenerated. Our parcel from Cheltenham contains, besides the runs we have quoted, several good things from this fashionable locality, for which, we regret to say, we have no space. One we especially grieve to omit—anent a staunch fox, which ran for three hours before six couple and a half of hounds (the pack having divided) from one of Sir Francis Goldsmith's coverts. He tired out even the second horses, reduced the field to four or five, bringing them to a standstill, and eventually made Captain Sumner, despite his pluck and pertinacity, throw up the sponge.

A General Meeting of the Noblemen and Gentlemen Members of the Herts Hunt Club was held at the Great Northern Hotel on January 14th, to receive the resignation of Mr. Gerard Leigh, who, from ill-health, is compelled to give up the Mastership of the Hounds, and to concert measures for the future hunting of the country.

Mr. Delmé Radcliffe was called to the chair, and proceeded to move the first resolution, after a letter had been read by the Secretary, Mr. Prince, from Mr. Leigh announcing his compulsory retirement:—

'That the cordial thanks of this meeting be presented to Mr. Leigh for the manner in which, for eight years, he has hunted the country, together with the assurance of their sincere regret that any circumstances, more especially those of ill-health, should have compelled him to resign the office which he has held to the entire satisfaction of all concerned.'

The Chairman then spoke at some length with his usual fluency, observing that the occasion was one of a most important crisis, necessitating the effort to provide a successor to a Master whose equal they could not expect to find, whose superior they did not desire to seek.

After paying due tribute to the superiority of Mr. Leigh's establishment and to the abilities of his huntsman, Ward, to whose dauntless energy and perseverance in the field, with a pack of hounds second to none, testing his system of kennel, might be attributed an amount of sport of which the county were otherwise incapable. The Chairman concluded with comment upon Mr. Leigh's character as a sportsman and a gentleman, adding that the regret felt for the cause of this meeting was not merely of a selfish nature, but that the retirement of such a man must be felt as a social loss.

Lord Dacre, in seconding the resolution, said that he most cordially concurred in every sentiment with regard to Mr. Leigh which had been so ably expressed by his friend the Chairman.

Two candidates were then brought on the *tapis* as *aspirants* for office. One

in the person of the Earl of Shannon, who has given up his hounds in Ireland ; the other a young sportsman, as yet unknown to fame, one Mr. Platt, hailing from the vicinity of Doncaster.

Lord Shannon, as Viscount Boyle, resided some time in Herts, and has been from boyhood on terms of friendship with the magnates and most influential members of the hunt, and has, moreover, the reputation of a good sportsman. With these advantages, it seemed only a question of *£. s. d.* as to the choice ; but there are few undertakings to which the *de quoi* is more essential than that of the Mastership of the Hertfordshire. Lord Dacre stated that no man could expect to do it under 3,000*l.* a year, and must be prepared to spend 1,000*l.* in addition to the subscription—an estimate confirmed by the Chairman. Lord Dacre's predecessor in office, who said that during his reign, from 1834 to the end of season 1839, he had spent no less than 5,000*l.* on the establishment, although at that time horses were at half their present prices. Very handsome testimonials were read as to the qualifications of Mr. Platt for office. The young gentleman, having come up for the purpose, was introduced to the meeting, and created a very favourable impression, no less by his diffidence and readiness, if elected, to be guided by the wishes and advice of those entitled to his deference than by the great liberality with which he proposed to devote his own substance to all exigencies. In event of his being chosen he intended to bring up his horses, and hunt with the Herts till the end of this season, to make acquaintance with the country and constituency.

A Committee was then formed to take into due consideration the claims alike of the Irish noble and the Yorkshire commoner. We can only say, '*Adhuc sub judice lis est*,' because our bill of lading will be full, and 'Our Van' despatched before the handling of a matter of no little delicacy can be brought to a conclusion. Let us hope that, upon whomsoever the mantle of Mr. Leigh may descend, it may be on one capable of maintaining the *prestige* of one of the best packs and one of the most popular hunts in the kingdom.

Lord Radnor had an excellent run on the first open day after the frost. It was, as it were, a bye-day, and the meet at Bowlesbury had not been advertised, and was therefore scantily attended by hunting men, and Messrs. Bouverie, Trefonwell, and a few others staying at Longford Castle were the only persons who put in an appearance beyond the usual complement of farmers. The large covert of Martin Wood was first drawn, and intelligence being given that a fox had slunk away before the hounds were thrown in, they were caught up and laid on the line. They carried it smartly enough for a few fields and then dropped to cold hunting, with an occasional flash over the down ground and across the Salisbury and Blandford road. The scent, however, died away, with their fox a quarter of an hour ahead, and, as they were out of Lord Radnor's country, they gave it up, and trotted back to Martin Wood. It was late in the day, and as they were steadily drawing this large covert a fox was tally'd away on the farther side of the wood. They were quickly on his line upon the best of terms, and, as it often occurs with a two-o'clock fox, the scent had changed from being indifferent to one breast high. They went away at score to Partridge Hill, and when they had reached the top of the hill not a man was with them. The field had calculated upon the fox dwelling for a moment in the strong gorse near the summit, which would have given them a happy nick, with a pull and a chance of second wind ; but not so, he went straight through, and the hounds were then seen fields ahead, running away towards Pentridge, up and down the steep slopes near that village, and then right away over the open down, crossing the

big dyke, Ackland Ditch, on and away for Martin village. A few farmers were just able to keep the hounds in sight on the high ridge at Pentridge, but as it was a perfect race and were withal straight, the second burst had the effect of distancing the field. However, the country being grandly open, the foremost men could just make out the turn of the hounds. Streaming away, and with all the fun to themselves, they made a turn at Backbourne in favour of the field, but the pace being a flying one, the horses never could get placed, and the hounds again turned away, going straight for Bratch. Up to this point they had been going with their heads up, and racing for forty-five minutes, and the distance a good nine miles. Here they began to stoop for the line, and carried it on to Beveridge Park, where at last the discomfitted field put in a late appearance. It was getting darker and darker; and as the night was closing, and not a horse able to trot, the hounds were stopped, and this good fox was left for another day.

The South Devon Hounds had a sharp and clever run on Monday, the 18th. The meet was at Lyndridge Park; the day foggy, but warm. On being thrown into Kingwood, the hounds were on their fox instantly with a burning scent, and, running the covert from end to end, they brought him away, breaking covert with a capital head and with a crash to make the welkin ring. They chased him throughout the length of Lyndridge Park, going over the lower part of UMBER MOOR towards New Farm, where he was headed and crossed back, taking the line to the Luton Vale, skirting Ideford, and turning again to Great Haldon Hill, there chased by a sheepdog he made for Mamhead Park, the seat of Sir Lydstone Newman, where he went to ground in view of the hounds. Time, thirty-seven minutes, and the distance from point to point, otherwise the crow-line, over five miles; and if, according to the dictum of Beckford and Nimrod, which has been proved by results, that in a nominally straight run hounds go over a third more than the crow-line, the chase must have been about eight miles, which was sharp. The day was extremely foggy, and in the primary burst the hounds in that desperate country went right away from the field, nor would they have seen anything more had it not been for the turn to the Luton Vale, and they were luckily let in on Great Heldon. The hounds spoke well throughout, which was a happy attribute in a dark and hazy chase. It is needless to say that they have a strong strain of the Portsmouth blood. In coming out of Kingwood coverts to Lyndridge, Captain Keating faced a huge-shouldered Devonshire gate on his little horse Tom, and again took the Wybrook Park wall, which is mortar built, the horse giving an Irish tap with his hind fork. Tom is under fifteen hands, bred on Exmoor, pedigree unknown, and has carried Captain Keating, riding fourteen stone, nine seasons. He has both pace and stay, and was bought at Newton Abbot for less than 25*l*.

Mr. Deacon, with the H.H., has been having some very good sport since the frost. One run in particular is worth recording; it was on Tuesday, January 12. The hounds met at Tichborne Down, and found in Sutton Scrubs directly. They went about two fields, then checked for about three minutes, when Mr. Deacon took them to a halloo, and from that time till they killed they never stopped. They went between Hookhams and Sutton Scrubs over the open, straight through Cheriton Wood, without dwelling an instant, to Old Park, then over the fine large fields on Mr. Judd's farm, crossed the Chesford and Alton turnpike road, then, leaving Kopley Station a little on the right, skirted Sutton Wood, and bearing on the left, run direct for Alresford Pond, on the edge of which they pulled him down. Time, from the hounds first



opening, one hour and ten minutes ; but from the halloo, fifty-nine minutes. It was a fine run, almost all in the open, fast enough for all horses, and a little too fast for many of them. Many went well, but nobody before Mr. Deacon. The Hambledon have also been doing well, having had some good runs on the Sussex side of the country ; and they had a very nice hunting run from the Southampton side of the country at Allington on Wednesday, January 13 ; drew two or three coverts blank, and then found in Highwood, run round Hogwood and Highwood a second time, when the fox put his head straight over the meadows by the Peat Ponds, over the Bishopstoke and Fair Oak road into Stoke Park. Up to this point a very select few saw it ; for the banks and ditches, full of water, and the Arlington Brook had to be done. This part of the country wants some doing. He went from Stoke Park nearly to Lord's Wood, when he turned to the right, and was run into in a meadow near the village of Bambridge. Time, one hour and twenty minutes.

The Hursley have had most brilliant sport since the frost ; every day a run, and a good one. On Monday, January 18, they met at Luzborough Pond, when Dr. Hearne and Mr. Orred had quite the best of it over a most deep and strong fencing country, and they both declare it was the best run they ever saw in Hampshire.

There has been a succession of excellent sport in the New Forest since the frost went, and notably one day in particular, which has been a good deal talked about, and will probably prove the run of the season. On Saturday, the 16th, they found in one of Lord Henry Scott's woods at Beaulieu, and came away all over the best part of the forest, and killed on the bank of the Southampton Water, near Eling. The second whip waded down in hope of securing some remnant of the fox, and narrowly escaped drowning in the mud. A seven-miles' point ; fifty minutes, and a race all the way. Rumour has it that Royal and Ducal packs will be seen in the New Forest in the spring ; but as time draws on we shall learn more of Sir Reginald Graham's programme for the merry month of April.

The following appended run with the York and Ainsty ought to be chronicled :—Hawkhills, January 11th. Found at once in the wood near the house, run him towards Easingwold for fifteen minutes, and killed him. Found again in Stillington Covert, run him back to Hawk Hills, away in thick fog towards Huby, left the whin on the right, on to nearly Sutton whin, which we left one field on the right, over the Foss River, pointing for Strensall, turned north for the hills after crossing the Foss, and never turned his head until he was killed in Swarth Gill, near Hovingham Park ; hounds never cast or spoken to from start to finish, and killed their fox without any assistance whatever ; every hound at the finish. The Master and his men and about six others only saw the run, the field being thrown out owing to the fog, which was very thick.

The York and Ainsty have been having excellent sport since the frost, and Colonel Fairfax has proved himself a better huntsman than common. He turns his men out in a business-like manner, but people think he ought to be better mounted himself. He goes home too soon to please his field and the farmers ; but as the days get longer, perhaps his days will get longer too. Sir George Wombwell has, we are happy to say, recovered from his attack of typhoid, and arrived at York with a large stud of horses. He was never better mounted, we hear, Amos Clarke and Real Steel being the two best. York is dull this season, and there are many absentees ; but Mr. Rudston Read, Mr. Bateman, Captains Starkey, Dent, and Preston, Colonel Womb-

well, Mr. and Mrs. Clayton, and Mr. Prescott hunt regularly, and are faithful among the faithless to 'the ancient city.'

We hear wonderful good accounts of the Duke of Grafton's (the noble Master is, to the regret of every one hunting, abroad,) and Baron Rothschild's. The former packs have had a succession of good Fridays, and on one of them (the 15th of last month) much amusement was caused by some 'gap-jumpers' venturing to instruct Frank Beers as to the whereabouts of the fox during a check—presumption which brought its own punishment. 'Fox gone on, Frank,' kindly said gap-jumper No. 1—a piece of intelligence confirmed by gap-jumper No. 2, and which Frank, who, we need scarcely say, knew very well where the fox was, received in grim silence. In another minute the fox jumped up out of a drain, almost under the nose of one of the kind informants, who, if they both did not collapse, ought to have done.

Lord Wolverton's bloodhounds have now become an institution in the South-west, and justly so from the sport they have shown during the last three years, particularly since the noble Master has carried the horn himself. We cannot all, however, travel four hours by railway to hunt with these magnificent hounds, and the next best thing is to drop into Mr. Goddard's studio, 102, New Bond Street, for inspection of a picture he is completing, the sight of which is almost as inspiring as a gallop over the downs with the pack itself. It represents some ten or twelve couple of these noble animals, fully life-size, dashing for the scent of their deer; and its conception is so spirited, its treatment so skilful, that as you stand and look, the deep-mouthed music seems to ring in your very ears, and thrill in the nape of your neck. The grand shapes, the rich colouring, the lashing length of frame and sweep of stride are depicted to the life, and the peculiar stoop and swing with which the bloodhound seems, as it were, to carry the scent along with him have been caught at the happy moment and embodied on the canvas, in a style that marks the observant eye of the sportsman no less than the delicate touch of the true artist. Mr. Goddard's picture is an extraordinary success; and we can fully sympathise with a friend of ours, an enthusiast of the chase, who, after staring at it in silence for a good ten minutes, exclaimed, with perfect sincerity and good faith, 'I wish I had a second horse out! It's going to be the best run we have had the whole season!'

The Waterloo Cup appears of a far more open character than usual; but speculation on the Dog Derby has taken anything but a wide range. This in some measure is to be accounted for by the extraordinary long shots laid last year, both at the draw and after the first day's running against the winner, Magnano, and runner up, Surprise. The public this season are holding back their investments, evidently with the idea that they will do better by having a little patience; and no doubt they are right, for only some half dozen nominations have been backed for money. The favourite, at the time of writing, is Fugitive, a second-season dog, the property of Mr. W. Forster, who run third for the Cup last year. That people are proud to take a sensation price, 10 to 1, about Fugitive's reputed nomination, Mr. R. Hyslop, is a fact; but the dog should not be classed with such greyhounds as Master McGrath or Bob at the Bowster, and we shall expect to hear of him being led and beaten pretty early in the contest. Mr. Pilkington's name since the clever victory of his dog Palmer at Altcar has been very firm in the market. This puppy has won ten courses, and as yet is unbeaten. Palmer is very clever, goes a fair pace, and, if he keeps well, will give a good account of himself.

Our Irish friends will have a smart representative at Altcar in Honeymoon, who runs for her owner, Mr. Forde Hutchinson. This bitch won the Brownlow Cup at Lurgan in October last. She has been doing well since, and her party are very sweet on her chance. The Earl of Haddington had been running very well this season up to the Altcar Club Meeting, when his dogs were all out of form. We expect to see his Lordship play a conspicuous part in the great struggle, for there are two or three rattling good greyhounds in the kennel, and the best on the day will take some beating.

Mr. Gibson's nomination, it is expected, will be filled by Mr. A. Smith's Sirius, who ran up to Haddo at Lurgan, and since then divided the Newmarket Champion Stakes. That Sirius is a fair good greyhound his performance proves, but he is far from a wonder; and should Mr. R. Jardine run Progress, we should much prefer her chance to that of Smuggler's son. Progress, if well, will take a vast deal of beating; but having been amiss, we doubt her being quite fit in time.

Two popular coursers, Messrs. Hornby and Briggs, have had distemper fire in their kennels, and Haddo, once a prominent favourite, the property of the first-named gentleman, has been nearly at death's door. Mr. Carruthers intends running Riot Act, and Mr. D. Jones is wonderfully sweet on his old dog Barnby. An outside nomination, held in the greatest respect in the North, is that of Mr. J. Irving's, who will run one of his Indians. Mr. G. Musgrove's Darcrolle is said to have wonderfully improved since last year. It will be recollected this dog led Surprise two or three lengths, and whatever nomination he represents will see a short price.

A correspondent has sent us an old racing reminiscence of the late Mr. Charles Greville that may perhaps be interesting. We give it in our correspondent's own words:—

'I recollect, after the Oaks of 1835, when the hitherto-unbeaten Preserve was second to the Queen of Trumps, that Mr. Greville was in a great rage with the result of the race and with his jockey. "It's a mistake," he said; "my mare could not have been fairly beaten by a d——d Welsh mare, trained by a fat Welsh parson, and ridden by a d——d ugly little Yorkshireman; "it's a mistake; the Leger will set it all right," &c. &c. The Leger certainly did set it all right, for Preserve was beaten many lengths, and her owner was satisfied that the Queen was the best three-year-old of her year. Had she started for the Derby, she would have won it in a common canter. She belonged to the present Lord Mostyn; the "Welsh parson" (who did *not* train her) was his uncle and rector of Christleton, near Chester, the Rev. Griffiths Lloyd, whose brother-in-law, Sir Thomas Mostyn, bred her. She was never beaten, I think, except at Doncaster, when she swerved (being crossed by a dog) and nearly fell. It was said at the time that Mr. Greville and the Newmarket people lost large sums, both on the Oaks and the Leger.'

The world is certainly not tired yet of 'Greville's Journals,' and the appearance of the new number of the 'Quarterly' has given an additional zest to that highly-spiced banquet. The reviewer, in our humble opinion, shows himself quite as scandalous and fond of gossip as the reviewed, and he has not approached his task in the most fitting temper, nor has he taken care to be accurate in his assertions. In his inexcusable ignorance of French history, Mr. Hayward finds fault with 'Greville,' as he calls him (what would the Clerk of the Council have said to that impertinence?) for stating, and Mr. Reeve for mentioning the statement, that Louis Philippe was a descendant

of Louis XIV. He lays down a law, never heard of out of the servants' hall, that a king's mistress who retains her position in society should not be called a king's mistress. This reminds us of Ingoldsby, and we would direct Mr. Hayward's attention to that chronicler :—

'While Louis Quatorze kept about him in scores  
What the *noblesse* in courtesy termed his Jane Shores—  
They were called by a much coarser name out of doors.'

Granted that Mr. Greville was an ill-natured and ill-conditioned man, who affected extreme political and moral purity, and was occasionally rendered stone-blind by prejudice, he has yet left behind him a most interesting work giving us much valuable information upon the political and social history of his time. We are foes to scandal and slander, but history is history ; and if, as Moore says,

'Some names will live but in history's curse,'

so much the worse for them, say we. There is much in the journals doubtless that ought to have been omitted ; and the story about Lady Burghersh, though probably meant as an idle joke, need never have been published. Apropos of this story, history, with a slight difference, repeats itself. Within the last two or three years a near relative of that noble lady detected a forgery, which, but for having been discovered by a judicious and good-hearted man, would have, to use Mr. Greville's phrase about Knighton, seriously 'annoyed' a noble family having a rising statesman as its head. The Clerk of the Council certainly made some very curious mistakes in his estimate of men and things. He has always a sneer for William IV., and adopts the saying, 'What can you expect from a man with a head like a pine-apple?' We should have expected much more from him, and in the hour of danger should have much preferred him to Louis Philippe, 'the man with a head like a pear,' whose 'undoubted courage' made such an impression on Mr. Greville, for we feel quite sure that the simple Jack Tar, who is so untruly called 'something of a blackguard and something more of a buffoon,' would, with the hereditary courage of his race, never have surrendered his rights or deserted the party of order in 1848 if he had had the misfortune to be then King of France. Mr. Greville never misses a fling at the Turf, where he was rated at his proper value. He slanders Brougham, says Palmerston was 'unpopular' (!), and Canning not straightforward. This is pretty well for a gentleman whose guide, philosopher, and friend was, after years of suspicion, beginning, we believe, in the Duke of York's lifetime, convicted of cheating at cards, and cheating at cards in the reign of William IV. had not come to be a venial sin ; indeed, in those days its commission was likely to lead to the house of bondage, though by no means to the land of Egypt.

We are informed that a well-known man in London society, who some few months since left his clubs and country presumably for their good, has turned up at Cairo, where he has received a good appointment as Secretary to the Khedive's War Minister ; a most happy choice. A rumour also reaches us, for the accuracy of which, however, we do not vouch, that the Khedive is forming a racing-stud, and has secured the services of Mr. T. Stevens, jun., as trainer, and Wyatt as his first jockey. Clearly things are looking up in Egypt.

It is a pleasure to be appreciated. No one of our readers, we feel sure, will grudge us the satisfaction of knowing that in far-off Ind, as well as in other

portions of that dominion on which the sun, &c. &c., the green covers of 'Baily' are eagerly looked for. At the risk of being considered blowers of our own trumpet, we may be allowed, perhaps, to notice a kind communication from a regiment of good fellows stationed somewhere on the Nielgherry hills, and which a late mail brought to Cornhill. It appears that they had had some trouble in their reading-room, and a reorganisation being in progress, the subject of what periodicals had been ordered cropped up one evening in the smoking-room. To the earnest inquiry of the Colonel, 'if it was quite certain "Baily" had been ordered?' the reply of a gallant Irishman, son of an old M.F.H., and well known when the 44th lay at the Curragh, was to the effect that he had seen the order given, and that 'we should have *him* here in 'three weeks.' 'By George,' said the Colonel, 'that's a blessing!' The chaplain of the depôt, who was pulling away at a big Trinchinopoly, roused himself on this. Of the ritualistic order, but none the worse for that—a good man all round and much cared for—he entered a protest against the word. 'Well, hardly "a blessing," is it, Colonel? Pleasant as "Baily" may be to 'you all, I would hardly use the word "blessing."' (Great shouts all round.)

There never will be a lack of good and true stories relating to Devonshire parsons; but the 'Van' would have difficulty in containing a better one than that of the Rev. Joe Jeykell, to which he owned; indeed, his sporting neighbour of hunting fame can vouch for its truth. Out shooting one September, he told his companion that he must leave him just for a short hour, to wed a happy pair at Hawkridge Church. Precisely at half-past eleven the parson met them, but he had fired a long shot after leaving his friend, and the result was in his pocket. Half through the service, a great noise and flapping were heard, and from the officiator's coat tumbled a partridge, which, pitching just inside the altar rails, scimmaged through them, made a sort of semi-fly, and dropped some half dozen yards off. The consternation of the actors in the real scene was somewhat modified by the zealous clerk's comforting assurance: 'Do'ant 'e mind, Muster Jeykell, I've marked 'un down up to t' Squire's 'pew.'

The K.C.B. referred to last month took his aide-de-camp to a certain pier to receive some illustrious foreign personages on a recent visit to our beloved Sovereign. In full fig the two local representatives of our forces stalked through the centre gate—tramway road it might be called—and the following conversation took place:—'Holloa! tuppince.' '*What! We pay?*' 'Yes, 'here's tuppince change, if you're worth a tizzy.' 'Well, I'll take precious 'good care that my band never plays on this place any more,' said the offended, 'though dignified, General, while the aide-de-camp looked unutterable things. 'Oh, begs parding; didn't know as you was the *bandmaster*. You two may 'go free.' Surely, if we've done away with purchase, this experience was dearly bought.

Everybody is familiar with the 'Not Caught yet' of Landseer. A representation of this was sent to a friend of the 'Van' driver's in still-life, fox, rabbit, and accessories accurately represented. The little boy who spoke of his brother's wooden horse as not good enough about the tail to take to heaven

inquired 'whether the fox was alive?' 'No, dead—stuffed.' 'Then what's the good of feeding him with that rabbit?' was the smart reply.

Another little boy asked his brother if he thought he would like to go to heaven? 'Yes, of course,' was the answer given. 'Well, I'm not so sure about it. Did you hear what old Robinson read this morning?' 'No.' 'Why, "Heaven and earth shall pass away," and of course we should have to go too.'

Mr. —, the now Reverend —, one of the most harum-scarum fellows and best riders to hounds ever known to have been at Dublin College—having many years ago been ignominiously plucked seven times—succeeded to a large fortune left by an uncle on condition that he took orders and entered upon a family living. It was suggested to the examiners, that if rid of his disorders they might just for once let him through, hoping, by his large means, to induce him to benefit the Church militantly pecuniarily, if not by precept. He attended for the eighth time, and was asked by a Don, standing with his back to the fire, 'Pray, sir, who was the first king of the Jews?' 'Saul, sir.' (He had of course been forewarned of the coming question.) 'You may go, sir; the examiners are satisfied with your knowledge of theology.' Leaving the room, he held the door in his hand, and suddenly fancying that he had not told the examiner half he knew, he put his head back into the apartment and exclaimed, 'I omitted to tell you, gentlemen, that he was afterwards called Paul.'

The split between Count de Lagrange and his excellent trainer, Tom Jennings, has occasioned, of course, much talk and speculation. We regret it, but, as the separation has occurred, can only rejoice that the Count has appointed such an able and trustworthy man as William Arnall to be Jennings' successor.

During the time that Messrs. Sankey and Moody, the American revivalists, were in Dublin, where, by-the-way, they had immense congregations, and the soldiers attended the services in large numbers, they were waited on one morning by two gentlemen, a deputation from certain sceptics in the city, who sought to interview the two Americans, with the secret, if not avowed, hope of getting a 'rise' out of them. But the new evangelists were equal to the occasion, and most effectually turned the tables on the scoffers. To a sneering remark of one of the latter that no doubt Messrs. Sankey and Moody 'professed to work miracles,' the reply was, 'No; but we can cast out devils;' and, taking the gentlemen by what is popularly termed the 'scruff' of their necks, ejected them from the room. Such an exhibition of muscular Christianity would have delighted poor Charles Kingsley.

We mentioned in our last 'Van' that the second volume of the 'Kennel Stud Book' was about to appear, and it is now before us. That Mr. Tongue ('Cecil') is its editor is a sufficient guarantee of its correctness, and it will, by supplying information that has hitherto been unattainable, be invaluable to every M.F.H. We cannot doubt that the work will meet with that support which will warrant the appearance of a new volume every two or three years.

It is always pleasant to meet Mr. Egerton Warburton in print as elsewhere.

In a little poem just published by Pickering, 'A Looking-Glass for Landlords,' Mr. Warburton holds up a mirror for those

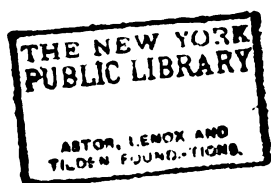
'Who counsel lately to the Labourer gave,'

in which to see themselves. In well-turned rhymes he pleads the cause of the poor man, more especially as regards the cottage accommodation that should be provided by good landlords, and puts in an earnest plea for the preservation of old mansions, and exposes the 'scamping' work of some modern builders. The whole poem is pastoral, and to 'live and let live' is the moral inculcated.

In our obituary for January we omitted to notice the decease of Mr. Robert C. Clarke of Noblethorpe, Yorkshire, who died at Torquay, on the 10th of December, at the early age of thirty-six. A well-known member of the Badsworth Hunt, he had a fall with these hounds some three years ago, which brought on paralysis, and resulted in the sad ending we have just described. For years he and his wife were well-known faces at the covert-side, and he will be much missed by a large circle of friends, to whom he was endeared by his kind heart and genial manners.

We hear good accounts of the West of England Stud Company located at Alvesdiston, eleven miles from Salisbury, which, though now in a small way, bids fair to increase and grow into a large and paying concern. At present the company, in which Lord Durham, Lord Wolverton, Lord Folkestone, Sir Tatton Sykes, Mr. Bennett Stanford, &c., hold shares, has only fifteen mares and one sire, Camerino; but it is their intention to increase the stud to forty-five mares and three stallions. The Prince de Visme, who resides at Alvesdiston, gives it his undivided attention, and the situation is most desirable, being well sheltered by hills, while the stabling and belongings, ventilation, drainage, &c., are faultless. The services of Mr. Martin, formerly with the Rowcliffe, have been secured as manager; and we wish the new undertaking every success.

We are glad to say that Alfred Hedges, the worthy huntsman of the Puckeridge, has been quite re-couped his loss from the defalcations of a firm of rascally brokers to whom he had intrusted his hard-earned savings to invest, but not one penny beyond his loss would he receive from the public, for he has sent ten pounds to the Hunt Servants' Benefit Society, which he was one of the very first to join, thereby now making himself a *very* honorary member, and he has sent three or four 'fivers' to old fellow-servants who have come to grief. Such generous conduct deserves to be recorded, and we hope that a great many ladies and gentlemen who have health and strength to hunt, whose names are 'conspicuous by their absence' on the list of subscribers to this excellent society, will follow honest Alfred Hedges' lead.







*Wm. B. Harvey*

# BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

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SIR R. BATESON HARVEY, BART., M.P.

THERE are, we know, terms that accrue in speaking of individuals and things until they become irrevocably united. That lords should be noble, lawyers learned, and ladies fair is almost in the nature of things. But of late years a term has cropped up in reference to the possessors of that 'sixth degree of hereditary dignity' which King Jamie founded, and it is now almost part and parcel of the title. Baronets are 'popular.'

And certainly the phenomenon, though often perhaps inappropriate, is a happy one as applied to the subject of our present sketch. Sir Robert Harvey, the son of the late Mr. R. Harvey of Langley Park, near Slough, was born in 1825, educated at Eton and Christ Church, and from the time he attained to man's estate has been attached to sport and pastime in nearly all their branches. For nearly thirty years Sir Robert Harvey, who was created a Baronet in 1868, has held shootings in various parts of Scotland, and for the last seven in Ross-shire, where his forest boasts some of the stiffest walking known. He is a very keen deerstalker and a very good rifle shot, though he is equally at home with the smooth bore, and is extremely bad to beat at rabbits. The gentle art has a votary in him too, and many a big salmon has he landed north of the Tweed. Of late years Sir Robert Harvey has kept a few horses, chiefly steeplechasers, and the scarlet jacket is well known across many a country. It was looked for with much hopeful expectation last year at Bristol, when Mr. Crawshaw was on Vintner, and though victory was snatched from him when it looked within his grasp, we hope we may yet see that accomplished horseman carry Sir Robert's colours in the van. The public, as we write, are booking Vintner both for the Liverpool and the big steeplechase at Bristol. The horse is also entered for the principal event at Sandown Park, and the success of his owner for whichever race he elects to run him would be hailed with acclamation.

But it is as a Master of Harriers that Sir Robert Harvey is best known to the sporting world. When, in 1869, the Prince of Wales gave up his harriers, it is probable that if Sir Robert had not come forward and purchased them, the pack would have been lost to the

country. He bought them at Tattersall's; but H.R.H., with the princely liberality that is his characteristic, returned Sir Robert the cheque, and through him presented the pack to the country over which they hunted. No more popular Master could have been found. It is Sir Robert's boast that not only has he not lost an acre of the country originally hunted by royalty, but that he has been able, through the continued kindness of the landowners and occupiers, to add to it to a considerable extent, the new ground lying chiefly between Maidenhead and Cookham. The meets are in four different counties, Bucks, Berks, Middlesex, and Surrey; the hunting days Tuesdays and Fridays, but occasionally there is a bye, and sometimes a deer is enlarged. The pack is as popular as the Master, and that is saying much. With the farmers Sir Robert is a wonderful favourite, and on two occasions has received testimonials, the last being on the occasion of his marriage, when he was presented with a very handsome punchbowl, and Lady Harvey with a gold chain.

Sir Robert, who is a D.L. and J.P. for Bucks, is a colleague with Mr. Disraeli in the representation of his native county, for which he was first elected in 1864. He has been twice married, his present wife being a daughter of Sir John and Lady Elizabeth Pringle, and he has a son and heir, born in 1856.

### RACERS AND CHASERS.

IN a Session which holds out such promise of domestic legislation, and presents so many opportunities for what may not irreverently be termed 'fancy' questions, it is to be hoped that Mr. Chaplin's impending motion on the subject of our Horse Supply may result in something more substantial than the desultory and languid debates too often following upon the introduction of such topics. Nothing as yet has come of that gigantic Blue 'Book of the Horse,' compounded of the vast mass of evidence taken before the Committee of which Lord Rosebery was the instigator and director. Let us hope that in the interim the crude juices and contending flavours of the various ingredients may have become so harmonised and blended as to be more easy of digestion than when first submitted to our taste, and that so much valuable testimony may not be suffered to 'rust unburnished' against a day when it will most assuredly be required. The difficulties presented by the existing aspect of the question of our Horse Supply must be grappled with sooner or later; and to defer its consideration is only to find our ultimate extrication more doubtful. We have been reminded by advocates of National Studs, such as have been established for the public benefit in Austria, Prussia, and Russia, that to this complexion of affairs we in England must come at last, and that, after all, it is merely a question of money. Any anticipations, however, of the many remedies likely to be suggested in Parliament must be premature and unnecessary,

now that the whole subject is likely to undergo a thorough ventilation; and we merely introduce it as a preface to some few remarks we have been induced to make on the present position and prospects of Steeplechasing, considered with reference to the animals taking part in this branch of sport, so rapidly increasing both in importance and popularity.

Indeed at this present time the 'jumping business,' which was once looked upon as a mere interlude during the racing recess, has assumed such proportions as almost to menace the position of its sister sport. The added money to important cross-country events has lately been forthcoming, on behalf of managers and clerks of courses, to an amount which would have been deemed fabulous in the days of Lottery and Abd-el-Kader. The Sandown Park authorities are determined to 'surpass everything hitherto attempted,' with the view of attracting the very cream of cross-country horses to their new domain at Esher. 'Grand' is a prefix to steeplechases and hurdle races, now amply verified, and no longer a mere empty sound, and the originally munificent '200*l.*' added possesses only plating attractions, when opposed to four figure supplements to handicaps now in vogue. All this extra liberality in holding out inducements to jumpers (and we have no intention of discussing in this place the policy of such measures) can have but one effect, viz., that of increasing the number of horses trained to business between the flags. In former times steeplechasing was confined to a very select few, and those, for the most part, having little or no connection with the Turf proper. Now it is no uncommon thing to find a fusion of the sister pastimes in the persons of our leading sportsmen, who, in the long and dull interval between November and March, are glad to turn their attention from racers at Newmarket to the string of chasers in training in the shires or elsewhere. The names of Brayley, Machell, Chaplin, Baltazzi, and others are as well known in connection with Casse Tête, Disturbance, Reugny, Rhysworth, Schiedam, &c., as with those of Mornington, Claremont, Hermit, and others of note upon the flat. What the old school of Derby, Exeter, Glasgow and Bentinck would have thought of this exaltation of a hybrid sport on a par with that, the interests of which they guarded so jealously, we have no time to inquire; but their astonishment at seeing gorsed hurdles upon Langton Wold and Middleham Moor, or a steeplechase course laid out in the vicinity of the sacred Halnaker gallops, may be readily imagined. In those days steeplechasing might be described as an elaboration of hunting; now it has come to be looked upon as an appanage of racing, still, therefore, retaining its hybrid character, but having greatly increased in popular favour, for reasons, however, totally beside the present question. 'What is a steeplechaser?' is a question which folks may not unreasonably reckon so childish as to require no consideration in answering. Yet, if we regard him beyond the mere negotiator of fences, and attempt to define his origin, there will inevitably arise some confusion as to his exact status. Supposing the 'noble savage' to be present for the first time at our English

Race and Steeple Meetings, he would naturally conclude that, in order to fulfil the exceedingly diverse conditions of each branch of the sport, racers and chasers were bred, trained, and tutored to their separate callings from their earliest days. Above all, he would imagine that, among so wealthy and enterprising a people, nothing would be left to chance; but the greatest care and attention be bestowed on the animals in their early education for steeplechasing, as requiring something more than mere galloping powers. It might surprise him to learn that the breeding and rearing of steeplechasers *par excellence* is confined to Ireland, and that our chief home supplies are drawn from jades and 'ne'er-do-weels' drafted from racing stables, whose owners or purchasers, in despair, have determined to give them one more chance before condemnation to a life of drudgery, and so set them to an apprenticeship in the 'jumping business.' How many of our worked-out platers, screwy crocks, and incorrigible rogues go through this process of 'regeneration' year by year, until some day the mare, described as the 'rankest jade in training,' or the 'rip,' condemned for his sins to a life of single blessedness, awake to find themselves Grand National winners, or clever cross-country animals, of value marvellously enhanced since their new start in life. We read frequently enough of horses described as 'likely to make steeplechasers,' after every device has been tried in vain to make them pay their way upon the flat; but who ever heard of the 'breeding of steeplechasers' (excepting in Ireland)? or when did Mr. Tattersall ever receive directions to sell a yearling bred especially with a view to a career between the flags? No, we prefer the attempt to make our nimble ninepence on the flat, before allowing our horses to try their fortune in another line; just as certain wise fathers send their young hopefuls to the Bar, at great inconvenience to their purse-strings, only to discover, too late, that trade, and not the law, is 'their forte,' and that the supposed embryo Lord Chancellor should have commenced life in Mincing Lane or on the Stock Exchange. Nobody ever heard of a sire 'calculated to get steeplechasers;' and there cannot be said to be any system, method, or idea as to how we should set about producing a Grand National winner. Such a horse is made by adversity, and not to the manner born, as in the case of our Derby and Cup heroes. Should he have the good fortune to survive the many mishaps and casualties incident to his profession, his services at the stud would be held in no great esteem, for, as before observed, we don't go in for *breeding* steeplechasers, but rather look to *making* them out of materials which have failed for other purposes. This process cannot be commended for its science or exactitude, and rather reminds us of the *chiffonnier's* practice in raking over heaps of rubbish which have passed through the fire, in hopes of lighting upon something valuable, for which the trouble of search at first hand would be better repaid.

It is not our intention, nor indeed does it come within the scope of this article, to consider the question of breeding with reference to cross-country successes. But we cannot help pausing to lay greater

stress on the fact, heretofore submitted to public attention by other writers, that animals, whose breeding, both practically and on paper, would only qualify them for a T.Y.C. certificate, when transferred from the flat to the flagged course, have developed into performers of undoubted stamina in their new line of business. Teddington was an admitted and notorious failure at the stud, and his weedy daughters, Emblem and Emblematic, could hardly manage to win the price of a saddle during their plating career in the service of Lord Coventry. Knight of Kars, notwithstanding his strain of blood from rare old Pocahontas, and in spite of the high commendations bestowed upon his bone and girth by that 'charmer' among the breeding fraternity, Mr. Eyke, has well-nigh ceased to engage the attention of studmasters as a racing sire, and is glad to admit half-breds to a share of his favours. No one has ever advanced the claims of Trumpeter as a progenitor of staying stock; indeed, most of them have failed most decisively to 'train on' after occasionally brilliant two-year-old careers; but Casse Tête showed conclusively enough by her Aintree performance that she combined both stamina and speed over that trying course. Commotion, a fair class racehorse himself, has failed to make a name at the stud, and no one ever suspected him capable of begetting such an educated fencer and thorough workman as Disturbance. Minos, the sire of Reugny, is one of those French obscurities perpetually blossoming into celebrities; and we could mention many other steeplechase cracks of high class, whose origin seemed to be an absolute disqualification for negotiating a long course, under heavy weights, and at almost racing pace. Can no one attempt a reasonable solution of the question how such transformations take place, under conditions differing certainly, but not in such a material degree as to account for the change. Tracing upwards the annals of the Grand National and other high-class meetings for the encouragement of steeplechasing among us, and going only so far back as personal recollections serve us, we can recall no instance of an English winner educated solely for the field in which he subsequently acquired distinction as a chaser. Irish importations galore we have seen amongst us, such as Salamander and The Lamb; while France claims Alcibiade and Reugny as the produce of her *haras*, though the latter were certainly cast for other characters than those in which they achieved such distinguished success at last. Emblem and Emblematic were George Fordham's and Johnny Daley's mounts at the Worcester Autumn Meeting of 1861, and were only schooled for the jumping line when it had become evident that flat racing was 'not their forte.' Yet at intervals of a few years, George Stevens weighed in a conqueror twice in succession on the weedy sisters, with over ten stone in the saddle. Alcibiade, whose enthusiastic career we saw laid to rest only last year, began life by serving an apprenticeship at Newmarket, and figured (to be sold for 30*l.*) in a selling race at Epsom Spring in 1863, faced the starter ten times during the season, and in all sorts of company, to find his proper occupation at last across the country

at Lubbenham, and his crowning triumph in Captain Coventry's hands a couple of years later. The Colonel's form on the flat was of the most moderate description, and his line of success such very insignificant ventures as minor races at Worcester and Brecon. Yet, even with his (h. b.) stain thrown in, he settled all the 'hunter' division over Aintree two years in succession, and the foreigners were so sweet on him at last that the 'order of release' to them had to be signed. Certainly there was nothing of the 'weed' about him; but his galloping powers seemed to be in abeyance until set to face a country which he took to as naturally and kindly, we are told, as if he had been born and bred to the steeplechase business. Casse Tête could not score a win in very moderate company as a three-year-old, and next season went plating all over the country, with very poor results, running twenty times, with a solitary win over six furlongs at Chelmsford, and no further success until she commenced the hurdle and cross-country business at Kingsbury and Warwick. The astute Mr. James Barber did not make much of Disturbance while his labours were confined to the flat, on which the best bits of form among his nineteen efforts were at Chester and Sutton Park, scoring his maiden victory on the Rhoodee in the seven-furlong Dee Stand Cup, at *four stone* for the year with Robespierre, and disposing of three platers in the Birmingham Stakes over a mile and a half in the Midlands. Singularly enough, Reugny, who had also mistaken his profession as a flat racer, earned his first winning bracket over this identical Birmingham course in a mile Welter Stakes of thirty sovereigns, having tried his fortune at Newmarket and elsewhere with very indifferent success, although steered by such artists as Cannon, Jeffery, and Newhouse. Thus we have shown, coming down from Emblem's year to the present time, that every Grand National winner which tried its fortunes as a 'racer,' in the morning of life, has failed most thoroughly, even among the lower grades of platers over short spins; and that the pedigrees of most of them are not compounded of those elements which we are accustomed to look for in the genealogical trees of turf cracks. To put it more tersely, experience points to the fact that our most distinguished 'chasers' of modern days have been reckoned as softly bred, and mere T.Y.C. animals at the best, until their real sphere of usefulness has been discovered, in which they have developed the exactly opposite qualities of stoutness and staying.

In our assertion that the breeding of steeplechasers, as such, was almost unknown, we made a special exception in favour of Ireland, where the early education of jumpers does not appear to be sacrificed for any mere sentiment, and where it is not deemed beneath the dignity of a thoroughbred to be taught to negotiate a country as a preliminary to his labour in life, instead of a last resource adopted to eke out his sphere of usefulness in the decline of his days. A gentleman bearing a well-known name in connection with breeding and racing in Ireland, both on the flat and between the flags, writes us in connection with steeplechasing, observing that 'It is curious that any

‘of your English horses that have attempted Punchestown have not been successful; nor do they like the course, simply because there is something to negotiate *very much in their way!* Now at the present moment there are round and about here ten or twelve steeplechase young horses, all trained from the first for steeplechasing, ranging in age from three years old to six years old; and to see them out schooling over these tremendous banks and fences of every kind, and the pace they go at them, would completely delight you.’ We cannot but think that in these few words lie certain points eminently worthy of consideration by sportsmen on this side St. George’s Channel. It is evident that in Ireland, where steeplechasing is far more popular and more munificently supported than racing on the Curragh, horses are educated with an eye to becoming proficient across a country, and are accustomed from a very tender age to face real obstacles in the field, instead of being, as in England, superficially instructed in a new business late in life, to which their early training has borne no relation whatever. Many of them take kindly enough to their new occupation, it is true, but the sort of courses they are called upon to negotiate do not as a rule require that immense reserve of jumping power which (save in exceptional cases) can only be acquired by constant practice early in life. This brings us to the consideration of a point on which our correspondent lays considerable but not undue stress, viz., that ‘something *very much in their way,*’ which can be described as existing only in a modified degree in our ordinary steeplechase courses. There is much fuss made about sensational water jumps, and great talk of natural fences; but in order to dispel these bugbears, it is only necessary to take our walks abroad round a metropolitan course, which is to all intents and purposes mere child’s play to the real difficulties of Punchestown and many other Irish centres of steeplechasing. Indeed, all this shaving and paring of a fair hunting country down to the level of the animals who are called upon to negotiate it has called forth timely remonstrance from high quarters; and we fully concur in the protest of two well-known gentlemen riders against making everything so smooth, that the accomplished fencer’s occupation is well-nigh gone, and he cannot hope to live with his speedy opponent over what is, to all intents and purposes, merely a flimsily disguised flat course. If our steeplechasers were born and bred to their business, instead of being pressed into the service as makeshifts, we should not require all this artificial substitution of gorse hurdles for stiff hedges or posts and rails, and of that sheep-trough abomination dignified by the name of the ‘brook.’ All this may be very fine and remunerative as an additional attraction at the Agricultural Hall, to draw the million and furnish a laughter-provoking afternoon at ‘merrie Islington,’ but it cannot be called steeplechasing. Neither can the weedy screws which form the staple commodity at meetings like Hendon and Streatham be termed, except by mere ironical courtesy, steeplechasers, in the strict sense of the word. They remind us rather of the castaways and



ne'er-do-weels who 'take to farming' as a *dernier ressort*; and pretty farmers they make, in comparison with those brought up and trained to agricultural pursuits! We are not so vain as to suppose that English breeders will deem it worth their while to listen to our arguments, and endeavour to produce animals exclusively for cross-country purposes; and it is too much to expect that the utilitarianism of the age will permit trainers to forego early preparations for the sake of preparing a 'chaser,' which cannot well perform, as such, at two years old; but the inevitable question, '*Is it worth while?*' can be best answered by pointing out—as we have previously shown—how valuable prizes for jumping are becoming in this golden age of added money and high stakes. So long as steeplechasing continued to be ancillary to racing, it might fairly be argued that performers in that line should be content to share its inferiority; but now that Cinderella threatens to cut out her elder sister, and the continually increasing *prestige* of our steeplechase cracks has brought them almost to the heads of Derby horses in the race for popular favouritism, surely it is high time to think about making more of a *specialité* of breeding and schooling our future steeplechasers. No doubt a far more useful class of animal would eventually result from such a system; for fanatically as every Englishman worships a 'bit 'of blood,' it must be confessed that the lower orders and degrees of horses are more desirable for cultivation on the great 'general 'utility' principle. If Ireland can breed and train a class of animals we are willing to purchase at high figures, why should the monopoly rest with her, instead of being broken by us in this island, with all our wealth and opportunities? We do not insist upon distinctions in birth between our 'racers and chasers,' but different systems of education adapted to different spheres of utility would soon draw a broader line between them; and while racers would not deteriorate, chasers would occupy a position worthier of their growing importance and of the separate branch of sport they are intended to adorn.

AMPHION.

## COUNTRY QUARTERS.

### THE EAST ESSEX.

'I MUST now tell you of the East Essex, which hunt round 'Halsted, Braintree, and Witham, a country of small fields, the 'heaviest plough, and fields divided by the deepest ditches and the 'sharpest banks in England.

'The best meets are round Old Park, Gosfield, Birdbrook Hall, 'Yeldham, White Hart, &c. St. Anne's Castle is a good meet on 'the Chelmsford side, as is Terling.

'The first Master was Major Wilson of Canfield, near Dunmow, 'and his huntsman's name was said to be Shadrach; but whether 'it was his real name or only a nickname, I cannot say.

‘ Mr. Charles Newman lived at Scripps, near Coggeshall, at a farm which belonged to Lord Western. He was the son of a farmer who resided at Bures, in Suffolk, a totally uneducated man, but first-rate farmer and sportsman. He hunted the East Essex country, which he formed himself, for thirty years four days a week, and when he first began with it, the Thurlow country, which is a district between Newmarket and Bury, also two days a week for three seasons, until Mr. Osbaldeston took it, in 1822, having one kennel at Coggeshall and another at Thurlow; and when Mr. Osbaldeston had this country, Charles Newman would sometimes exchange meets with him. There was a great run from Chippley and Appleacre, and they beat everybody; when the only one who saw the find and the kill was Mr. Hanbury of Oldfield Grange, near Coggeshall. He was going home in his carriage, having done his horse, when the hounds crossed him and ran into their fox. It was the Leicestershire pack that did this. He was a rare sportsman, but lacked coin to carry on the war; and he was in no way related to Dick Newman, who had the South Essex, nor to his half-brother, Thomas Harding Newman. Although a very strong man, he was obliged to give up the Thurlow country, as his kennels were thirty miles apart. He would often leave off at Maldon, and then start at once for the Thurlow kennel, to hunt there the next day; then, perhaps, he would leave off near Cambridge and be obliged to return to Scripps, to meet his Essex pack the next day a long way off. He hunted four days a week, and always fed his own hounds when he came home at night. The country reached from Linton to Colchester, where he was joined by Mr. Nunn, and marched with Mr. Conyers, on the Dunmow side, and Lord Petre, near Chelmsford and Maldon. For many years (except when his two daughters paid him an occasional visit) a woman was never seen in Mr. Charles Newman’s house at Scripps. His man (I am sorry I cannot remember his name) did the whole internal duty of the household; he was butler, valet, housekeeper, cook, housemaid, and laundrymaid—brewed, washed, waited at table, &c.

‘ Mr. Newman’s whips were Meshach Cornell and Old Abraham. Meshach was a wonderful little man over a country, and he once crossed the River Chelmer, in a celebrated run with Mr. Newman, when no one attempted to follow him. He afterwards went to live with Mr. Sheffield Neave, and when his hounds went into the Oakley and Fitzwilliam countries, set the whole field over some tremendous place, and generally rode so hard that he was called “The Wild Indian.” He was full of life, and always cheered his hounds with a shrill clear voice.

‘ Old Abraham was a little weazen-faced man with no teeth, and did not weigh much above seven stone. He never missed hitting a hound even in the centre of the pack. When he was on a horse he did not like, and asked what he thought of him, he used to say, “I just wish I had him in the copper—wouldn’t I stir

‘him up!’ And I have even heard that he would say to Mr. Newman, “I don’t like this horse;” and would turn round and go home. What would some of the modern Masters, who make their huntsmen do the work of colt-breakers, say to this? Perhaps he was not quite so good across country as Meshach, but he could take care of himself anywhere. After he and Meshach left, James Farnham came to Mr. Newman from Mr. Sampson Hanbury, as huntsman, and his whip was Joseph Ford. Old Tom Webb, who was with the Essex, also lived with Mr. Newman, and was for twenty years in the yard at Tattersall’s. Old Abraham lived twice with Mr. C. Newman; his habitual thirst, and consequent irregularities and neglect of duty, could be tolerated no longer, and Abraham was dismissed, and for some time was at work on the turnpike road. After a while, I cannot say justly how long, something occurred whereby Mr. Newman was suddenly in want of a whipper-in immediately. The season had commenced, the good hands were all in office, and he saw no alternative but to send for Abraham and give him another trial; but, as a guard and check to his propensity for drink, he engaged him for the season on the following terms:—Said Abraham to have bed and board in Mr. Newman’s house, to be found in every necessary he might require, all articles of clothing, shoes, shirts, stockings, &c., washing and mending, in fact, everything but money, till the hunting season was over, when he was to receive a stipulated sum and be allowed a fortnight’s holiday to spend it in. This cautious arrangement on the part of the M.F.H. worked well up to Christmas, at which festive tide the generosity of several members of the hunt had tenanted the hitherto cheerless and empty pouch of Abraham with several bits of gold. This could not be resisted. The next hunting day he was *non est*, and Mr. Newman got one of his stable lads to assist. But as the following fixture was at a gentleman’s house where much company was assembled, and many “great guns” expected, and altogether a great and important day, Abraham’s presence could not be dispensed with. A messenger was despatched to Kelvedon to warn Mr. Abraham of his duties and summon him immediately to Scripps. The messenger was received somewhat uncourteously at the — hotel, and told to go to —, and to tell Mr. Newman he should come when he liked, and if Mr. Newman did not behave himself, he would see him d——d before he would come at all. On receipt of this, Mr. Newman, in the evening, drove to Kelvedon himself, taking a man with him; he found Abraham at the inn, in his shirt-sleeves, lively as a cricket, just “glorious, o’er all the ills of life victorious.” Mr. Newman was received by him with the same courtesy accorded to his messenger: “Who the — are you?” “Charles Newman, I believe, Master of Foxhounds.” “Ha! ha! whip-in to them yourself, and be d——d!” However, after much trouble, by dint of coaxing and persuasion and some little gentle force, Abraham was landed at Scripps, and safely guarded till morning, when—care being taken

' that he had not access to anything stronger than tea—he turned out as fit as could be expected. At the meet, one horn of ale—"one hair of th' old dog," as he termed it—put him all right. They had a capital day's sport, and killed their fox. In the evening, Mr. Newman and Abraham were on their way home to the kennels talking over the events of the day and apparently on the best possible terms. The last I heard of Abraham, he had managed to get rid of his wages (which it was said had been burthened with several mortgages) in considerably less time than the fortnight allowed.

' Mr. Newman was succeeded in 1839 by Mr. Philip F. Martin, who lived at Halstead and had the hounds for two seasons. He was a capital huntsman and well-known coachman on the Essex road. James Farnham was his huntsman.

' On Mr. Martin leaving Essex, he kept a pack of harriers at Worthing, with which he occasionally hunted a few stags, which were given him by his friend Frank Magennis, who then had his training-ground at Findon. Mr. Martin afterwards, in 1856, became manager of the Rawcliffe Stud-farm, near York.

' Hunting with Mr. Newman and Mr. Martin were—Mr. Henry Hanbury of Oldfield Grange, Coggeshall, who died at seventy-nine years of age; Mr. R. Marriott of Abbots Hall; the late Lord Rayleigh, who was a great supporter; Sir George Henry Smith of Beechurch Hall, who was a son-in-law of Mr. George Elmore, and Member for Colchester in 1840; Sir John Tyrrell of Boreham and his brother, the Rev. Charles Tyrrell; Mr. George Round, the banker of Colchester, a most amusing companion; Mr. (afterwards Sir Thomas) Western of Felix Hall, Kelvedon; Mr. Sam Bawtry of Colchester, Mr. Wm. Hawkins of Colchester, a timber-merchant; Mr. Sparrow, the banker of Braintree; Mr. W. H. Layton of Baythorn Grove, Mr. T. White of Wethersfield, whose son is now High Sheriff; Major Sperling of Maplested, when on leave; and Mr. George Sperling, Mr. W. Hurrell, on the Cambridge-shire side; Mr. H. Skingsley of Wakes Hall, the Rev. Charles Clarke, well known to the readers of "Baily" as "The Gentleman in Black," as a young man, often hunted with Mr. Newman, and was a very agreeable companion; Mr. Start of Pebmarsh, Mr. Newman's son-in-law, who lived at Pebmarsh, which was a favourite meet; "Parson John Cox, Esq.," of Fairstead, as he was called, was a very strong horseman and a remarkable sportsman. He always shot with a flint gun, and could kill his right-hand bird from the right shoulder, and the left from the left shoulder. Members of the Gun Club should try this, even at a bewildered owl. Moreover, it was said he was clever enough to drive a coach, hunt a fox, and carry an election. His son is now a popular parson in Cheshire. Mr. William Honeywood of Marks Hall, whose great hospitality was unbounded; his brother, "Bob" Honeywood, who was a good rider, first-rate salmon fisher, and died much regretted; also the Rev. Philip Honeywood, the Rector of Marks Hall, a grand man, recently deceased, who kept a nice pack of beagles.

‘ Tom Pitts was his huntsman, and Mr. Richard Layton and Mr. Charles Phelps were the best men who ran with them. The Honywoods were always supporters of the chase; indeed, ever since the death of the lamented Squire of Marks Hall, Mrs. Honywood has been a generous subscriber, and her large estates are full of foxes.

‘ The farmers of that day were a rare sporting lot, who would do anything for Charles Newman; Mr. James Sach, who lived at Kelvedon, was a fine sportsman, the best rider in Newman’s hunt, and got more brushes than any other man; Mr. Quihampton, a great coursing man, who lived in the Maldon country; Mr. George Simpson of Galleywood; Old Tom Crooks of Chemsford, a farmer and butcher and a jolly good fellow, who hunted whenever he could; Mr. Howell Blood of Witham, a solicitor, one of the oldest members of the hunt; Mr. John Jardine of Stoke, a friend and neighbour of Mr. Elwes of Stoke, was a lawyer of the old school, who hunted also with the Suffolk; he rode very hard, and hunted one particular wonderful brown horse, the Colonel, between four and five hundred times during its long life; Mr. Kimber of Colchester, and the two Barkers then of Chigwell, both hard riders; Mr. Jemmy Parker and John Parker of Chelmsford, when young men, went well; Mr. Ellys Anderson Walton of Bower Hall, Steeple Bumpsted, who, it is said, used to say his prayers before coming to a fence, and often swear like a trooper at his horse after he was over if he made any mistake, so that, as the fields were small, he was always praying or swearing. Mr. George W. Gent of Moyns Park, Steeple Bumpsted, was a good fox-preserver and sportsman. He had a famous racing pony called The Jewess, fourteen hands high, which won numberless races all over the country, beating all sorts of horses; she was by Seymour, and generally ridden by young Fenton of the Bull at Newmarket. She died from eating dry yew clippings. Mr. Gent was also a courser, and won stakes at Newmarket and Swaffham. Joe Davy, a small horse-dealer living near Birdbrook, a very good-looking, tall, dark man, more Irish than English in his ways, though he spoke pure nasal Essex; and his “Squire, I’ve got just the hoss for you,” will be remembered by many. He rode anything he could get, and hard, and once jumped the river near Stoke (where the old Miser Elwes once lived) on a little black horse: it was a tremendous place. Mr. Charles Tabor of Bovingdon, still a hard man for his age.

‘ There were not large fields, but they generally had a good many from the Maldon side, and also on the Suffolk quarter, and from what was then called the Bury Hunt when Mr. Josselyn was Master. The hounds were at Crouch Fair Green usually once a fortnight, and on the Colchester side Podswood was a favourite meet.

‘ In 1841, came Mr. Richard Marriott of Abbots Hall, near Braintree, whose kennels were at Abbots Hall, Braintree, and James Farnham was his huntsman, who was still with him in 1856, when

‘ Joe Sorrell, a capital servant, was first whip, and Hal Grubbe second.

‘ Later on, about 1861, Mr. Marriott bought the Western Hounds, and with them came Joe Nute as huntsman; and in 1862, John Mason, a Lincolnshire man, from the Warwickshire, was there, and went afterwards to hunt the Queen’s County Hounds in Ireland. Mr. Marriott was very fond of buying and selling hounds, constantly going up to Tattersall’s to buy or sell drafts. He was a heavy-weight, but a capital sportsman, exceedingly fond of hunting, very strict with hounds and servants, and a very good judge of both. He was a great florist, and always wore a flower in his button-hole. His geraniums were thought a good deal of by “gardeners.” He was quite one of the old school, a good-looking, full-faced man, and married a daughter of Mr. Stevens of Bower Hall. He had the East Essex twenty-five years, including the time the country was held by his son. On taking the country from Mr. Newman, he gave up the Colchester side as far as Gol Grove, four miles from that town, to the Essex and Suffolk. He also gave up Donyland Heath, Berechurch and Birch Hall.

‘ In 1868, Mr. Humphry R. G. Marriott, the only son of Mr. Richard Marriott of Shalford, was Master, but gave up in 1869, and the hounds were sold at Abbots Hall. His huntsman, Patrick Cody, from Tipperary, emigrated to Australia. In 1868, William Fisher, a Hampshire man, came from the Bedale. Fisher began with Mr. George Wall’s harriers at Martyr Worthy, near Winchester, lived with Mr. Tredcroft when Master of the H.H., and hunted that country when Mr. Deacon first came, after that in 1862; then went to the Westmeath, and, on leaving that country, went to the Tickham in 1869; Joe Sorrell was his whip. Fisher would never hurry over a country, and the field once threatened to present him with a pair of spurs as a broad hint. Mr. Marriott served with the West Essex Militia, which was embodied in the Crimean war, and he followed in his father’s footsteps.

‘ In 1869, Mr. W. H. White, formerly of the Essex and Suffolk, became Master, and built some temporary kennels at Yeldham for two seasons, afterwards moving the hounds to a more central position at Black Notley, where he also built kennels. He carried the horn himself, with Joe Ford as first whip. Mr. W. H. White first kept the Cheltenham Stag hounds, and was so fond of jumping that Bob Chapman said, while others went round to avoid the fences, he went round to get to them. He is gifted with rare hands and nerve, and can ride horses other men would not dare even to try. Dunchurch, a tearaway son of Canute, gave him a lot of trouble at first, but was always safer at gates than any other fence. Notwithstanding the awkward customers Mr. White has encountered and defeated, no one ever saw him lose his temper. As a Master, he is very lenient in the field; even too much so, some think. When a good hound has been jumped on, he has been

' known to remark cheerfully, "Jump on 'em, gentlemen! jump  
' "on 'em! I can get plenty at Wilton's, at two guineas a couple;"  
' but "this is his goak," for he refused 500*l.* for ten couple of  
' useful hounds, too good to part with. Better hounds than those  
' he has now got together no one need want. He leaves them very  
' much to their own devices, but is always by their sides in a diffi-  
' culty, and when obliged to 'cast does so at a merry pace, but  
' without speaking so as to take their noses from their work. If  
' foxes are kept for him, he will give a good account of them.  
' Mr. White bought Captain Morant's big pack out of the New  
' Forest, and with them went Will Hawtin, since with the Burton;  
' and he also purchased the greater part of the Abbots Hall pack.

' The country is short of foxes in some places. On the Braxted  
' Park estate a fox is unknown, whereas on Lord Rayleigh's they  
' are as common as rabbits; and they also flourish wherever the  
' present High Sheriff's acres extend. But lately they have lost a  
' great friend in Mr. Ellis Walton of Bower Hall.

' Colonel Ruggles-Brise of Spains Hall, when formerly in the  
' King's Dragoon Guards, rode harder than any Cornet of his age,  
' now Colonel of the West Essex Militia, is a capital fox-preserver  
' and good sportsman. How Wood, one of his coverts, is a well-  
' known find. Colonel Brise rides hard and well, and is as popular  
' with the farmers as any M.P. could wish to be. He is a practical  
' farmer, and has a herd of pure shorthorns. Spains Wood, in the  
' same parish of Finchingfield, is a neutral covert between the Essex  
' and the East Essex; it belongs to Captain Montagu Tharp, and  
' is rarely without a good fox in it.

' The Secretary, Mr. Charles Page Wood of Scripps, where Mr.  
' Newman lived, inherits all the popularity enjoyed by his father, the  
' late Sir John Wood, notwithstanding that he has more than  
' doubled the subscription obtained by his predecessor, Mr. Hanbury.  
' He is beloved by all the hunt. Some time since a score of ad-  
' mirers presented him with a tea-service valued at a hundred guineas,  
' and, had not the numbers been limited, this sum would have been  
' greatly augmented.

' The Treasurer of the hunt is Mr. Basil Sparrow of Gosfield  
' Place, a beautiful new mansion. He has had a terrible number  
' of falls, but is never defeated. He is made of the best English  
' oak, and is trying to breed some welter-weight horses, whose  
' pluck and power shall be equal to his own.

' Mr. Humphry Marriott, though no longer in office, is very  
' regular in the field, observant of all that goes on, and ever ready to  
' lend aid or advice when asked. Naturally he is well acquainted  
' with all fox-hunting law, which he respects as carefully as every  
' good sportsman should. He is liked by everybody, and has not an  
' enemy in the world. Mr. White of Wethersfield, High Sheriff of  
' the county, is the best friend of the hunt; though not so keen as  
' he was, he goes as straight as a bird when in the humour. He is  
' a good judge of a horse, with the keenest eye for detecting a weak

' point, but knows not one hound from another. Every kind of  
' legitimate sport he encourages, subscribing to races, giving cups for  
' coursers, and taking his own part with the gun when fur and  
' feather are on the move. He can make and throw a fly with any  
' man, and in the summer generally goes to the Hebrides or North  
' Cape, where the rivers and moors have to yield their treasures to  
' his skill. Mr. J. W. Lay of Great Tey, does not carry on his  
' father's beagles, but has always been a staunch friend to fox-  
' hunting; he takes the warmest interest in the East Essex, and is  
' one of its surest bulwarks; he is horsed by Percival of Wansford,  
' and the nags are as good as gold. Colonel Marsden of Earls Colne  
' is another good friend; he is a high-minded soldier, and does not  
' know how to do wrong either on horseback or on foot. Sir John  
' Tyssen Tyrrell of Boreham likewise takes great care of the animal.  
' Duke's Wood is a sure find, though the owner does not ride  
' now. His grandson, Captain Lionel Tufnell of the Rifle Brigade,  
' is very fond of hunting, and never goes home until the hounds give  
' up. His father, Mr. W. M. Tufnell of Hatfield Peverel, turns  
' out in faultless style, and rides like an artist also: his son-in-law,  
' Captain Chandos Arkwright, has left the Life Guards, but when  
' he gets on horseback sits down and holds him straight. Mr.  
' Jolliffe Tufnell of Langley's Park does not hunt now, but was  
' always a first-class horseman, and delighted in educating a young-  
' ster or in reforming a beautiful savage; he was patient to a degree,  
' and a master of arts in defeating the evil-minded ones. Mr. Vero  
' Taylor of Castle Hedingham is a good man in every sense of the word,  
' and is said to know the individual hounds almost as well as the  
' Master himself, and is never without a well-founded opinion of the  
' day's work. Colonel Wood is as good over the hairy banks and  
' blind ditches as he is in the Roothing country. The noble family  
' of Strutt furnishes some bold horsemen. The late Lord Rayleigh  
' went very straight. The present nobleman is more concerned  
' with scientific pursuits, but does not ignore his neighbours; his  
' extensive woodlands supply plenty of foxes. The Honourables  
' Richard, Charles, and Edward Strutt are all fearless riders. Mr.  
' R. Allen of Ballingdon is ardently fond of the chase; he is com-  
' pelled to wear glasses, but they never appear to make the fences  
' look too big for him. Mr. C. Start of Pebmarsh, and his father-  
' in-law, Mr. Brewster, are both first-class men; the latter is na-  
' turally the older of the two, but no young man can ride in front of  
' him. Mr. Osgood Hanbury of Upminster belongs to a family of  
' sportsmen, and when he comes to reside at the old seat, Holfield  
' Grange, will do all he can for the East Essex. Captain Brett of  
' Colne is well mounted, and rides hard enough for anything.  
' Mr. H. Skingsley is a good sportsman, and takes trouble in pre-  
' serving foxes. Both he and Captain Brett are capital hands at  
' stopping "Hammond's Blue Rocks." Mr. T. C. Western, the  
' only son of Sir Thomas Western of Felix Hall, is in the  
' 2nd Life Guards, but when he comes down on leave, he rides as



‘straight as a crow. Captain Townsend, another soldier, in the 4th Dragoons, never loses a day when with his father at Hatfield Peveril. Mr. W. F. Schreiber is very keen both in and out of covert: wherever you see the huntsman you will find him, and he is not above a little amateur whipper-in business when requested. Mr. Carwardine of picturesque Colne Priory, served in the American war. Since assuming his position of country gentleman, he has done all he could for sport. He owns part of the enormous fox-covert called Chalkney. Mr. C. Tabor, before mentioned, does not take the prominent part he used to do, but carefully preserves foxes, and rides wonderfully well: he has almost lived in the saddle. No one ever saw him racing at a fence nor quarrelling with his horse, yet he always went well. His eldest son, Mr. J. Tabor, is particularly hard, and as forward here as with Mr. Petre’s staghounds. Mr. R. D. Raincock of Ashdown Hall, an extensive breeder of thoroughbred and halfbred horses, is a liberal friend to the hunt. Messrs. Anthony Warwicker of Coggeshall, Hicks Goodchild of Hedingham, H. Giblin of Wethersfield, and E. Catchpool of Feering, are all good men; the latter breeds his own horses, and is never without a good one. The Honourable Edward Grimston of Pebmarsh is a capital sportsman, and so is his son Walter. His two daughters are also accomplished and graceful riders. The East Essex field is always recruited from the cavalry barracks at Colchester, and some years ago one regiment (the 10th Hussars) subscribed handsomely.

‘Good accommodation is to be found at Chelmsford, but Braintree is the most central position, where the Horn and the White Hart are as good for man and beast as any one needs. The kennels are about a mile from Braintree Station.’

## FRANK RALEIGH OF WATERCOMBE.

### CHAPTER XIII.

FRANK and his friend Somers were up at an early hour on the morning of the picnic; the latter, to whom time was then an especial consideration, poring over his books and preparing for an open scholarship at Oxford, for which he was about to compete; the other tying black-gnats and fern-webs, now the only flies, as his oracle, Parson Powell, had informed him, at which that most capricious of all fish, a heavy trout, would deign to rise.

‘You may catch a bushel of little beggars in April,’ said Frank, ‘on any of the moor streams; but they are no bigger than anchovies, and so quick in their action that, unless you are equally quick in striking, you don’t hook one in a dozen of them.’

‘I wish you’d hook it and be off,’ said Harry, impatiently; ‘and give Cockburn or any other fellow the benefit of your experience.’

'Some of these choruses in the "Medea" are tough enough to choke one, and if I can't get them up by midday, I shall give up the picnic.'

'No, you won't,' retorted the other, 'without breaking your word; why don't you use a crib like the rest of us, and not sit there sapping and grinding at that stuff till your brains are all but addled?'

'Because, Frank, the cram system never pays in the long run; what you learn to-day you lose to-morrow; and a crib, as I've often told you, only helps you to bolt your food, but not to digest it. On a good groundwork, I am told, will depend my best chance of success; and as that cannot be laid by a crib, sap and plod I must for the present, or abandon all hope of gaining the goal.'

'They'll make you public orator, Harry, if you go on spouting in that way,' said the irrepressible lad. A certain twinge of remorse, however, induced him almost immediately to quit the room, when, on reflection, he felt that if, by means of his idle ways and interruption, Harry should fail to gain the scholarship on which he would have to depend in a great measure for the payment of his university expenses, he should never forgive himself for doing his friend so great an injury.

Consequently, left to himself, long before the clock struck twelve, Harry Somers had mastered all the difficult passages of the 'Medea'; and, pitching his 'Porson' with a light heart and a thoroughly satisfied feeling into his book-box, he and Frank started for the Red Lion, where, joined by Powell, a carriage was engaged by Mrs. Cornish to convey them to Heathercot.

Four strong posters, already harnessed to the vehicle, an old-fashioned break, or *char-à-banc*, capable of accommodating twenty persons, stood drawn up in front of the inn in steady, listless mood, speculating on the long journey that awaited them, and certainly in no hurry for the road. Hard by, and within a few yards of the horses, a couple of post-boys, who, by-the-by, were red-faced, grey-headed men, sat lounging on the steps of a lifting-stock, clad in the quaintest attire; namely, in glazed hat, scarlet jacket, and greenish buckskin breeches, which last, from their antiquated cut, might really have belonged to some of the ill-fated cavaliers who perished in that country; while their mahoganies, as brown top-boots were then designated, were fortified on the off-leg with strong gyves, such as the Greek soldiers might have worn in the Trojan war. In the remote provinces of France this very style of dress, with the addition of tinsel on the cuff and collar, is still maintained by the native postilions; but, crushed out by railways, and buried long since with their congeners—the coachmen and guards of a past age—the veritable, gyved, bumping old post-boy has all but disappeared from this land. Strong, indeed, and staunch to the collar, need be the steeds doomed to the labour of dragging that lumbering coach, freighted with twenty persons, up the rough, steep roads leading to the moor. No affinity, however, have they either with cart or coach horse;

nor can they claim one drop of blood from any sire or dam that ever won a king's plate. No, the race is a distinct one—known as the Devonshire packhorse—an active, compact, and sturdy animal as ever carried a pair of dung-pots, crooks, or brandy-kegs up the face of a precipice, or 'trotted the bate' on a perpendicular field.

But the genuine packhorse, the blue-mottled harrier of the country, the golden pippin, 'the Cornish jelly-flower,' and many other choice legacies of the olden time, are fast becoming, like the post-boy, as much things of the past as the cock road-nets or the staghound of Stawell's day; though, it may well be doubted, if better things of their kind have taken their place in this, the fastest age of the world's history.

'Heathercot, to my mind, is the perfection of a country cottage,' observed the parson, catching a view of the house and lawn between a belt of beech-trees through which they were now passing. 'Surrounded in front by pastures sloping to the south, green as the emerald and dotted with flowers of every hue, and sheltered on the north side by a hanging wood and that grand old castellated tor that crowns the moor and seems to defy alike both tempest and time, the site of Heathercot is indeed charming. Then, look down on the landscape in the vale below; the view from the hill of Lebanon must be marvellously beautiful if it can surpass that fair scene. This, it is true, is neither so grand nor so gorgeous as the other; it lacks, too, the majestic cedars and the Garden of Eden to attract the imagination; but there is a quiet, gentle beauty in this valley, from the hill-top down to the glittering sea in the distance, that I have rarely seen surpassed.'

'Yet you must have some fine scenery in Wales,' replied Somers, who appeared to be greatly interested by Powell's remarks. 'I have heard so much said about Bettws-y-coed, Llangollen, and the Vale of Neath, that I should have thought you would scarcely have looked a second time at this softer and less impressive scene.'

'No, not less impressive, at least to my eye; the beauty of a landscape does not necessarily depend on its grandeur; and a valley may be exquisitely fascinating without the adjunct of a single rock, a mountain, or a cataract.'

'Have you as many cock in your covers as we have here?' interposed Frank, who was getting somewhat bored by this talk about scenery, and as yet only estimated a country according to the amount of wild game and fish to be found in its woods and rivers. Ben Head had been the chief tutor of his youth, and consequently his mind, moulded by lessons learned on the kennel benches, turned reluctantly enough to almost any subject not connected with the chase. The stirring tales of the huntsman as he descanted lovingly on the merits of individual hounds, or described in passionate terms the chief features and points in some memorable run, had fairly captivated every thought of his young heart, and left an impression there ineffaceable for life.

'If the weather has been favourable for their migration,' responded the parson, 'woodcock abound in Cardiganshire about the second

'or third week in November. But much depends on the season ; 'if it has been a wet autumn, and the covers have been thoroughly 'soaked, then, with a moon, an easterly wind, and a few dry nights 'about the 10th of that month, they drop in in large flights so long 'as the moon lasts ; but if, at that time, the covers lack the moisture 'necessary for their sustenance on their first arrival, instinct prompts 'them to seek a more hospitable reception elsewhere, and few visit 'us under those circumstances ; or if a blustering wind from the west 'with heavy rain prevail about the period of their first migration, the 'result is the same. Still, one season with the other, the bird is 'fairly plentiful in Cardiganshire, and probably quite as much so as 'in this county.'

The carriage now halted at the lawn gate, Powell having given orders to the post-boys that on no account should they disturb, with their lumbering wheels, the well-rolled walks of the gay parterre in front of the house ; nor, indeed, could the horses and vehicle have been turned without encroaching on the beautiful green sward, in which groups of spring flowers, artistically arranged, shed a grateful perfume on the morning air.

'Thank you so much for your kind consideration,' said Mrs. Cornish, advancing to the gateway, and greeting Powell and his companions with a pleasant welcome. 'Our friends have nearly all 'assembled, and will be delighted to join you in a few minutes ; but 'do pray come in and take some refreshment first.'

This hospitable invitation, however, both the boys and Powell politely declined ; for, although a good luncheon would have been a most acceptable treat to all three, they rightly inferred from the lady's manner that the offer was a mere act of courtesy on her part, and that her guests, now advancing towards the carriage, were fully prepared to make an immediate start. So to delay the party would have been out of the question.

The ladies, about ten in number, all dressed in light muslin of various hue, the airiest and prettiest of all costumes, were attended by at least an equal number of gentlemen, among whom Powell and the boys were delighted to discover their mutual friend, Dr. Host ; and following him appeared the burly figure of Parson Barker, whose pleasantries and *bonhomie* rendered him a welcome guest at all such festive gatherings. Last of the party, and, as if lingering purposely in the background, either from a sense of bashfulness, incidental to most country maidens at her age, or with a view to etiquette and the due precedence of her guests, came Mary Cornish, a picture of budding beauty, fresh and sweet as the bunch of moss-roses she carried in her hand.

Mr. Barker, the gay old bachelor, had solicited the honour of being Mary's squire for the day, and had promised that, if permitted to occupy a seat in her pony-carriage, he would bring her on his return from town a parasol whip, which, he said, was originally invented for the use of poor Marie Antoinette when wisking about in the grounds of the Trianon.

'If you would really like it,' said Mary, 'I should be delighted to have your company; but pray remember I shall be compelled to ask you to open several moor-gates, and perhaps to put down the shoe occasionally when the hills are very steep.'

'Then that's a bargain, and you shall take me for better for worse,' replied Barker, jauntily. 'I'll try to be useful, especially when it concerns my own safety; and as I weigh close upon fifteen stone, that shoe, depend upon it, shall not be neglected.'

While this conversation was going on close to the wheels of the break, a pang of something very like jealousy shot through Frank's whole frame, as he listened to the arrangement and saw the pony-carriage trotted up by the gardener's boy. The recollection of his recent pleasant drive in that comfortable little rumble had inspired him with the hope that he might again be invited to occupy the same seat, and again be permitted to indulge his fancy by furtively gazing, without giving offence, at the peach-like complexion of Mary's cheek and those golden tresses that, blown back by the wind, seemed almost to fan his face and unite it with hers.

But Barker was an antique, fifty years of age, and a confirmed bachelor, so probably it was rather a feeling of disappointment than one of jealousy that troubled Frank at that moment.

Be that as it may, on hearing it was Mrs. Cornish's intention to travel in the break and do her duty as a chaperon (at least so far as the meet in Holne Chase), and that Mr. Barker would take her place in the pony-carriage, leaving the rumble still unoccupied, the boy's pulse gradually returned to its natural beat, as he comforted himself with the hope that the chance of filling that seat might yet fall to his happy lot.

'Don't you think I could be of some use?' he said, appealing to Mrs. Cornish, who was watching with nervous apprehension the antics of the over-fresh pony capering up the lawn; 'I mean, I could jump out and open the gates, or put on the shoe in a twinkling, if they would like to take me with them.'

'Certainly, of the greatest use,' said the widow, catching at the proposal with evident satisfaction; 'the very thing, I am quite sure, both Mary and Mr. Barker would like.'

As the locomotive powers of the latter had been recently reduced by a sharp attack of gout, which compelled him still to move about with extreme caution, Mrs. Cornish rightly divined that the services of an aide-de-camp so active as Frank would be a great boon to him in his present rickety form. The thought, too, might have occurred to her, though she did not express it, that one whose age coincided so nearly with that of her daughter would prove a pleasant addition to the party, and render the drive a less tedious one for Mary than performed *l'île-à-l'île* with Barker alone. 'Besides,' she said herself, 'notwithstanding his years and sacred profession, I do not feel quite sure that I ought to put implicit trust in him on that account. Parsons are men of like passions with others; and can any man be considered safe at fifty? I trow not.'

So, having arrived at that conclusion, and being perfectly satisfied it was the correct one, the fair widow called upon Frank to take his seat at once in the rumble, and made him, at least for that day, the happiest of human beings.

When several hampers, jingling with bottles, and suggestive of a variety of creature comforts in the form of champagne and cider, pigeon and squab pies, junkets and Devonshire cream, had been duly stowed away under the box of the break, the company seated, and the post-boys with their knotted whips all ready for the road, Mrs. Cornish alone remained standing at the gateway, as if something or somebody were still wanting to complete the party.

'I can't imagine,' at length she said, 'what could have occurred to Mr. Cruwys, that most methodical and punctual of living men. He promised to be here at half-past twelve, and now it is after one and he has not yet arrived. I trust no accident has happened to him and his strange dog-cart, which I had hoped would have been the lion of the day.'

'Do you mean the barrister, pray, who built his own punt, and who is reputed to be the most successful wild-fowl shot on the waters of the Solent?' inquired Mr. Host, who had seen in 'Bell's Life' marvellous accounts, from time to time, of this gentleman's skill in the management of his boat, the manœuvring of the fowl, and the scores he knocked down with a single charge of his swivel gun.

'The very same. He has now constructed a carriage, to which are attached four huge dogs, admirably trained for the purpose, and in it he promised to join our party at Heathercot and accompany us to Holne. So I am loth to start before he makes his appearance.'

'I hope the dogs haven't gone mad,' exclaimed Barker, keeping his eye on the pony, who was now getting so fractious that it was with no little difficulty Mary could hold him; 'for I should say Mr. Cruwys, by working and overheating the poor animals in that unnatural way, bids fair to produce such a result.'

'It must be a very pretty sight, Mr. Barker,' said Frank, pricking up his ears at the prospect of seeing this four-in-hand dog-team, which, according to report, had beaten the 'Regulator' in a fair mile race between Ivybridge and Lea Mill. 'What a lark it would be to have a hound-team! You could drive them to cover, then uncouple and hunt them for the day. I can't see anything unnatural in turning them to such account.'

'Nor I,' exclaimed Host, backing up the boy. 'The people of Kamtchatka drive their dogs fifty or sixty miles a day, and no one ever heard they were ill-used by such treatment. The dog, too, takes to the work quite as naturally as a horse does, throws his weight into the collar, and trots away merrily with his sledge. No; I believe both were created expressly for man's use, and that the lesser animal was as much intended for draught purposes in that country as the larger one in this.'

'Ay, in that country, perhaps; where the roads are macadamised with frozen snow, and the sledge slips along almost without

‘traction ; where the claws of the dog give him a holding power, and the temperature is at zero. The conditions here are surely very different —’

Mr. Barker was proceeding, with some warmth, to explain what they were, when a cheer from Frank, that made the pony buck almost out of his shafts, announced the approach of Mr. Cruwys and his four-in-hand at a rapid pace, and cut short the argument without further ceremony.

At the word of command, curtly and decisively given, the team came to a standstill close to the entrance-gate ; and Mr. Cruwys, alighting from his somewhat elevated seat and quaintly-built carriage, proceeded at once, hat in hand, to apologize for his late arrival and explain the cause of his delay.

‘A turnpike-gate woman,’ he said, ‘the veriest virago I ever met in my life, deliberately locked Fuzzy Park Gate in my face, and swore no dog nor wheel of mine should pass through, unless I paid the full toll to which a four-wheeled carriage, drawn by four horses, would be liable. It was in vain I remonstrated and invited her to point out the ground of her demand on the toll-table : “I cannot see,” I said, “that any mention is made of dogs as beasts of burden on that table.”’

‘That’s ’cause they fules as made it, didn’t know no better,’ was her instant answer ; “ef they grate, chuckle-headed toads a-hauling yeu and yeur coach over our roads beant bastes o’ burden, by what name du yeu ca’ ’em, then ?”

‘But the Act,’ I reiterated, “does not specify dogs in that list.”

‘Ef it dithn’t, then it ought tu ; and yeu baint a going thru’ this bar, leastwise, avore yeu’ve a paid every varden o’ the toll !”

‘It was in vain,’ continued Mr. Cruwys, ‘that I looked up and down the road for some third person to appeal to—no one seemed to be travelling that way ; and at length, after a whole hour’s delay, the termagant expressing her belief in the broadest vernacular that I was the forerunner of some gipsy gang of mountebanks or a wild-beast show, I pulled out my purse and, under protest, paid her demand.’

‘That woman has been the terror of the country for the last ten years,’ said Host, pathetically. ‘During that period she has been shifted from one gate to another at least ten different times, owing to her abusive tongue and insolent ways. Many a weary half-hour at the dead of night and in the bitterest weather has she kept me shivering at the bar and many a poor patient waiting till she thought proper to rise and let me through. I shouldn’t be sorry to hear she had a month at the treadmill ; it would teach her a salutary lesson.’

Every occupant of the break had quitted it in a flutter of excitement the moment the dog-cart drew nigh ; the novelty of its design attracting almost as much curiosity as the grim-looking, powerful dogs to which it was attached. It was simply a duck-punt, high

slung on wheels of enormous disc, the fore and hind ones being so contiguous as to work just clear of each other in their evolutions ; the object being to favour the dogs by diminishing the motive power required in its traction. A kind of rope scaling-ladder, secured by D's to the gunwale, enabled the driver to mount or dismount without inconvenience, while a legless old arm-chair, slung with a pair of web girths across the centre of the hold, provided him with a lofty and comfortable box for handling the ribbons and working the team.

Nothing could exceed the admiration expressed by the ladies for the huge, sagacious animals, around which they gathered closely, patting and bestowing on them manifold caresses, as if they had been Juno's peacocks chained to the car ; nor did they appear at all intimidated by Mr. Cruwys' warning, that the temper of one or two of the dogs was not always to be trusted.

The gentlemen, however, were more fastidious, especially Mr. Host and Frank, both of whom were hoping to see two couple of grand foxhounds, instead of half-bred mastiffs of the Wallachian type, neither dog nor wolf, but rather favouring the latter by their half-pricked ears and restless eyes.

' I shouldn't much like to be a moor sheep in sight of those dogs,' said Frank, as he turned away to take his seat in the pony-carriage ; ' it strikes me they'd worry and eat a dozen at a meal.'

How far the boy was right or wrong in his judgment the following chapter will reveal.

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## THE ROARING GAME.

THOSE *laudatores temporis acti* who have been sighing over the departure of the old-fashioned winters of their youth must have been greatly gratified by the manner in which rude Boreas re-asserted himself throughout the whole of the closing month of the year of grace 1874, and, it may be hoped, have taken the deity in question into their favour once more. That he rather took by surprise not a few people who had been proclaiming that he would not again come up to time was evident ; but it must be admitted that the penny-a-liners at least were not unequal to the occasion, for they proceeded to pour forth a flood of literature on the subject of the Registrar-General's returns, the Gulf Stream, and the British climate ; and we were indebted to them for much good advice on the means to be adopted for the preservation of our health. The amusements suited to the season, of course, furnished an endless theme ; and 'The Weather and the Parks' contended for possession in the leading journals with the Arnim trial, the Christmas pantomimes, and the never-failing periodical revolution in Spain.

The northern portion of our island, it need hardly be said, was not behindhand either in the Arctic severity of its frost or in the variety of the pastimes indulged in to make life endurable. The demand for



skates, we believe, was such as seriously to affect the iron trade, while the number of sleighs of every degree of elegance and costliness led one at times to fancy himself in Nova Scotia, instead of the older country of the same name. But besides sleighing and skating, which are common to many countries, there is a recreation indigenous to the land of cakes, and of great antiquity there, which, when the waters are ice-bound, becomes the all-absorbing pursuit of its devotees, viz., Curling.

Having had a recent opportunity of revisiting scenes not altogether unfamiliar, at a time when the sport in question was in full swing, it occurred to us to attempt some feeble record of our observations and impressions, albeit it might possibly be of little interest to any but ourselves. The period was about Christmas-tide, and the place of our sojourn a village, town, or city—we know not exactly which—greatly frequented of the tourist tribe, whose locality will be indicated with sufficient precision by saying that it lies at the foot of a hill, not far from a river, and that the kilt is *not* the ordinary dress of the inhabitants. Great is the contrast between its aspect now and in the height of its 'season'—a contrast, however, in which the present time has by no means the worst of it. First of all, you are permitted to come and go in peace, unmolested by the swarms of touts who assail the summer pilgrim, and, after an ineffectual resistance, carry him off, a veritable prisoner of war. For such pilgrim, it is to be feared, the hour of his exit must oftentimes be happier than that of his advent, and when he takes his departure a sadder and a poorer man, the classic region is but too apt to be set down in his memories as one of those 'where every prospect pleases, and only Man is vile.' The hotel, where in August it was only by way of special favour that the traveller found himself *taken in*, he now has all to himself. The staff is on the peace establishment. The red-nosed waiter in the greasy swallow-tail and not unexceptionable shirt-front has retired to winter quarters in Auld Reekie until the opening of the next campaign against the Southron, his place being filled much more agreeably by a 'neat-handed Phyllis,' now fully equal to the combined duties of waiter, chambermaid, and boots. But, as a set-off to these advantages, a long night has to be faced with no external resource to pass the time. The *beau monde* of the place, which aspires to give the law in manners and morals, consists to a large extent of Scribes, and eke Pharisees, who discountenance all manner of evening amusements except those where the broadening of phylacteries and the making of long prayers find the chief place. Therefore, if indisposed to assist at a revival meeting, it only remains to ensconce yourself in the arm-chair of the inn parlour and take spiritual comfort of another sort in the shape of steaming whisky-toddy. No doubt, 'it's a fine speerit the Talisker,' and, having been judiciously watered beforehand (in the interests, of course, of sobriety), it is found that half-a-dozen tumblers are not more than necessary to keep up the temperature of the system until it is time to stretch the wearied limbs on the couch of repose.

Next day is bright and sunny, and the frost grips firmer than ever. Sallying forth into the 'Square,' which here, it would appear, is considered to require only three sides, you are struck by the preternatural Sabbath-like stillness which reigns. Scarcely any living thing seems to be stirring, and the attention is at once arrested by the ancient Cross, from the top of whose slender column a sorely-mutilated unicorn and about the half of twenty centuries look down upon the village pump, as on a humble but useful attendant—representative emblems conjoined of poetry and prose. The place is evidently deserted by the whole of the adult male population, a full moiety of which may be sought for with certainty on the curling pond, and thither accordingly you bend your steps. The road leads up the side of a steep ravine, where the brook, wont to descend with brawling noise in a succession of cataracts, is now stiffened into a silent icicle. Through the tall elms on the high bank opposite appears above you the sharp outline of a conical hill, shooting up—its height exaggerated by its nearness—into the blue sky; and if you look back you may see where the bright sun, passing by the over-shadowed village, lights up the tracery of a venerable Gothic pile;

'But the gay beams of lightsome day  
Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.'

Disengaging itself, half a mile onwards, from a succession of straggling cottages, with their gardens and leafless orchards, the road comes out upon the open common, and a footpath to the left points the way up the hill. The crisp snow creaks beneath the feet, the sharp air combines with brisk exercise to bring a glow to the cheek, and, the ascent becoming steeper, you are not loth to pause and look down on the valley below, with its white mantle chequered by the dark hedgerows and fine woods, and its winding river, black as ink by contrast—all lying still and peaceful as the grave, 'calm as 'cherished hate.' At length you surmount the crest of the ridge, and suddenly your ears are assailed by sounds, strange, fearful, and seemingly not of this earth, for no visible origin thereof is at first discernible. Before you, in a hollow of the hill, which beyond rises abruptly, steep and sheer, is a circular belt of thickly-planted spruce-firs, and from the inside of this, it presently appears, the strange noises proceed. A dull, prolonged roar, as of a shell passing through the air, ending frequently in a sharp crack, as of an explosion, is accompanied by wild yells, 'as if men fought upon the earth, and fiends in upper 'air,' in which, although the language is for most part unintelligible, you can discern the notes of triumph and defiance, of command, encouragement, and reproof. It has been observed that to one who had never heard any sound, the movements of dancers at a ball must appear most strange and unaccountable; and certainly he who for the first time heard without seeing a curling match could hardly fail to believe himself in the vicinity of a company of maniacs engaged in deadly combat. On passing through the surrounding belt of trees to the side of the pond, a curious and lively scene presents

itself. Distributed over its level floor, of about an acre in extent, are some sixty or seventy men, mostly all in intense action, their whole attention absorbed in the brightly-polished stones, which, with their reflected shadows, are smoothly gliding to and fro. The players are of all sorts and conditions of men, from the peer to the peasant. Here are the artisan and the day labourer, enjoying with keen zest the unaccustomed holiday; the shopkeeper, who has left business to take care of itself; the farmer, not grudging the enforced idleness of his plough; the writer (*Anglicè*, attorney), has left his desk, and the doctor has hurried round his patients to snatch an hour or two at the game; and a few hunting squires are almost consoled for the cessation of their favourite sport. The army and navy are represented, from generals and admirals downwards; the peerage, by two or three of its scions; while even dignitaries of the church are not wanting, for curling is one of the few carnal enjoyments for which the clergy in Scotland have a plenary indulgence. Accordingly here are a brace of parish ministers in their wideawakes, taking their pleasure with but slightly subdued hilarity; an elder of the Free Kirk, who in theological controversy could split a hair to the sight of ordinary mortals quite invisible; and even the precentor or the U. P.'s, the strictest sect of the Pharisees, who, though in him dancing would be judged one of the seven deadly sins, to be followed by instant deposition, is permitted to curl without fear of incurring the privy censure of the Kirk Session. No line of demarcation separates these various ranks and classes, but all are freely intermingled. Now can be in some measure seen what is that *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum*, usually undiscernible to the stranger under the calm demeanour which characterises the canny Scot of ordinary life, for here he is all eagerness, energy, and enthusiasm. A highly-combative animal, moreover, is your Scotchman withal. In the old days, down to 'the 'forty-five,' he was able to enjoy plenty of actual serious fighting; since then the propensity has had to find vent in other ways—a lawsuit, for instance, according to Sir Walter, affords a delightful solace; but the chief source of congenial and exciting strife has been found in the Kirk, which, sooth to say, has been torn to pieces in the process, and the various fragments of which prove their religious earnestness by tearing each other's eyes over the very smallest bones of contention. Here, however, all wretched kirk differences are forgotten; in the struggle now going on, though keen, there is no bitterness; in short, nothing serves better than a curling bonspiel to bring out the many fine qualities of the 'kindly Scot,' for such, when you scrape the outer skin of him, he is found essentially to be.

For the benefit of the uninitiated, we shall endeavour to describe the game as briefly as possible. Each player is furnished with two round flattened stones, of from 36 to 45 lbs. weight, of very hard material, highly polished on the upper and lower surfaces, and having a handle inserted into a hole drilled through the centre; he is likewise armed with a broom (*Scottice*, *cowe*), to sweep the ice when it is necessary to accelerate the progress of the stones. Eight players,

four on each side, constitute a *rink*, which term is also, and more properly, applied to the space of ice which they occupy. At each end of the space, usually about forty yards long, is a mark, or *tee*, in the centre of four concentric circles, of which the outermost has a radius of seven feet, and no stone counts which is not within this circle. At one-sixth of the length of the rink from the tee is drawn a line called the *hog-score*, and any stone failing to clear this is removed. The object of each side is to have the greatest number of stones nearest the tee; and every player delivers both his stones from end to end, alternately with an opponent, before any other of the same side or party plays one. The sides are under the exclusive regulation and direction of their respective *skips*, who are the last to play.

A match may be of a certain number of *heads*, or *ends*, or the game may consist of a certain number of 'shots' previously fixed upon, or (which is the most usual mode) it may be decided by time, the side which at the close has scored most shots being the winner. Matches are frequent between neighbouring clubs, represented by three, four, or more rinks, and when there is a general assembly of a whole district the gathering is called a *Bonspiel*. But on the occasion of our visit we find the members of the club engaged in what may be called private practice, in rinks fortuitously arranged.

After a short adjournment for lunch to the little red house, or bothy, beside the pond, play is resumed with, if possible, redoubled vigour, and goes on till arrested by the descending shades of night. The skips take post at the tee which is to be played up to, and thence direct the play of their respective sides until it comes to their own turn, when their place is taken for the nonce by one of their own party. Their directions are given in the pitch of voice of a general commanding a brigade in line or a ship captain in an Atlantic gale, couched in quaint phrase, in which the language of metaphor is largely interspersed; while a running fire of badinage, boastful and defiant in turn, is kept up between the opponents during the progress and after the result of each shot. As in the battle, 'steed threatens 'steed with loud and boastful neighs;' and these war-cries being multiplied many times over render the general discord both deafening and bewildering. We shall do well, therefore, if desirous of observing the successive phases of this well-named 'roaring game,' to concentrate the attention on a single rink, made up, as it happens to be, of some veterans who have wielded the 'broom and channel-stane' on many a hard-fought field. On one side, auld Wat for skip, whom the frosts of more than sixty winters have left with unabated fire, and, when in his best form, sure as death at the most kittle shot; with him Peter Wilkieson, a man the habitual solemnity of whose aspect never gives way to a smile, and scarcely prepares us to see in him a worshipper of the epic and lyric muses, but who in reality is the bard and poet-laureate of the club; Tam Trummle, a stout fellow of the labouring class, but whose whole life has been devoted to sport in its various branches—in official capacities and otherwise; and Mr. Glendinning, a comfortable yeoman, who,

when it comes to playing the 'point' game, has perhaps no superior in the club. The opposing array includes an admiral of Her Majesty's fleet (and surely no finer, more genial, or jollier tar ever trod a quarterdeck)—a keen curler, and, as such, usually in office as skip, but on the present occasion taking his orders with the cheerful alacrity of a powder-monkey from the stalwart John Paiterson, whose daily avocation is with the spade and pick; Will the Laird, who acquired a small fortune and a large amount of curling experience in Canada—a curler without a fault, unless it be that he may sometimes, upon occasion of an unusually important match, come to the post if anything overtrained; last, but not least, mine host of the Cock and Hen, a giant of six feet seven, who in his youth could have hurled a stone like the nether millstone, and who may be said to be equally at home in the heat of the actual battle or in the celebrations afterwards. Between these doughty champions so close and evenly balanced is the struggle, that each end is seldom won by more than a single shot, and the advantage of one end is pretty sure to be turned into a defeat in the next; so that, after running throughout a neck-and-neck race, Wat has scored twenty nicks on his broom-handle against an equal number registered by the hostile skip, and the game being twenty-one, has come to be decided in the next end. It may be remarked, that though the skips must be considered to hold the post of honour, and upon their skill and fortune the fate of their party often depends, yet, as in most other games of like character, it is necessary that the team should work well together throughout. A good lead is of great importance, and it will readily be understood that, a stone being once well placed, the main object of the one side will be to cover or guard it with their succeeding stones against the efforts of the other to remove it, or to get nearer the tee. With such a stone lying near the tee, though, perhaps, slightly to right or left, and several others judiciously distributed in front of it, the play for the opponents becomes a matter of great nicety and difficulty. Generally speaking, they are then very much in the position of Mr. Gladstone when he finds himself with three courses open to him. It may still be possible to 'draw' up some 'port' or opening which will admit of a stone being laid still nearer the tee than the winner; or this object may be attained by 'inwick-ing,' *i.e.*, playing at some other stone lying to one side, so as to come in off it at an angle; or there may be nothing for it but try to lay bare the winner by a strong drive, in the hope of reaching him with a subsequent shot. But the various vicissitudes that arise in the course of the game are numberless, and therefore to attempt anything like full description even of the play in a single end would be hopeless. We can do little else than listen to a few of the injunctions of the rival skips in this their final and most exciting tussle.

'Come awa', Mr. Glendinnin'; there's the tee. Varra good, sir; 'a great shot; thank ye.'

'Noo, Gudeyill, be up till him; just chap and lie. Ye have him, 'sir. That's the way to curl.'

'There's no muckle in that; a thocht mair poother this time. Bring him, bring him, soop, soop, soop hard. Weel, never mind, he'll get a lift in yet.'

'Oh, noo for a *guaard*! Weel laid doon, sir; let him alane. Oh! never a cove; he's a' the curl; thank ye, sir.'

'Noo, Peter, a canny draw; there's naething on the ice yet. Oh, man! ye're rayther sune here.'

'Noo, Admiral, yer auld curl! Rest on the face o' that; gin ye lift it twa fit we're in three. Ye've dune't, sir! Oh! but ye're a graund curler.'

'Noo, Peter, a fine draw for yersel'. Come up this port; I ken ye can do it.'

The poetic Peter, having girded up his loins with great deliberation, and carefully judged his distance, launches his stone, and thereupon instantly falls prone (*disiectus membra*) upon the ice, where, resting on his hands and the tips of his toes, stiff and rigid as if seized with tetanus, he follows, with anxious gaze and eyeballs starting from their sockets, the progress of the stone towards the desired haven. In its early career it promises well, but, gradually carried by its *bird* slightly to a side, encounters a stumbling-block and rock of offence at the very entrance of the port, whereby it is 'chipped,' and the well-meant enterprise fails of accomplishment. A groan escapes the disappointed player, and, gathering himself and his hat slowly together, he exclaims, with a sad shake of the head, communing with himself in a tone of deep dejection, 'Missed by the 'sixteenth pair o' an inch!'

The remaining port is closed by the Admiral's next shot; and the only course left for the opposite side is to attempt a general clearance by a *coup de force*.

'Noo, Tam, I ken this is just the shot ye like; be at him as hard's ever ye can; dinna miss him.' Up it comes with the velocity of a cannon-ball, and, crashing into the ruck, sends the stones flying in all directions—one of which, shooting off at a tangent, reaches almost to the tee of the neighbouring rink, where Mr. MacMinto, the loudest man on the ice, as if monarch of all he surveys, is at this moment reproving in stentorian tones some small shortcoming on the part of worthy Laird Clinkscales. Suddenly taken in reverse, his heels are sent up in the air, and the seat of honour brought down on the ice—the erratic stone thus laying 'the proud usurper low,' to the no small amusement and inward satisfaction of the bystanders.

With Tam's vigorous stroke the fortune of war has now, to appearance, changed sides, for the only stone remaining within the ring is one belonging to the party of auld Wat, lying just beyond the tee; and the Laird, for once and for a wonder, fails to respond to the exhortation of his skip to 'Come creepin' up canny on the 'back o't, and just crack an egg'—a delicate operation which he was assured would have made him 'a potlid.' *Gyaards* are skillfully accumulated in front, until, when honest John comes to take

his last shot, all direct access has been effectually barred. The prospects of his side are decidedly gloomy, and even the cheery face of the gallant Admiral wears the shadow of a cloud. There is, in fact, but one chance left.

‘D’ye see this stane? Ye maun tak’ the inwick aff o’ that; ‘here’s the winner.’

‘I’ll try’t.’

Smoothly and evenly does John—than whom there is none with hand more true or eye more clear—lay down his stone, which, laden with hopes and fears, comes sailing on slowly, but with something of an inevitable look about it, towards its goal, attended all the way with affectionate assiduity by John himself and two of his merry men. It is the comparatively lengthened period of suspense and uncertainty during the progress of the shots, we are inclined to think, that lends much of its charm and excitement to the roaring game.

‘Oh, fetch him on!’ ‘No, haud eff! he has plenty rinnin’. He ‘has’t! He has’t!’ ‘He’ll never see’t!’ ‘Will he no? Will ‘he no?’ are some of the exclamations which resound, while the unerring stone, striking its object at the exact angle and with the proper strength, cannons on to the enemy’s winning shot, and is presently spinning round its own axis, as if dancing with joy, upon the very tee itself. Caps are thrown into the air, brooms are waved, with loud shouts of victory. ‘Eh! mon, John! a better shot ye ‘never played in your life. Ye maun hae a dram for that!’ and the dram accordingly is administered on the spot from a ready flask.

By this the sun has disappeared in the south-western horizon, proclaiming the close of a truly ‘winged day;’ a purple-tinted glow has gradually mounted up the side of the snow-clad mountain and passed over its brow, like a blush mantling on the face of a pale beauty, and the players are compelled by the increasing darkness unwillingly to relinquish their game. They return to the village in small groups, their animated talk being wholly of curling—of the arrangement of the rinks for the morrow, and of the prospects of lowering the flag of the neighbouring county town, with whose representatives an important duel is about to come off for the possession of a Caledonian Club medal.

In the meantime, on this evening itself takes place the annual dinner of the club, to which, through the influence of mine host, we find no difficulty in obtaining an invitation. The Admiral is in the chair, faced by a most congenial colleague as croupier—*par nobile fratrum*—in the person of the worthy chief magistrate—a chief magistrate, be it observed, very different from the ordinary type of that animal, as he is to be found in small Scotch towns, albeit he rejoiceth not in the name of Provost, neither doth he hold his office by the favour of the 4*l*. householder who has been elevated by Reform bills to the position of our lord and master. ‘Curlers’ ‘fare,’ it is well known, is supposed to consist of beef and greens,

and, accordingly, although other viands in plenty are by no means wanting, the *pièces de résistance* appear in the shape of huge rounds of salt beef, surrounded by piles of cabbage, turnips, and other varieties of nitrogenous food. This substantial repast disappears with marvellous rapidity before the attack of appetites whetted by the day's hard exercise in the frosty air. It is washed down with copious libations of 'reamin' swats that drink divinely—the strong ale, to wit, known by the name of Edinburgh—besides which may be observed, in not too extended order up and down the tables, sundry black bottles, whose presence is accounted for by a sly habit that prevails of pretending to discover in every dish as it disappears the lurking existence of some evil spirit, which can only be exorcised by a 'dram'—*un petit verre*—of undiluted mountain dew. With this assistance the solid portion of the entertainment being disposed of, the Admiral orders the decks to be cleared for action, and the serious business of the evening commences. Before each guest is placed a tumbler, with a small ladle and a large glass, while simultaneously a whole battalion of the black bottles aforesaid takes up position on the social board, accompanied by sugar-basins and jugs of boiling water. The command to 'fill your glasses, gentlemen,' is obeyed with extraordinary alacrity, and the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, as the local Thunderer will not fail to record in his next issue, are given with due effect and cordially received; after which, toast, sentiment, and song follow each other in rapid succession and endless round. Of the toasts many, it need not be said, have peculiar reference to the curling brotherhood, and, though perhaps somewhat stereotyped in character, seem to have as much zest for the audience as if in the first freshness of youth. Songs are contributed, and more or less effectively rendered, by apparently almost every member of the company, amongst which 'The poor 'old Commodore' from the chair deserves special mention; but the lion's share of the honours in this department are, without doubt, carried off by the poet laureate, who, in an epic of portentous length, paints in the most vivid colours a memorable war which his club erstwhile waged against a powerful neighbour, and in which, after a desperate struggle, it prevailed against him—recounting the doughty deeds of Achilles and Hector and many a minor hero with Homeric accuracy of detail and more than Homeric fire, and rousing the audience to the utmost pitch of enthusiasm. Thus, in the words of the national poet, 'the night drave on wi' sangs and clatter,' until towards the time when Forbes Mackenzie, that ogre to all Scotchmen, gives warning that 'the hour approaches Tam maun ride.' The chairman gives 'good-night,' and the meeting, so far as regularly constituted, is dissolved; but some choice spirits, loth to part, linger on till the very last moment. And it is near the witching time of night when, under the bright stars, two figures may be seen leaning against the market cross in fraternal embrace, one of them relating for the thousandth time the stirring episodes of the great Tournament of twenty years ago, in which, his rink being left in to play the



last tie, victory is achieved by the narrator with a shot, difficult indeed in reality, but now, through lapse of time and by reason of accumulating embellishments, become absolutely impossible except to the heated imagination; his companion exclaiming, when the climax of the well-known tale has been reached and passed, 'Oh, 'man! ye'll be sure to be mindin' on yon shot when ye're decin'!'

## COURSING.

### THE 'WATERLOO' CUP.

As usual during the last four or five years, the interest in this great greyhound competition began to be evinced in something like real earnest as soon as the Ashdown Park meeting had been brought to a successful conclusion. It was shortly after that celebration, which may justly be said to be the real opening of the coursing season, that 'in betting circles'—as our modern turf scribes are wont to designate the extensive coterie of betting men and bookmakers—conversation turned upon the next great occasion upon which investments might be made, the unwary hoodwinked, unlikely candidates puffed into certain winners, and the chance of making fortunes upon exclusive information to be had for trifling pecuniary consideration, or by becoming a subscriber to a series of hieroglyphic 'codes,' rendered so clear and mercantile as to be almost beyond the possibility of failure. While an opportunity is offered for this line of operations, and the public is left in doubt as to whether a nominator is going to run a greyhound from his own kennel, or a candidate which it has been his great object to keep 'dark' for the sole purpose of making money, the Waterloo Cup contest must always, whatever may be its result, provoke an amount of dissatisfaction that will in the end work its ruin, and is even now going a great way towards causing coursing to be disregarded as a genuine field sport. It has been the custom of many of the oldest and staunchest supporters of Altcar coursing to run none but their own greyhounds; and one of these true sportsmen said, not a long while ago, when running for the Waterloo Cup a dog of very moderate pretensions, 'I only think that every nominator should run only his own dog, or return the nomination to the 'Committee.' If this line of conduct were insisted upon by the members of the Club, we should still be able to say, notwithstanding the ruffianism of a Liverpool mob and the unhealthy desire to find out the real Simon Pure of the meeting, that coursing at headquarters was maintained upon principles which made it as worthy of being denominated a gentlemanly field sport as it was in the power of the authorities to render it. *In nuce inclusa est*—let none but owners nominate, and the betting may be left to take care of itself. What at present is complained of—and that with far too much show of reason and sound sense—is that all coursing legislation is made with a view of furthering and encouraging speculation,

rather than of promoting the welfare and popularity of the pure and simple sport itself. Let it be remarked, too, that in this disagreeable aspect the Waterloo meeting stands far in advance of all others; and, whatever its managers may think of the wisdom of their own enactments, sportsmen in other parts of the country, and those not actually infatuated with the notion of making a fortune by coursing, have for long grown to regard the whole affair as militating against the interests of true sporting; and as calculated only to foster an unwholesome spirit of double-dealing, and to invite an ever-increasing multitude of the lowest and most objectionable class of betting roughs. No doubt it had been anxiously deliberated among many aristocratic 'divisions,' prior to their periodical descent upon the plains of Altcar, how the new Betting Act would affect their customary operations upon those favourite scenes of nefarious transactions. But let them advance their standards and set upon the foe: the Lord Chief Justice, Mr. Thomas Hughes, and the whole tribe of obstructors can offer them but very little practical opposition here. 'Two to one I'll lay,' may be roared even down the throats of unsuspecting visitors with perfect impunity; and 'win tie or wrangle' is a game that may be practised with remarkable freedom from interruption, and with the briefest allusion to what they are pleased to term 'a disagreeable *contretemps*,' or mayhap 'a *fiasco*,' because they have seen that word used to describe a failure; the local reporters generally will be sure to say that the ruffians preserved their tempers in a wonderful manner; that the management was excellent, and that the coursing was the best and the attendance greater than upon any previous occasion. To quote my own words used elsewhere, 'It is the great object of every courser to win the highest honours of the leash once in his lifetime, it is to be presumed; but how any man can derive satisfaction from winning it with a greyhound which is the property of another man, which represents only his nomination, and in which he has no further interest than a pecuniary one, seems to an ordinary observer to be quite incapable of any kind of explanation.' It would require a great deal of philanthropy for any gentleman to exclaim, while witnessing the betting manœuvres over a Liverpool coursing meeting, *Humanus sum, nihil humani a me alienum puto*.

The annual celebration at Newmarket was remarkable for bringing under public notice several puppies giving promise of future excellence; but Sirius appeared to attract the most general and most reasonable attraction from his dividing the Champion Puppy Stakes with Nothing New, which stakes it was the universal opinion he could have won. It was currently reported, at the conclusion of the coursing at Newmarket, that Sirius would represent the nomination of Mr. Gibson for the Waterloo Cup; and consequently his chance was immediately backed in preference to almost every other competitor for the great event, although some old performers of last year were still mentioned with deserved respect, and were reported to be in the best of condition and form. At the Ridgway meeting a

very disagreeable circumstance occurred, which must not be allowed to pass without mention. This was the black-balling of Mr. Haywood on his being proposed for membership of the Ridgway Club—and that, too, notwithstanding he was proposed by Mr. Bate, the Honorary Secretary, and seconded by another influential and respected member. The affair caused considerable surprise and conversation among coursing men throughout the whole country—as well it might, for Mr. Haywood is one of the oldest, most steadfast, and most straightforward coursers in the kingdom; and at Altcar he has for many years entered one of his own greyhounds for the Waterloo Cup, and on two occasions his celebrated little black bitch Rebe has been the runner-up. Mr. Haywood has always been formidable with everything that has come from the Blakemere kennel, and his nomination is ever regarded with respect by even the most infallible prognosticators of the certain winner; and in spite of the fact that he never enters a greyhound for the blue riband that is not *bonâ fide* his own property. Of course the fact of his having coursed in conjunction with his brother-in-law, the late Mr. Racster—the two supporting the Blakemere establishment between them—does not materially or virtually affect the truth of that statement. Can it be possible that the reputation of Mr. Haywood, as a very dangerous antagonist on any coursing ground, has caused the appearance of a couple of black balls in the ballot-box of the Ridgway Club? Whatever may have been the cause of this extraordinary, and, to the outside world, inexplicable proceeding, it is certain that it will long be remembered as the most unfortunate one that has ever happened in connection with the Ridgway Club; and it will cause many an intending member to pause well before allowing his name to be put in nomination, no matter by whomsoever proposed and seconded. It does not smack much of that charity which should especially characterise gentlemen coursers—

‘Quo nihil majus meliusve terris,  
Fata donavere, bonique divi;  
Nec dabunt, quamvis redeant in aurum  
Tempora priscum.’

A quotation from our universal friend, Horace, which may be commended to all readers of coursing, or indeed of anything else, provided their education will permit their doing so. The Ridgway meeting was not remarkable for the appearance of anything wonderful in the way of puppies, and anxious inquiries began to be made for the most conspicuous performers of last year. Surprise, the runner-up upon that occasion, was reported to be in excellent condition, as was also Fugitive, Progress, and some others. Mr. Morgan, it was said, had withdrawn Magnano, last year's winner, from the stud, and had put him into serious training for another struggle for the Cup, being laudably ambitious that his greyhound should rival the performances of the great Master McGrath and Cerito. This report was premature, to say the least of it, as Mr. Morgan had given up all idea of running Magnano again, the dog being in his fourth season, and the

animal's name was advertised in its accustomed place before the first week of the new year had passed.

The tremendous severity of the frost during the winter put a stop to many minor meetings, and interfered considerably with training, but that principally among coursers who look upon training alone as the method by which to get a greyhound fit for a severe trial. One might 'dissertate' here, neither idly nor disadvantageously to trainers, upon the absurdity of over-training, and upon the fact that many a good greyhound as well as racehorse has been utterly ruined by too much hard work before his being called upon to do his best in a great encounter for a heavy stake. It may be a question worth taking some pains to endeavour to answer, whether the cessation of active training, caused by an unusually severe frost in the month of December, does not in reality benefit coursing, and cause 'cracked-up' animals to retrograde out of the way, spoil their ephemeral popularity, and consign them to the universal limbo of forgotten celebrities. It is a windfall, again, to the tipsters, for it gives them an opportunity of making proclamation to the world of the correctness of their prognostications had nothing but the elements interfered to prevent their certain realisation. Anyhow, the frost coming, though so severely, in seasonable time, must have made many a coursing gentleman thankful that there was not likely to be much fear of interruption in February by inclemency of weather, the rules of the meeting being still in so unsatisfactory and unintelligible a state. Something was done last year towards rendering what before was inexplicable somewhat more comprehensible; for the earliest announcements were to the effect that the Waterloo Coursing Meeting was 'to be governed by the National Club rules, except that nominations would not be void by reason of postponement;' and that the dogs were to be named and stakes paid before five o'clock P.M. on Tuesday, February 16, or on any subsequent day to which the draw might be adjourned in case of a postponement.' Here unfortunately is still another loophole for *finesse* and unfair sporting to those coursing adventurers who choose to take advantage of it. If a nomination be sent in at a draw, and a postponement is necessitated on account of frost, there does not appear any law to prevent the nominator from withdrawing his original nomination altogether, and substituting another greyhound in its place when King Frost shall have been pleased to abdicate his kingdom. Surely gentlemen who course only with greyhounds from their own kennels, and who would not value the possession of the Waterloo Cup at a farthing if they won it with a greyhound from that of another man, have a right—more legitimately, perhaps, a reason—to complain of the laxity of this regulation in coursing for what, by some strange anomaly of fashion, is dubbed 'The Blue Riband of the Leash.' *Vanitas vanitatum, omnia vanitas!* might well exclaim a winner of the much-coveted riband, if he had availed himself of such a flaw. There is nothing further much worthy of record during the old year's coursing, except the usual fluctuations in the betting, of which I have taken no sort

of heed beyond what is absolutely necessary in order to try and find out what is really meant for the favourite. That the tipsters must have had some difficulty in forming their opinions, and adventurers have had some increased opportunities for trading on the credulity of the unwary, are clear from the fact that the number of new names on the list of nominators was very large; those names being Messrs. T. H. Clifton, J. Codling, T. M. Goodlake, T. Henderson, W. Ford-Hutchinson, R. Hutton, J. Irving, D. Jones, J. L. Maclean, L. Pilkington, and J. Wooll. It may be as well to mention that an 'East End Investigator' was started in London, emanating from the Quai du Bassin, Boulogne, by which, on the investment of one shilling a chance was offered of winning 200/. I am not aware whether the investigation was satisfactory to anybody; but I declined, on my own part, an earnest solicitation to embark 'a bob' in the concern.

The Altcar Club meeting, which was held in January, was rather disappointing in producing genuine candidates for Waterloo, though Mr. Hyslop sprang into considerable favour from the report that he would run Fugitive, who performed so satisfactorily last year as the nomination of Mr. Dunn. Mr. Pilkington's Palmer distinguished himself greatly by carrying off the Members' Cup; and it was reported at the meeting that several kennels were out of all form, notably that of the Earl of Haddington, whom misfortune would appear to have singularly marked for her own. The report, as regards the Earl of Haddington's kennel, was, nevertheless, premature, for at the Ridgway meeting his Lordship ran up for the Clifton Cup with Honeydew, a fawn bitch by Cashier, out of Bright Eyes, and won two other courses with Hecuba and Hazeldean, in the Lytham Cup and Peel Stakes respectively. Of this meeting, usually so indicative of Waterloo prospects and probabilities, nothing of much importance is to be recorded whereby safe prognostications might have been forthcoming, if we except the formidable appearance of Mr. Briggs's greyhounds, and the highly favourable impression made by Mr. Anderton's blue-and-white bitch Amity, who won the North and South Lancashire Stakes. Mr. Anderton having no nomination for the Waterloo Cup, it was generally supposed that Amity would represent Mr. Lawton in the great event, and that gentleman's name immediately found respectful notice in the betting quotations. Mr. Dunn's intended representative having broken down some time before the meeting, it was thought not improbable that he would run British Flag, who won the Clifton Cup. Many coursers will rejoice to hear that Mr. Haywood was elected a member of the Ridgway Club. Mr. Swinburne was mentioned as being certain to run Surprise, the runner-up of last year, the animal being reported to have wintered well, and Mr. Hutchinson was said to have brought Honey-moon into a very forward state of preparation. Mr. Hyslop, however, who had been for some time at the head of the betting list with Fugitive, was by no means shaken in that position by the result of the meeting. The greyhound appeared to be wanting in speed last year, though he managed to get among the last four; and that being

a quality which does not generally come with age, it is not easy to discover why his friends and followers made him so warm a favourite, though there were the most encouraging reports of the animal's great improvement. Mr. Bland was stated at this meeting to have intrusted his fortunes to Caius; but the rumour was rather wanting in confirmation, though his nomination, whatever it might be, was 'nibbled' at long distances, possibly from the mere fact of Mr. Bland being so good a judge of coursing and greyhounds. The meeting at Brigg, in Lincolnshire, was the only one of any importance now left for celebration at all likely to affect materially the prospects of the gallant sixty-four for Waterloo. This meeting passed off very successfully, but without throwing any new light upon the matter, though during the week of its celebration many changes took place among nominations and probabilities, and Mr. Hyslop was deposed from his position at the head of the betting list, and Mr. Gibson installed in his place. Here it was also said that Royal Mary, who ran very well in 1873, would represent Mr. Dunbar, that Dr. Hitchman had secured Mr. Anderton's Amity, and that Mr. Bland would, in consequence of some disappointment with British Flag, run Mary Jane, the winner of the South Lancashire Oaks. There was a good deal of talk about a dark Bab-at-the-Bowster puppy, who would represent Mr. Jones's nomination, and before the list of probable starters appeared as usual in the sporting newspapers on the Saturday before the great meeting, it had transpired that Surprise had badly hurt his forelegs in his trial spin, at a wire fence, but that the greyhound would still be produced for Mr. Swinburne, as he was fast recovering from the accident. With the exception of the likely candidates named, it may be remarked that there was an unusually large amount of rubbish in this year's Waterloo, and that so many were mentioned as having a good chance, that it must have defied the acutest critic of canine excellence to put a name upon the actual winner.

The draw was held, as usual, at the Adelphi Hotel, on the evening of Tuesday, February 16th, before which, at the meeting of the National Coursing Club, a larger amount of business had to be transacted than generally falls to their lot. The only piece of business, however, really of interest to the public was a notice of motion from Mr. S. S. Swinburne, 'That after the word "subscriber" in Rule 28 of National Coursing Laws be added "owner, or any other person interested."' This was a *vexata quæstio* indeed, and struck at a great flaw in the present code of coursing laws, and one which has long needed emendation, so as to set the minds of many objectors to the style of nominating at great coursing meetings at rest. It was much to be hoped that Mr. W. G. Borron, and the other coursing gentlemen who hold his views on the present system of nominating greyhounds for great meetings, would speak their opinions plainly when the motion of Mr. Swinburne came on for argument and decision. Nevertheless, after some discussion, it was agreed to strike out the word 'subscriber' and to sub-

stitute the words 'any party;' and thus have the National Coursing Club, I think, again made a serious mistake. The dinner, with Colonel Goodlake in the chair, was even more fully attended than usual; and the resources of the establishment and *cuisine* of the Adelphi, celebrated though it is for its admirable powers of catering for gigantic parties, must have been sorely taxed. Everything, however, passed off most pleasantly, without the slightest hitch or impediment of any kind; and the gallant chairman whose name and *physique* are familiar as a household word and a family picture to every courser in the kingdom, read out the draw in a clear and sonorous voice which some of our legislators 'in another place' might advantageously attempt to emulate. And a truly wonderful draw it was in every way, many of the favourites being drawn together, England, Ireland, and Scotland rivalling each other as if by prearranged design instead of by the purest accident; and the betting men being drawn from their abnormal state of quiet indifference and respectable decorum into a temporary relaxation of those characteristics, and making the most strenuous offers and efforts to make everybody's fortune and to add a modest portion to their own.

But it is not after the dinner that the betting man proper comes out in full force and uses that 'conventional language' which Mr. Disraeli says characterises post-prandial oratory; but it is upon the ground, and when the restraining presence of the aristocratic magnates of the meeting is not concentrated in a body, that the trade of the rough can be transacted without let or hindrance. A more decorous and well-ordered draw dinner, however, it is but justice again to say, has seldom or never been celebrated at Liverpool, and to Mr. Ludlow, the proprietor of the Adelphi Hotel, every praise is due for the excellence of his arrangements in catering for both the appetites and the comfort of his numerous guests. The weather was all that could be desired, the season of the year being considered; and the ground, due regard being had to the peculiar character of the Altcar plains and the recent heavy falls of rain, might fairly be said to promise good going. The meet for the first round of the Waterloo Cup of 1875 was appointed to take place at North End, the first brace of greyhounds to be in the slips at ten o'clock. The trials looked forward to at the commencement with most interest were those between Muriel and Battery, Tom Rodman and Master Magnano, Alice Scott and Wild Norah, Handel and Lamp-lighter, Honeymoon and Master McTurk, Mary Jane and Pearl, Venus and Palmer, Dick McGrath and Sirius, Progress and Darcrolle, Surprise and Fugitive, Amity and Ruby—this, perhaps, the most exciting draw of the entire batch, from the well-known excellence of the two bitches and the estimation in which they were held by the general public—and Cræsus and Bannockburn. Although Sirius was made the favourite at starting, and took final precedence of Fugitive, Amity, and Surprise, there was no sensational favourite such as distinguished the respective years of Master McGrath and

Peasant Boy; and there was an absence of that feverish anxiety manifested on many occasions to be 'on the good thing,' though there was plenty of excitement of a more healthy kind caused by the trials I have above mentioned, and by some others among competitors whose reputation was more local than general; and whose actual qualifications had been made known only to the more intimate acquaintances of the owners and the followers of the kennel. Palmer (Mr. Pilkington's nomination) was said to be amiss, and the dog receded ominously in the betting; while Handel, Amity, and Fugitive—old Muriel being confidently stated to be in such settle as to render her victory certain—were 'fit as fiddles.'

'As usual, the first round for the Waterloo Cup proved a disastrous one for most of the favourites, and before the first day was over not a single greyhound among those of whom the highest anticipations had been formed, and who had figured all along at the head of the betting lists and had been predicted to win by the prophets, was standing in the running excepting Fugitive. Sirius, Amity, Mary Jane, Muriel, Progress, and Master Magnano had all gone down like chaff before the wind; and blue enough must have been the countenances of their numerous admirers if they could only have been seen. Muriel, the winner of last year and the representative of Mr. Jardine's kennel, though always superior in pace to Battery, was very wild and unsteady at her game, and, after a long working trial, was easily beaten, much to the disappointment of her owner, who had allowed two other animals of his—Progress and Lucetta—to run under different nominators. Master Magnano and Tom Rodman were, unfortunately, slipped to a hare apiece, and the former had a pumping course all to himself. When again slipped, Tom Rodman went away with great determination, while Master Magnano moved stiffly, evidently feeling the effects of his previous gruelling single-handed. He warmed to his work, however, and scored three times; but Tom Rodman soon got in again, and running with rare dash, wound up with a good kill. Mr. Briggs's Ballot Box and Mr. Smith's Confrère had a very even struggle after a longish run-up, and which got the latter it was difficult for anybody but the judge to say; Ballot Box knocked the hare off her legs and Confrère killed—a very near thing, but the fiat went forth for Ballot Box. Handel—thought very highly of—and Lamplighter had a remarkably fine trial, the former quite justifying the high character he had gained among those who knew a thing or two; for though the dogs ran evenly for a short time, Handel soon shot in front, and, bringing his hare round, dashed in and killed—certainly a very spirited performance. It was soon after this, and when a move had been made to the Church House Meadows, that the Liverpudlian ruffian came out in all his disgusting objectionableness; and to such an extent did the unruly crowd transgress the already too lax laws of order and regularity, that the coursing was effectually interrupted for nearly an hour. The demon of misrule appeared to exercise absolute sway, and for a time to have found a congenial pandemonium. *Salvo pudore*



*dixerim* ! Ratcliff Highway is a paradise of delight in comparison with Altcar plains when the mob from Liverpool is bent on enjoying itself, that enjoyment of course consisting in setting all decorum and restraint at defiance, and, like the youthful republican in 'Punch,' in insantly endeavouring to put down 'heverythink.'

At length Honeymoon ran away from Master McTurk, who tripped badly, and thus did not mend matters. Honeymoon pulled herself together grandly, brought her hare round, and killed in most commanding style, producing a ringing cheer from the sons of the Emerald Isle. Mary Jane's performance was disappointing, for Pearl had always the best of it, and won anyhow. Now the excitement—if such ruffianism can be so called—was at its height as Palmer and Venus were put in the slips. Palmer was not only a favourite generally, but locally also ; but he was known to be all abroad ; and twice the greyhounds were taken out of Wilkinson's hands before the mob could be reduced to anything like order. Liverpool was gratified by seeing Palmer win. He had the pace of Venus, and had much the best of the early part of the course, and the hare getting into a sough, the judge gave his decision at that point. The dogs got away with their game again, however, and Venus had all the best of a towelling course, which ended in Palmer falling heavily in an attempt to kill. The mighty Sirius and the outsider Dick McGrath—no connection with him of triple-chaplet fame—were the next performers. With odds of 9 to 4 on Sirius, Dick McGrath forged ahead gradually, and steadying himself beautifully for second turn, let in Sirius, who, however, could not long retain his position, and going very weakly, Dick McGrath raced past him on the inside and, after wrenching, killed. A more decisive victory was never seen, and the cheers of the fielders during and over this exciting course were tremendous. It might be said, in racing parlance, that Sirius was never in the hunt, so completely was he defeated. Bannockburn was faster than Cræsus, gained the run-up, and had scored a good round sum before Cræsus got to work, who spoiled whatever chance he might have had by wrenching twice and killing ; but Mr. Lister probably never hoped that the old favourite could pull through the stake, and as it was the performance of the dog was creditable.

Darcarolle and Progress, both candidates of fame and known excellence, the former being, perhaps, the fastest dog to his hare at the meeting, and who ran last year in the nomination of Mr. Chesshyre, were next in charge of the slipper. Strange to say, Progress was first away by a good two lengths, accidentally, and then Darcarolle not only raced past his antagonist, but also into his hare, a feat which was quite magnificent. The next sensation was the course between the cracks Surprise and Fugitive, whose names and character must have been familiar enough in the mouths of coursing men for months past, and both had performed with marked distinction in the contest for the Cup of last year. Surprise was very jady, no doubt from the effects of his late unfortunate trial at home, to which I have alluded above. He appeared, however, two lengths in front on leaving the

slips from being slightly favoured. Fugitive soon raced past after having settled to work, and after wrenching three or four times put the hare to Surprise, who turned twice and killed. There was no doubt about the victory of Fugitive, but Mr. Swinburne is much to be commiserated on his ill-luck and on the misfortunes of the gallant and good greyhound Surprise. Lucetta and Heath had a weak hare and a short spin, the former leading two or three lengths, using her hare once and killing. Now came the time for the downfall of another warm favourite in Amity, whose nominator hardly calculated upon meeting such a formidable antagonist in the first round as Mr. Haywood's clever Ruby. Unexpectedly, and notwithstanding her known cleverness with her game when well settled to her work, Ruby had clearly the pace of Amity. During the course there was some pretty give-and-take work, in performing which Ruby had almost always the largest share, and the course was never in doubt, for Amity was very cleverly outworked as well as outpaced, and the hare was killed at the sough. Bonnie Dundee had much the best of the early part of the course with Stamp Duty, for whom he was much too fast, and although the latter put in some good work at the finish, there was too long a score for him to rub off, and the former won with a good deal in hand. Musidora and Elstree, after a short no-go, were again put in the slips, and Musidora—from Mr. Morgan's kennel—gained the run-up in a very long slip, and had all the best of a working course, which was finished among the crowd. I have omitted to mention that the Earl of Haddington's Hawthorn, after the course between Ballot Box and Confère, very smartly beat Dyzagara in a long punishing encounter, in which his Lordship's candidate had throughout all the honours, Dyzagara running very unsteadily.

For the second ties, Ironstone was always in front of Gamecock, as far as could be seen for the crowd. Corby Castle and Britain Yet had a very even course between them, the former gaining an award in which the judge must have had a very nice point to decide. Battery and Rose Bell must have offered a similar difficulty for settlement, and both being white, it was hard for any ordinary spectator to tell the difference between them or their running. *Tros Tyriusve mihi nullo discrimine habetur.* Battery, however, was adjudged the winner, which fiat was thought to have been earned cleverly. Surveillance disposed of Tom Rodman in most workmanlike style, the latter only being able to effect a few exchanges, which were unavailing. Ballot Box was fully two lengths in front of Clarionet, and won all one way throughout a trying course. Hawthorn and Wild Norah were the next brace, and the Earl of Haddington's representative only slightly led the latter to the hare; but when once there, she had it all to herself, and, scarcely allowing Wild Norah to score a point, wound up with a kill of merit. Handel led Greskin by about three lengths, scored first turn, and brought his game well round for second; but going wide for the next, he let in Greskin, though only for a moment, as, rushing in again, he killed his hare at

the instant his opponent had struck her, and thus left off a very easy winner. With odds of 5 to 2, Honeymoon dashed away from Pearl by five or six lengths, and then pulling herself together, she ran into her game in a wonderful manner; the Irish contingent cheering the performance vociferously, and being in ecstasies of delight, as well they might be, for it was a grand sight, and they now entertained the best hopes of the prospects of their champion. Near what is called the Engine House Corner Dick McGrath and Palmer were slipped, when it was apparent that poor Palmer had not the ghost of a chance, he being all abroad, and the Irishman had a very easy win. Darcarolle led Bannockburn, and drove the hare into a sough, where the judge decided in his favour. Fugitive was very much faster than Barmby—a Bab-at-the-Bowster puppy, whose qualifications among his intimates were thought highly of; but running unsteadily, he threw himself out for the second turn; his great pace, however, soon put him on terms again, when he rushed wildly in for the kill. This was a rare strong and straight-backed hare, as good or ill luck would have it, for it is all a matter of opinion, and getting away from her pursuers, she led them a rare dance before she was killed on the fallow. Fugitive, however, did all the driving work, and won this long and trying course with a fine score to the good. Lucetta and Ruby ran a remarkably even and prettily contested course. The former was the faster, and had slightly the best of the trial at the finish, and the judge was enabled to decide in her favour. Bonnie Dundee's victory over Hamilton was all one-sided, Mr. Hornby's representative running 'all nohow.' Musidora and Lord Glendyne ran neck and neck from the slips to the first turn, after which Musidora in a moderate course proved herself the superior, with some points in her favour. This brought to a conclusion the second ties.

In very fair weather the meet on Thursday was at the Hill House, and, after getting to the Gore House Meadows, the coursing would have been excellent, but for the blackguard conduct of the mob. Bent upon enjoyment, and without the slightest cause for a display of enthusiasm, as in the case of the trial of Muriel and Peasant Boy, the roughs ran riot from sheer exuberance of extremely animal spirits, and appeared determined to 'spoil sport,' if they could do nothing else.

In one great *now*, superior to an age,  
The full extremes of nature's force we find;  
How heavenly virtue can exalt, or rage  
Infernal how degrade the human mind.'

If there be not better management, and more command exercised over this demoniac crew for the future, it would be well to give the Waterloo Cup some other name, which should associate it with rowdyism rather than with coursing. The demon that inspired them might have returned 'to vasty Tartar back,' and told the legions there were no such ruffians as those Englishmen. Corby Castle led Ironstone three lengths in the run up, and made first and second turns, the latter stumbling. Ironstone then made a couple of points,

but was quickly displaced, and the hare was killed between them. Surveillance was beaten by Battery, at every point running brilliantly. It afterwards transpired that Surveillance had broken his leg in a bad fall, and he was destroyed. Hawthorn completely outpaced Ballot Box, and kept increasing the lead, Ballot Box 'looking in' occasionally, until she killed brilliantly, after a long trial. Handel and Snowstorm had a curious encounter. Handel was first away by four lengths, and had gained several points, when another hare crossed his path. Snowstorm, tired though he was, now put in a couple of good drives before Handel again got in, when the hare got to the drain. Here Handel, apparently balked, pulled up, and Snowstorm took the hare past him, wrenched twice, and killed, thus putting out his chance. Snowstorm had attracted much attention by the great pace and steadiness he had displayed in his first course with Gladiolus, which was terribly severe; and Mr. McHaffie, although offered 170*l.* for him, has refused that offer, and intends taking the dog to Australia, where it is that gentleman's intention to sojourn for a few years.

Honeymoon showed decidedly in front of Indian Star, though, from bad slipping, she lost much ground at the start. The hare jerking back after the turn, Indian Star wrenched twice, and killed, making matters undecided. In the next attempt to a weak hare, Honeymoon led on the outside, wrenched, and killed, leaving her opponent pointless. Darcarolle, though badly slipped, raced past Dick McGrath for first turn, then running with great fire, he put in a number of brilliant points before Dick McGrath could make an odd point or two, the Scotchman finishing his fine performance with a kill. Lucetta drew away from Fugitive in a fine run-up, and scored first three turns, taking the ditches well. Fugitive, after getting placed, wrenched and killed, which was all he did, and therefore was beaten. Musidora led Bonnie Dundee by at least four or five lengths, and finished up a capital course, in which she showed superior pace and working capabilities in all the racing stretches. With this course the second ties for this great coursing trophy were brought to a conclusion, and the excitement, or rather the ruffianism, threatened culmination before the finish, though it was patent to all but the most uninitiated that, bar accidents, Honeymoon, Corby Castle, or Lucetta must eventually win.

Commencing the third ties, Corby Castle was far speedier than Battery, who was suffering from lameness incurred by a fall on the preceding day, and settling well to work, scored a succession of points before putting the hare to Battery, who immediately killed and consequently lost the course. After an undecided, Hawthorn and Handel had a fine struggle for the first turn, which the former gained and drove the hare well round to Handel, who killed at the side of the ditch. Darcarolle and Honeymoon had a very interesting course, in which, however, many of the spectators would have it that Darcarolle ought to have been adjudged the winner. It is but justice to say, nevertheless, that the decision of the judge was fully approved of by those who were in the most favourable position for

witnessing the course. In a long stretch Darcarolle drew away four lengths ahead of Honeymoon—proving himself clearly the fastest dog of the meeting—and brought the hare round to her. The bitch then made three or four fine points and killed. It was, to say the least of it, uncommonly hard lines for Darcarolle, who was certainly deserving of a better fate. *Sed Dts aliter visum*, but it is to be hoped that coursers will not forget the game efforts and qualities of this fine greyhound—by Sandridge out of Queen Charming—and sympathise with Mr. Todd and Mr. G. Musgrove under their persistent ill-fortune. Lucetta and Musidora, contrary to the general order of things, came away from a good slip, and Lucetta never left the issue in doubt by leading three lengths, bringing her hare splendidly round, going on with it for four or five drives, and winding up with a brilliant kill.

On Friday, as usual on the concluding day, the meet was at Hill House, and commencement was made in front of the Wood, but the Withins were got to before the running for the Waterloo Cup was entered upon. Corby Castle and Hawthorn had the advantage of a capital slip, from which, after running neck and neck for some distance, Corby Castle gained the first turn by a clear length and went on with some good wrenches. Hawthorn then made some exchanges not much in her favour, Corby Castle at length bringing the hare round to the bitch, who wrenched twice and killed, too early, however, for rubbing out the long score against her. Honeymoon left Lucetta in the rear from the slips, and reached the hare at least four lengths in advance. Sticking to her game like a needle, she hardly allowed her antagonist to score a point, and wound up a magnificent course with an equally magnificent kill. Now was excitement at its highest, for nought remained of the Waterloo Cup but the deciding course between Honeymoon and Mr. Cunningham's extraordinary animal, Corby Castle, a greyhound lately known as Cuckoo, by Silver Fox out of Bet, whose reputation hitherto has been of such small account that not a single prognosticator thought it worth while to mention so much as his name in connection with the Cup. Mr. Cunningham, it is stated, only recently purchased the dog for the trifling sum of fifty guineas, with the condition of paying another fifty in case the dog should win the Waterloo Cup. Corby Castle is quite a puppy, and will be a 'rod in pickle,' as Turf men say, for next season. The weather was bitterly cold on this Friday morning, and it had a perceptible influence on the attendance of spectators, who, fortunately, were far fewer than on many former occasions. Many of those present might have exclaimed with the poet—how many, indeed!—

‘Ah, why, unfeeling Winter, why  
Still flags thy torpid wing?  
Fly, melancholy season, fly,  
And yield the year to spring.’

Mr. Cunningham's greyhound, however, not representing 'national' interests, and the Irish representative being generally

considered the certain winner, there was an agreeable absence of utter rowdyism ; and Mr. Hedley must have inwardly blessed himself that he was not likely to be personally assaulted and dragged from his horse, if his verdict should not be entirely in accordance with the wishes, or rather with the pecuniary interests, of the populace, as was the case on a former memorable occasion.

Corby Castle and Honeymoon, for the deciding course, were slipped to a rather weak hare, which after a few strides the latter reached by three or four lengths for the first turn ; the hare, however, turning short back, Corby Castle was enabled to make three or four strong wrenches, but failed in a good effort to kill. Had he succeeded in this attempt, no doubt the award of the judge must have been in his favour, and the Waterloo Cup won. By this he lost his place, and Honeymoon, taking advantage of the opening thus afforded her, immediately shot up and killed, causing the judge's hat to come off, and the course to be given undecided. In their second essay to a much stronger hare, but one apparently governed by the same rule of operations as the preceding one, after racing neck and neck for some distance, Honeymoon gradually outstrode Corby Castle, and reached the hare quite four lengths in front. The hare coming round, Corby Castle got placed, and put in a few weak points, when Honeymoon, rushing in again on the outside, took the better part of some exchanges, and then finished the course with a most brilliant kill, fairly rolling over on her side in her determination to do or die. This course may certainly be said to have been one of the finest and most satisfactory ever witnessed at Altcar as a deciding one for the great Waterloo Cup. Honeymoon is the property of Mr. William Ford-Hutchinson—who has held a nomination for the Cup for the first time this year—of Stranocum House, Ballymoney, Antrim, Ireland. She is a second-season black-and-white bitch, by Brigadier (winner of the Waterloo Cup in 1866) out of Hebe. She made her first appearance in public in October, 1873, when she won three courses in the Creagh St. Leger Puppy Stakes, beating Pride of Erin, Alice Knott, and Donald, before being finally defeated by Alice Kelly. In the following January, she divided the Baldoon Cup with her half-brother, Hopeful Joe, and Kinfauns, and in February ran up to Topsy for the Kinnel Park Stakes, at the Abergele Meeting, after disposing of Bridesmaid, Hebe II., Queen Death, and Yarra-Yarra. She came out once again that season, winning three courses in the Toomebridge Stakes, at Creagh Club Meeting, in March, when Rory of Laurencetown, Steer Clear, and Tornado went down before her. Undoubtedly her best performance was at Lurgan, in October last, when she won the Brownlow Cup, of sixty-four dogs, in which she polished off Daydawn, Mary Hill, Hamilton, Surprise, Donald, and Ruby. 'Mr. Hutchinson's' 'bitch has always been an immense favourite of mine,' said the coursing reporter of the 'Irish Sportsman,' 'and is a sterling grey-hound, good all round ; and as she will strip on Tuesday in marvellous condition, she is bound to take her own part. In a trial at

'home she cleared out Hopeful Joe in decisive style, and will beat 'all the ragged lot at Altcar.' After reading this catalogue of performances, it seems surprising that Honeymoon was not proclaimed first favourite the very moment the list of nominators appeared. Had I been a tipster myself, I assuredly should have found no difficulty in awarding her that envied position; for after a defeat of Surprise and Ruby, she surely was entitled to the first place in public estimation over all other greyhounds, Newmarket's champions notwithstanding. A true daughter of old Brigadier, she never really left a course in doubt, and had she been beaten in her undecided with Corby Castle, it would have been a fluke and no true form—a mere accident resulting from being slipped to a wretched hare. As may be supposed the Irishmen were indeed exultant, and their cheering at the success of their champion was in all respects worthy of the Emerald Isle and the occasion.

Without describing every course that was run in this great contest—to do which would extend this paper to I know not what length—everything of real interest has, I think, been recorded of the greyhounds, coursing, and company. With the exception of the disgraceful conduct of the crowd in several instances, and the bad accommodation of the Press, whose difficulties must have been enormous, a more successful celebration has rarely, if ever, distinguished the Waterloo Cup. The Newmarket greyhounds are not, as a rule, successful at Altcar; and since the performance of Fieldfare, who ran up to Brigadier in 1866, they have been—to wit, Countryman and Sirius—conspicuous failures. Mr. Hedley, as judge, gave universal satisfaction in the discharge of his onerous and responsible duties, and only in the course between Darcarolle and Honeymoon were his impartiality and judgment impugned. Unfortunate and worthy of commiseration as Darcarolle's lot was, as I have said before, Mr. Hedley's decision was amply borne out by plenty of gentlemen who saw the course, and who cannot justly be charged with interestedness. O James Wilkinson's slipping the less said, perhaps, the better. Many times he pulled his greyhounds about in a most unworkmanlike manner, and once, just before delivering a brace, he hauled Honeymoon nearly on her back. Many and loud complaints were made against him; but when all else has gone well, I should be sorry to add my voice to the general condemnation of the slipper as intentional misconduct, and I would fain charitably suppose that he was not 'well on the day,' and not up to fewtering mark.

SIRIUS.

## 'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—February Frivolities.

'It is our opening day.' This huge Babylon, which by a polite fiction is supposed to be deserted by the world in the interval between August and February, now throws wide its gates to welcome 'the world' back within its walls. Her Majesty's faithful Commons are generally found in the van. Robust country gentlemen, with the breezes of loch, moor, or mountain on their cheeks, stalwart forms fresh from Leicestershire pastures, and good work with the Pytchley and the Atherston, from rattling gallops with the York and Ainsty, and big things with the Gloucestershire 'Duke,' travel-weary men, brain-weary men, to whom the recess has brought no holiday, and health-seeking men who have not found what they sought, fill the clubs and show their faces in the leading thoroughfares. The Park wakes up from its winter sleep, and the Row puts forth a few blossoms, principally of the elderly gentlemen and juvenile feminine class, who do steady work and settle to their stride after a fashion which further on in the season they will find impracticable. The Ladies' Mile is as yet in *demi-toilette*, the broughams are shady, and the victorias mild. Hereditary legislators are slower in appearing than the elected dittos, and a bishop is as hard to discover as a high churchman in Exeter Hall. Much commiseration was expressed, by-the-way, for the movers and seconders of the Address in both Houses, as these unfortunate gentlemen, it was thought, would find nothing to say; but bricks can apparently be made without straw, and Lord Rayleigh in the Lords, and Mr. Stanhope in the Commons, showed, the latter honourable Member especially, such conspicuous ability in dealing with the necessarily dry topics of the Royal Speech as to win merited compliments from friends and opponents. The appearance, too, of a face well known at many a sporting resort, as the leader of Her Majesty's Opposition, was not without its interest, and the Marquis of Hartington seems to have acquitted himself well, and as a Cavendish should. Belgravia brushes itself up, and the pokiness and dinginess of Mayfair is slightly relieved. West End tradesmen, temporarily depressed by the shadow of a sad calamity befalling the Royal House, recover their spirits with that shadow's happy disappearance, and rub their hands over the golden harvest they intend to reap. The political world, the stir on the retirement of Mr. Gladstone having subsided, is quiet; and 'our foreign relations,' though some of them much troubled themselves, do not seem to trouble us. A few social scandals, Eupion Gas, Canadian Oil, and Baccarat, as played at Nice, afford agreeable subjects for dinner-table conversation, and the successful tilt of the youngest, and one of the cleverest, of our weekly newspapers against the tribe of money-lenders gives unmixed satisfaction. We are rather dull, politically and socially, it is true, but it is satisfactory to know that this dullness is occasioned by our being so very well off. We have not, so we are told, an ailment or a care. Our garners are full and plenteous, our oxen are strong to labour, there is no decay, and no complaining in our streets. Individually we were not aware of this plethora of prosperity. But what of that? What matters the precarious position of atoms, if that of the mass is secured? So *vive l'Angleterre!*

'What pleasure,' said the Rev. Lothario Snuggles, with that admirable mixture of fatherly affection and cousinly regard which, to a priest mingling in society, becomes second habit, 'do you propose to deny yourself this 'Lent?' The question was propounded in the early part of the month (it is no



imaginary little story we are telling) to one of the fairest of Belgravia's fair daughters, a true and honest English girl wishing to enjoy the world, and yet with an inner consciousness that life was not all pearl-powder and war-paint, and that a little self-denial would do her no harm. She paused a moment or two before she answered. She had made up her mind; but yet when it came to the irrevocable decision, there was the slightest natural and pardonable hesitation. Her colour went and came. The gentle bosom rose and fell, and in her hazel eyes was something that for a moment dimmed their brightness. 'Father,' she said at last, lifting up her head with a sort of sublime courage, 'I mean to give up the Rink.' The priest was staggered. He had expected some little sacrifice—some abandonment of the pomps and vanities, the putting off of a few of the fripperies and adornments; but this was almost too much. Give up the Rink and Prince's delights, the gay *glissades*, the sprightly turns, the sweet companionship, hand locked in hand, here was self-denial beyond even the Rev. Lothario's conception. What wonderful girls are the maids of merry England, and how proud we ought to be of them! For do our readers know what 'giving up the Rink' means? As perhaps some of them may be in Egyptian darkness, we will explain. It means, so we were told in confidence by a pair of hazel eyes No. 2, giving up

'So much of heaven as heaven has left below.'

It is the one thing needful to the happiness of the young generation, the pleasure of pleasures, before which balls even pall, and 'small' and 'earlies' are abominations. It is—we are still quoting hazel eyes aforesaid—poetry on wheels, and by its side the *trois-temps* is a prosaic affair. There was a good deal more that we were told, but perhaps we have repeated enough. At all events, our readers will see that the fair Belgravian, when she 'gave up the 'Rink,' was no milk-and-water young lady abandoning a trivial enjoyment, but that she had the courage of her convictions as well as possessing the courage of her race. She does not read the 'Van' (her only fault), and therefore will not see this mention of her Lenten sacrifice. May Easter bring her every compensation!

We were reminded, when paying a visit a short time since to the Court Theatre, to see 'Maggie's Situation' and to laugh for the third or fourth time at 'Brighton,' that Miss Litton's management of that pretty little house is drawing to a close. Indeed, before these pages meet our readers' eyes the theatre will have passed into the hands of Mr. Hare, who, with Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, Mr. Clayton, and Mr. George Honey among his company, inaugurates his reign some time during the present month. Mr. Hare's company is, of course, a strong one, but we shall deplore the loss of Miss Litton. And we say this perhaps with rather selfish feelings, because Town is not going to lose the fair directress, but the dwellers about Belgravia way are. We look upon the Royal Court, you must know, as *our* theatre. We drop in there every now and then, not only to be amused, but to see how our property is going on, and when Miss Litton is not there, why we do as well without her as we can. We have got so used to her, and so appreciate her and one or two of her company (most especially Mr. Hil! and Mr. Cooper), that we would not part if we could help it, but so it must be. Miss Litton will carry away with her many regrets and leave us some very pleasant memories—memories of Happy Lands where dwelt Creatures of Impulse; of gallant Ivanhoes and lovely Rebeccas; of a charming widow too charming to live Alone; and, lastly, of a Maggie with whom any one would be only too proud to accept a Situation. Memories, too, of a certain ball by which Miss Litton celebrated her first year at the Court crowd upon us—of a happy picnic up the river one broiling

summer's day, when we were waited on by fairies, or what seemed to us such, and many other delightful things happened. But if she leaves her Court in Sloane Square, she will take the properties with her, we trust, and make a Court at St. James's. Let her be sure she will have a warm welcome from her old admirers wherever she fixes her throne.

Mr. Buckstone has revived the comedy of 'Home' with an entirely new cast, save and except the principal character of Colonel John White, by Mr. Sothern, whose acting in any piece is always sure to draw, as the crowded house testified on the night we were impelled to make an early visit, in order to witness the novelty provided as a *lever de rideau* before the more substantial attractions of the evening. The very slight comedietta from the French, entitled, 'A Fair Encounter,' sustained by the Misses Linda Dietz and Harris only, is truly of a syllabus consistency, and just as innocuous, which is saying something for a translation in these days. The boudoir in which the duologue takes place is charmingly mounted, and the finished acting of two pretty women on the stage for half an hour is sufficient to insure success. It is some years since we last saw 'Home' (though Mr. Sothern does not look like it), and we have a dreadful habit of looking back and drawing comparisons. We cannot obliterate Miss Ada Cavendish from our mind's eye as our ideal of Mrs. Pinchbeck, the wily, fascinating widow; and, though Miss Ada Ward acts with grace and intelligence, we thought she lacked the tragic force of her predecessor in the last act. Mr. Compton, too, we missed as the swindling, scamping brother of the heroine; but the young ladies are well represented by Miss Dietz and Miss Minnie Walton, and the love-making scene over the piano is received with effusion, as usual, by an audience who hang upon Mr. Sothern's every syllable, and respond to every Dunderaryism—of which, by-the-way, we opine there are more now than we remember of yore—with shouts of delight.

Mr. Lytton Sothern's appearance is almost too juvenile for even a *jeune premier*, but in all other ways he is quite equal to the part, and we may congratulate his father on the successful *début* of one who bids fair to tread in his own footsteps.

Of 'The Serious Family,' with which the Haymarket bill of fare is brought to a close, there is little to be said, except that it is well acted. Most old playgoers have seen this old comedy years ago, and to those who witness it now for the first time the fun seems somewhat strained; and after a laugh at our ever-popular favourite (the author) as Mr. Aminidab Sleek, we are fain to confess that tastes do change and plays get out of date.

'A Midsummer Night's Dream,'—how many have we dreamed and seen! The last revival is at the Gaiety, where it was natural that the management should utilise Mr. Phelps, now it has got him. Again must we look back and draw comparisons; and we think of Charles Kean's celebrated revival at the Princess's, when Harley was Bottom, Meadows, Peter Quince, and Keeley, Flute; when Ryder looked and spoke like Theseus, Carlotta Leclercq was the most charming of Titania, and Miss Heath and Miss Bufton got through their love difficulties as Helena and Hermia, and materially added to the perfectness of the representation. Who does not remember, too, the celebrated fairies' dance round the maypole, and the music thereof, and the enthusiasm it evoked? The Gaiety has relied upon three things—Mr. Phelps, the music of Bishop and Mendelssohn, and Mr. Alfred Thompson as *costumier*. The Bottom of the first-named leaves but little to be desired. Here and there we miss some of the rich humour of Harley—and, let us add, of Frank Matthews, whose comic power in the part we were inclined to rate very highly, for Mr. Phelps has a hardness about him that sometimes mars the

finish of his performance. He was ably seconded by Mr. Righton and Mr. J. G. Taylor, who played Flute and Quince. The music of both composers was given—Mendelssohn's, we believe, in its entirety; but the gem was the familiar 'I know a bank,' very well sung by Miss Loseby and Miss Pratt. Mendelssohn's dance of clowns was danced by Mr. D'Auban, Miss Toms, and Miss Norton; and the fairies generally were vivacious, and very becomingly attired. Mr. Thompson has done his task with his accustomed taste. Mr. Hollingshead has not gone to very great expense in mounting the 'Dream,' and the scenery, though good, cannot be said to be all new. We were amused by recognising the moonlit scene of Windsor Forest, that had done duty in the 'Merry Wives,' now doing similar duty as 'the Wood near Athens,' in which so much of the action of the play takes place. Windsor Castle had been painted out, and the Acropolis substituted; but the artist had retained the Thames, probably from some glimmering recollection of the Piræus. We wish we could find praise for the ladies. With one exception—that of Miss Hibbert, as Helena—they uttered the beautiful poetry of the text apparently without understanding it, or the slightest attempt to make it understood. Miss Hibbert did show some appreciation of her part, and spoke her words carefully and intelligibly; but Titania, Puck, Hermia, and Hippolyta delivered their speeches like school-children—only not quite so well.

Turning into the Egyptian Hall the other night to kill an idle hour, we suddenly found ourselves ushered into the presence-chamber of Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke, anti-spiritualists and illusionists, as they are modestly described in the programme. These gentlemen have not only found here a local habitation, but have established for themselves a fame which seems to be honestly earned. The whole entertainment is, we are bound to say, the best of its kind that we remember to have seen, but the novelty *par excellence* is the wonder-working Psycho. This automaton is, we believe, the joint invention of the proprietors, and puts all other automatons completely in the shade. The figure is said to be entirely mechanical, but the ease with which it contests a game of whist with three other players, selected from the audience, is one of those things no fellow can understand. Human agency there must be somewhere, and that is about all we can say. We have not the faintest idea how the trick is accomplished; all we know is that the contrivance is simply perfect, and the introduction of Psycho to the London public will no doubt prove as great an attraction as any of the other so-called mysteries of conjuring and spirit-rapping of the present day.

But now to business. Leaving the frivolities of the world, let us apply ourselves to some of its cares. The Spring Handicaps are on our minds, and on the minds of the prophets as well. We always pity the prophets when in January the first racing note is sounded, and the appearance of the weights for the Lincolnshire sets the game of conjecture and speculation afoot. Fond as they may be of racing, it is monotonous work writing on it, our readers may be sure. There is so little variation in it. Only alter the horses' names, and one year telleth another. 'Can something give weight to so-and-so? is this 'horse a stayer? and will 7 lbs. bring such-and-such together?' There is damnable iteration in the Turf analysts' task, and they are to be sincerely commiserated in their painstaking efforts to point out to us the way we should go. The papers say that there has been a good deal doing, principally on the Lincolnshire Handicap, and we see long lists of quotations, but whether the owners of the horses named have backed them, there seems a great doubt. Indeed, the first favourite for the Lincolnshire is, as we write, the Truth gelding, and it has been expressly stated that Mr. Swindells has not a sixpence on him. We should hesitate to back a horse belonging to that gen-

tleman at 14 to 1, and he not on, but the public are not so particular. No doubt the horse is very well in, and seeing how nearly he was landing the Cesarewitch last year, he must, over the easy Carholme mile, be bound to run very forward. In our humble judgment, however, the horse most favourably weighted is the Irish mare, Lady Patricia (7 st. 7 lb.). She caught our eye as it travelled down the handicap, and we did not care to seek further. She has been fairly supported, though the public have not jumped on her as they did on Thuringian Prince, Ironstone, Kaiser, and Mr. Swindells' horse, and she is in all probability the best of William Goater's lot. But the Lincolnshire is a great lottery, and this year it is a more than usually excellent handicap, and there is certain to be a large field. Kaiser must take his own part. They talk much of Gunner and Lady Patroness, and Newry has been long waited for. And yet, perhaps, we have not now mentioned the winner.

The City and Suburban and the Chester Cup are for the present 'sufficient unto the day,' but a word of congratulation must be given to Mr. Frail for the capital acceptance to his capital Northamptonshire Stakes Handicap. It is, as our readers are aware, the inauguration of a new state of things at Northampton, where Mr. Frail succeeds poor Tom Marshall in the management, and we are rejoiced to see such signs of vitality among what was fast becoming something very like dry bones. If anybody could galvanize a dying meeting into fresh life, it would be the Shrewsbury C.C. And here we are reminded that we ought to say 'the Messrs. Frail,' but really the old style is so familiar that the junior members of the firm must forgive us for the omission. Will 'Mr. Charles,' who must be mentioned with honour as the artist, the framer not only of the Northampton but the Bristol handicaps, pardon the lapse? And what is to win the Bristol? and what is to win the Liverpool? We confess jumping races occupy our attention just now more than the flat, and we cannot help thinking much about a certain Vintner for the Bristol big event. He occupied our thoughts and the thoughts of a great many other people last year, and we have a suspicion he will this. No victory would be more popular. Vintner is also, as he was last year, backed for the Liverpool, and he is in the Sandown Park race as well; but what Sir Robert Harvey means to run him for is as yet not known. Mr. Baltazzi, by common consent, is the dangerous cross-country gentleman this year, and if he does not pull off something the Fates will be indeed unkind. Handicappers have been kind to him, and Jackal will probably perform much better over Aintree in March than he did in November. The mysterious Last Word, the French mare, La Veine, now conjectured to have been the real Simon Pure at Croydon in December, and Albert, all figure in what betting there is, but the public are shy as yet in their fancies. Nearly all the good cross-country performers have three or four engagements pending, and uncertainty as to 'intentions' causes backers to hold their hands. The horse we last named, Albert, is one of the Irish division, and he is now in this country under the care of Mr. J. M. Richardson, at Limber Magna. He impressed us very much at the Ward Hunt Meeting last year (where, by-the-way, he ought to have won), and subsequently at Punchestown, where he beat a good field for the Prince of Wales's Plate. He has never, we believe, got quite four miles yet, but he won the Prince of Wales's Plate (three miles and a half) in such a canter that we are warranted in supposing he will stay the other half mile. Juggler is another Irish horse that took our fancy much at Punchestown, where he fell when going very well in the Conyngham Cup, at the double. He won subsequently at Baldoyle and Cork Park, and Mr. Frail, in the Bristol big race, has, we see, considered him the superior of Albert, but, in our opinion, the latter has had more experience, and is therefore the better.

In another year Juggler may change places with him. The frost has, of course, much interfered with preparations both for flat races and steeplechasing, but now everything 'meant' is at steady work, and we may expect to have done with the enemy for the season.

The Two Thousand of course commands our attention. Camballo has been under a cloud, or two or three clouds, during the month. Absence from the exercise ground, arising from divers causes, nails driven into the sole of one of his forefeet, &c., &c., brought the clouds, but now they are dispersed. Camballo is described by those who have seen him as going well and much improved. He was always a good-looking colt, but there is a rule that everything must 'improve,' 'let down,' and 'thicken.' The money of the stable has been got on satisfactorily, we believe, or as satisfactorily as can be expected in these days of not-over-liberal prices, and 5 to 1 in 'monkeys' was taken in the beginning of the month more than once or twice. Garterly Bell, grown into a very good-looking horse indeed, has been reported a roarer by the touts, which was the first, we believe, that Matthew Dawson heard of it. Dreadnought we do not know much about. Last year he looked to us, as far as looks went, that is to say, the picture of a Derby horse, but perhaps he has not kept the word of promise to our eye. Lord Falmouth's lot is certainly very strong for this and other races, and Prince Arthur and the Repentance colt, both will no doubt carry his Lordship's colours to the front this season. Telescope is quiet, but Balfie has been a good deal inquired after; and of the outsiders for the Guineas, Peripatetic, Craig Millar, and, latterly, Prince Arthur, have been most in demand.

Our readers are doubtless aware that of much racing there is no end, and if they are not, we are. The line of meetings, if not quite as long as Banquo's, is always being extended, and this year we are to have another, and perhaps an important addition to the family. In the pleasant and eminently respectable village of Esher—a village backed up by the Claremont woods, and surrounded with those commons in which Surrey is so rich—stands, on the left-hand side as you enter the village from London, a fir-clad hill looking down on some pretty park-like ground extending to the embankment of the South-Western Railway, and almost adjoining Esher station. This small estate, entitled Sandown Park, and once, it is supposed, forming a portion of the property around Esher Place, the old residence of the great English Cardinal, has been purchased by some noblemen and gentlemen, and turned into a metropolitan racecourse and a highly aristocratic gate-money meeting, on which steeplechases can be run, polo played, rink skating enjoyed, with other amusements of which society is fond. The scheme, as propounded by the promoters, at first seemed somewhat extravagant, but it is gradually shaping itself into form. *Imprimis*, a club—that English *sine qua non* in everything, from politics to pigeon-shooting—was established; a club which has for its principal object 'the carrying out of Racing of a high-class character,' as well as the other amusements indicated above. The club is an accomplished fact. The Committee has among its members the chief men on the Turf, and the names of Mr. Chaplin, Prince Bathyan, Lord Stamford, Lord Calthorpe, Lord Rosebery, Mr. George Payne, Col. Dudley Carleton, the Marquis of Hartington, the Duke of Hamilton, the Marquis of Drogheda, Lord Hardwicke, Sir Charles Rushout, Sir John Astley, Mr. Savile, &c., &c., sufficiently indicate the patronage the scheme has received, while they are guarantees that everything will be conducted, as far as the powers of the Committee extend, with due order and decorum. The members of the club, elected by the Committee, will be the real enjoyers of all the good things Sandown Park can offer. The principle carried out at Prince's, that members alone are to chiefly benefit, will be the rule here. There will be

ample accommodation, it is true, for the general public—special entrances and approaches from the railway, well built and situated stands, &c.; but to members will be reserved the sanctum of the wooded hill before mentioned, the polo ground, and the rink. This hill, if we mistake not, will be the feature of Sandown Park. It looks over the whole ground, is well clothed with timber, and already the landscape gardeners of Messrs. Waterer are at work cutting paths through its shady recesses, planting rhododendrons and other evergreens, and they will in the end make it, we have no doubt, a very charming spot. But we have not told all its charms yet. When Edwin leads his Angelina away from the crowded Stand and the noise and din of the racecourse, and they stroll slowly up the shady paths to the top of the hill, the blest pair will find their beloved rink awaiting them. Already nature has done half the work, for on the summit is an open circular space that could have been intended for nothing but summer skating. Happy Sandown! Then the polo ground will be in the centre of the Park; and if space can be found for croquet and lawn tennis, these pastimes will no doubt be enjoyed.

But the racecourses, flat and cross-country, are to be the chief attractions. The outer will be the steeplechase one; the inner—where already the two-year-old six furlongs is laid out—the flat. There are a few natural fences—one a drop, with which fault has been already found—but some more will have to be made, and Sandown Park will not be entirely free from the reproach of being an artificial course. We must say the promoters have been most fortunate in their choice of ground, for a better situation for seeing could not have been selected, while the soil—a sandy one—is everything that can be desired. Mr. Dodson, a Sussex gentleman and well-known sportsman, is the person to whom belongs the credit of discovering how admirably suited the property was for a racecourse, and he did not allow the grass to grow on the heels of his discovery. Much money has been expended (the whole estate is surrounded by a substantial paling, at a cost of 2,000*l.*), and much more will of course be required. The Club Stand, and the one for the public, with other necessary erections, the building of sixty loose-boxes, the making of the rink, &c., will all cost money, and everything will be, and is being done on a scale of great liberality. To the opening meeting in April, 4,650*l.* added money is given, and it is expected that the others will be equally richly subsidized. Mr. Milward has been appointed the Manager of the Race-ground, Mr. Whittaker Bushe the General Manager of the Club, while the duties of C.C. will be performed by Mr. John Pratt. A very enjoyable afternoon was spent, about the middle of the month, by a party of gentlemen who went over the ground, under the guidance of Mr. Dodson and Mr. Milward, and finished the evening by being most hospitably entertained at dinner by the Manager.

Confessing a great dislike to metropolitan meetings, and not altogether approving of the modern invention of 'gate money,' we are bound to say that Sandown Park, though including both these objectionable features, comes before us wearing them with a certain difference. The Committee, if we are rightly informed, are determined that roughs and welshers shall be excluded from the ground—and of course, if they are in earnest in that determination, the thing can be done. But there must be no half-and-half measures. We have seen and heard of very stringent edicts against these gentry at divers meetings of very high standing, and the edicts have not been worth the paper they were printed on. Mr. Frail, almost alone among proprietors and lessees of racecourses, has as yet seemed able to cope with the difficulty—and his are not gate-money meetings. The admission to the course at Esher is to be comparatively high—half-a-crown—and this may do something; but a staff of detectives will of course do more. That a meeting approved of and con-

ducted by the leading men on the Turf will be a different affair from one got up by a sporting publican for his own profit and advantage, we freely admit; and so we wish the new experiment at Sandown Park every success. It will be royally patronised, we understand, and society is to come down to Esher in special trainful. It will be a pleasant drive for our friends of the Road and Coaching Clubs, and give them something to do beyond a Park parade. At the first meeting in April, the Grand National Hunt hold their races in conjunction with the Club. Rather a come-down for the G.N.H., we venture to think, from Leicestershire pastures—from that grand course at Weatherly, and that Bedfordshire big one of a few years back. But with other times come other customs; and as we never expect to see a big course again, we must put up with what we can get. That Sandown Park, apart from racing, may be a success, is probable. If the Prince and Princess of Wales lead the way, the world of fashion will of course follow, and the irruption will be a pleasant shock to quiet Esher, though it will not, we hope, startle it from its propriety. Above all, we trust no Esher 'Resident' will feel it incumbent on him or her to take up their parable against Sandown doings, and that the new venture will be able to efface the prejudice that in many quarters exists against metropolitan meetings.

Things looked very unpromising for sport in the early part of the month, and the weather, one day frost and another thaw, was tantalising in the extreme. The great Leicestershire festival, the Market Harborough Hunt Ball, on the 4th, had its enjoyment slightly marred by a strong suspicion of frost, which the sun of the next morning, however, dispersed early enough for an after-ball meet. Nothing very great was done either at that of the Pytchley or the Quorn, but at Arthingworth there was the usual monster gatherings. On the 6th, though the ground was like a turnpike road, Lord Spencer, who, as we have before remarked, is not easily daunted by weather, had his hounds out in the afternoon, but it was sorry work, and if the rain gladdened men's hearts at night—sorrow and snow came on the following Monday morning. This state of affairs continued for two or three days, and though hounds went out, hunting was difficult, if not impracticable, to say nothing of its being a trifle dangerous as well. But on Thursday, the 11th, with the snow still thick on the ploughs, ice in the ditches, the Quorn appears to have had a splendid run from Barkby Holt, the fox taking the Baggrave valley line, the scent good, and the pace over the grass a clipper. The ground proved to be in much better order than was supposed, and all went well to John o' Gaunt, before reaching which there was a check. But they were soon on the line, the fox going for the Tilton Hills, where again there was a slight check; and Mr. Coupland, who, in the absence of Firr from illness, carried the horn, hitting it off once more, they ran to Owston Wood, where it was the general opinion that they changed foxes. It was a good gallop, though, over a straight nine miles, and the field being select, it was very enjoyable.

We hear that the Pytchley second pack—the Woodland one—is to be given up, and Lord Spencer will next season hunt the woodlands once a week. This arrangement has given much satisfaction. By-the-way, we are sorry to hear of financial differences in the Quorn, and that gentlemen hunting with that pack require to be reminded by advertisements in the newspapers of their duty to contribute towards the expenses of the sport they enjoy. This is not what should be.

In our last month's number we inserted a paragraph from a correspondent which we at the time supposed to be a *jeu d'esprit*, with a name taken at random. We have since learnt, to our great regret, that the paragraph was an unwarrantable comment upon a lady in the hunting-field unknown to the

writer. We (the driver of 'Our Van') desire most sincerely to apologise to the lady and her husband for the annoyance we have inadvertently caused to them and their friends.

The following from a valued correspondent in Hertfordshire we have much pleasure in laying before our readers:—"Mr. Gerard Leigh's hounds have had 'a vein of extraordinary sport. Never was the whole country so full of good 'foxes, verifying the old adage, "The more ye kill, the more there be," for a 'day without blood has been quite the exception. It is still a rare occurrence 'that a fox is not fairly accounted for, some well-known earth or unknown 'drain occasionally affording sanctuary. Few aspirants to the honour of 'M.F.H. ever undertook the office with brighter prospects than those which 'gild the succession of Mr. F. Platt. With

" "Youth at the helm and pleasure at the prow,"

'he may, humanly speaking, look forward to a long and glorious innings. Snow 'being now two or three inches deep, with every appearance of the fulfilment of 'Mr. Saxby's prediction (though it did *not* commence on the 15th) of severe 'winter coming off as truly as his high tide of last year, and the verification of 'the Scotch proverb,

" "If Candlemas be bright and fair

" "There's half the winter to come and mair."

'My hunters being ringing on the straw instead of up to their hocks in Kneb- 'worth Wood, as intended, I take up my pen to oblige the conductor of "The ' "Van" with an account of a foxchase which occurred on Wednesday last, the '17th instant, eclipsing the great run over frozen ground, upon which few dared 'venture horses, on the 2nd December. I must however premise, that on 'Friday, the 12th, preceding, when the meet was at No Man's Land, frost 'and snow yielding in one night, and scent, which has been lamentably wanting 'generally through the season, serving breast-high, the same pack, the dogs, 'showed a rare day's sport. After racing into two foxes, both males, disposing 'of the first in seven, and the next in ten, minutes, in the St. Alban's district, 'they found another stout old dog close to the quondam stabling of Messer, at 'Brocket, which ran a very wide ring through the country between Welwyn 'and Hatfield, with an infinity of dodges which would late in the afternoon 'have defeated any but the staunchest of hounds. The pack were not once 'cast. Ward had no occasion to interfere; indeed, the pace frequently kept 'them clear of all cavalry, carrying a head speaking volumes for the great 'essential—*condition*, so dependent on system of kennel. They ran from scent 'to view, and fairly pulled down their fox, after hard running for one hour and 'thirty-five minutes without deviation from the line—a truly great performance 'in conclusion of a day.

" "Albô carbone notanda."

'I now proceed to send you the run of the 17th in Ward's own words, 'which (as I was not able to hunt that day) he on his return home dictated 'to one of the fair scribes which constitute "the polished corners of his temple," 'and sent me by post:—"Met at Haynes Turnpike; found at Wilsted Wood ' "Away under the hill to the Bedford road, over Haynes Park, leaving the ' "turnpike just on the right; crossed Oxleys to Chicksands; had half an ' "hour in the big covert. Away for Cairhoe Park; turned to the right under ' "the hill, leaving Clophill Church on the right and village on the left; ' "through the Warrens, out at the farthest end, leaving Hollington Basin on ' "the left. Up the meadows; crossed the Midland Railway Ampthill



“ Station half a mile on the right ; also Steppingley village one field ; through  
 “ the Warren and Tingirth Park, leaving Westoning a mile on the left ; re-  
 “ crossed the Midland Railway at Harlington, half a mile on the right, within  
 “ two fields of Sharpenhoe Grove, where he bore to the left, Mead Hook on  
 “ the right, up the hill, through Portobello, over Pollox Hill, leaving the  
 “ church on the left, and killed within half a mile of Buckle Grove, close to  
 “ Wrest Park. Three hours and a half this stout fox kept travelling on ; the  
 “ hounds hunted through snow and hailstorms, and, lastly, raced into him.”  
 “ This graphic description from the mouth of the man to whose science, energy,  
 “ and perseverance the triumph is due, will be intelligible to all who know the  
 “ points or trace them on the map, and to many of the field that day present at  
 “ the commencement, who, by undulations of ground, very nasty brooks, and  
 “ other untoward incidents, were unable to see half of this long chase. Pace  
 “ was, of course, wanting in a run lasting three hours and a half over a space  
 “ of between eighteen and twenty miles ; but the hunting in storms, and often  
 “ over unfavourable soil, was marvellous, the whole affair from find to finish  
 “ reflecting the highest credit on the hounds, and adding another leaf to the  
 “ crown of laurel encircling the brows of their huntsmen.”

The Hambleton have had some good days lately. On January 25th they met at Butser Hill, and they had a good day's sport ; and on January 29th they met at Mr. Shearer's, Swanmore House—a very wet morning, and not a very large field. It is a nice place to meet at ; and although Mr. Shearer is not a fox-hunter, he generally has a fox of the right sort in his covert. No sooner were the hounds thrown in, when a fox was halloed away. Went over to Frimp, then back by May Hill over Galby Down, by Hazelholt, through Bottom Copse and Littleton to Downlease, and away to Beacon Hill ; took a ring by Lomer's Farm, and jumped up in a hedgerow, and went to Beacon Hill and right away to within two fields of Lippinwood, where there was a holloa back, which, no doubt, was a fresh fox, and they were obliged to give him up, as the scent totally failed. It was a good hunting run of two hours. Mr. Walter Long showed a great deal of judgment in the way he hunted and handled his hounds. On February 1st they met at Horndean, when they had a tremendously long day, running hard in the dark ; for the hounds were not stopped till half-past six—positively too dark to count the hounds. They did not arrive at the kennels till after nine o'clock. On Friday, February 5th, they met at Upham Pond, found directly in Grassteda, went away over Stephen's Castle Down, and lost at Hazard's ; went on to Preshaw, where a fox stole away from Lomer's copse straight to Beacon Hill. Here, owing to a thick fog and the fox turning short in the Beeches, most of the field lost the hounds. They ran over Exton Flat, through the village, over Stoke Down, over Soberton racecourse, turned to the left to Piglease, under old Winchester Hill back to the village of Exton, where the fox was close to them, but slipped away to Exton Grove, when a wrong halloa got them off the line, and he is left to give another run. There were but four men with them from first to last—Mr. Walter Long, Mandeville, the first whip, Mr. Pierrott, and Colonel Carter, who got two falls ; but that did not signify, for he is a hard one. Time, one hour and thirty-five minutes. The remarkable part of this run for Hampshire is that there was only one covert they went through, and that was Tiglease, which is not a large one.

There was a meeting of the members of the Hambleton Hunt on Friday, February 12, which was well attended, and it was settled unanimously that they would give Mr. Walter Long their support in every way if he would continue the Mastership ; to which, to the satisfaction of everybody, he agreed.

The H.H. have been showing most excellent sport, having had some really fine runs. There was a capital day's sport on Tuesday, January 26th. The hounds met at that hospitable farmer's house, Mr. Stubbs', at West Tisted, and he has always a fox in his hedgerow. They found in Ashton Wood directly, and had a capital 55 minutes, when they came to a check and could not hit him off afterwards. It appeared that the fox must have got into some out-buildings at the back of some cottages. They then found again, and had a run of one hour and five minutes, and killed him. Two runs in one day!—that ought to satisfy any sportsman.

The Berkely have suffered much from the absence of Backhouse, their excellent huntsman, through illness, but they had a good day on the 8th from the New Passage Covert, when they ran over the Marsh, and the grief in the rhines was plentiful. As a rule there are not many with the hounds when they run among the rhines, but on this occasion it was more like a steeplechase in which several ladies joined. On the 17th, Captain Sumner brought the Cotswold by invitation to hunt at Norton, in the Berkely country; and though the pace was moderate, scent being very indifferent, nothing could be better than the hounds and Travess, their huntsman. It is one of the handiest packs in the kingdom. Captain Sumner is exceedingly popular both with the Cheltenham division and the farmers.

The day when Her Majesty's Staghounds came to Shrivenham was not a good day. The foot people were utterly unmanageable; they hunted out the deer too near the canal and railroad, so that there was little chance of sport. The crowd was frightful, about a thousand on horseback, and so the rest may be imagined. It was a mistake to bring good deer like Captain and Highlander into a heavy plough country. Their legs were so thin and their carcasses so heavy, they got beaten by their own weight.

The V.W.H. have had a succession of sport, that is still continuing and forms, it may be said, a characteristic, albeit valedictory compliment to one of the very best Masters of Hounds that ever carried the silver horn at his saddle. On the 27th of January they met at Eastcourt, the day of the Cirencester Ball, and the gathering was large. Late in the day they found a well-known veteran at Bradon Pond—a wood covert that generally holds a good fox—going away to Landon Wood and to Lea towards Malmesbury, and crossing the river towards Brokenborough, leaving Charlton Park to the right on to Brokenborough and Shipton Wood at a great pace to Elmstree House and Charlton Plantations, and lost him near Shipton Moyne.—Saturday, 30th, Down Ampney. Found at Eisey, going away close at him, and raced him in thirty-five minutes to a drain near Frozy Hill. The two eldest of the many daughters of Mr. Cator, of Trewsbury, were with the hounds throughout, and the eldest sent her hog-maned hunter at wide water, which she cleared gallantly, in a mode that was a lesson to many an old hand. Found again—or, rather, a fox was viewed away by Sir William Throckmorton—and away at score, over a wide brook, towards Drottiser, heading back to Down Ampney Park on to Eisey, and Worrall, viewing the fox, caught hold of his hounds, and, cap in hand, raced into his fox quite after the fashion of Ashby Pasture. Messrs. Cator, Murray, and the Rev. A. Master were with hounds throughout, and in the morning Miss Pole went very well. Worrall has been showing much cleverness on all counts, in the field, in the kennel, and as a horseman. On the 13th they had a bustling day from Alvescott, on the borders of the Haythorp and O.B.H. countries, their first fox going away towards Langford, finding a fresh fox in Langford Park, and then over the brook to Little Farrington, crossing the Lechlade Road to Lemmell, up wind at a great pace to Mr. Milward's new gorse at Lechlade; then, late in the day, the scent died

away over the plough, and, after a long, lone hunting run, he was given up beyond Lechlade. It was a hard day for horses and hounds. The Portsmouth blood is proving its merits day after day. Flyer and Factor, by Lord Portsmouth's Render, by P. Regent, by P. Reveller, by Lord Yarborough's Reveller, Rosemary, Restless, and Dauntless, are going at the head, with pace-hunt and tongue, and, with others of the same blood, doing wonders. So writes Worrall.

The South Devon have been having their usual sport, with a good show of foxes. In the neighbourhood of Lyndridge they have had severe and long runs, with and without a finish. Several drains about Hardon and Newtown have prevented the hounds from having the blood they richly deserved. The term of Mr. Westlake's hunting the country expires this year; and a meeting was held at Exeter, with Sir Lawrence Palk in the chair, to make arrangements for the future. A committee was appointed to canvass for subscriptions, and the meeting adjourned for a fortnight.

The Duke of Beaufort's hounds had a good day on Monday, 15th, the meet being at Trouble House. After a burst in the morning, the hounds were taken on to Eastcourt Park. At Shipton Wood a keeper, stationed under a fir-tree, had treed and marked his fox. Being wise in his generation, he had not moved from the spot, otherwise the fox would have slunk away. Lord Worcester took the hounds into an adjoining field, the fox was dislodged, and the hounds laid on the line and away at a pace to Newton, leaving Newton House on the left to Newton Gorse, then on to Upton Chavenak and Chavenak Green; here he turned and went to Charlton Park, the pace very fast, and Lord Worcester getting a view of him, clapped his hounds on gallantly and raced them into their fox after a chase of one hour and five minutes. Lord Worcester did this very well, and throughout the season has shown himself a thorough proficient.

A terrible exposure of 'Irish linen' seems to have been caused by some home truths as to the state of breeding and racing in Ireland strongly urged in these pages, as well as in other places. Our contributor is very well able to take care of himself, but we feel bound, on the part of the sporting press in general, to repudiate the very contemptible policy pursued by the editor of the 'Irish Sportsman and Farmer,' who, after publicly inviting 'Amphion' to defend his statements in the columns of the above-mentioned journal, has had the execrable taste and inexpressible meanness to sneak out of the contest by not only suppressing part of a correspondence, but by garbling statements and descending to abusive scurrility in which we did not imagine even Ireland capable of indulging in its lower depths of Fenian or Home Rule literature. If any further proof were needed of the decadence of the Turf in Ireland, it might be readily furnished by the bare fact of such a journal being permitted to represent it; and we have received assurances from more than one leading sportsman on the Curragh of the annoyance they have experienced by reason of their names, as supporters of racing, being associated with such an organ. Such publications as the 'Englishman,' and similar violent specimens of the lower class of journalism, have somewhat case-hardened us to the 'Billingsgate,' which is their staple commodity; but the 'Irish Sportsman and Farmer' utterly 'bangs Banagher' in its powers of calling the 'scholar and gentleman' whom it invites to a friendly controversy the ugliest of ugly names. But those 'Irish chaps,' as Sir J. Astley calls them, have always been famous for foul fighting; and we heartily wish some new St. Patrick might arise to exercise more rigorous censorship over the Irish Sporting and Farming press.

Mr. Anstruther Thomson had some just grounds of complaint against us for

printer's errors in his letter from Fife, which we published last month, for he was made to kill 'a hare,' when 'a brace' (of foxes) was meant; and also to take his huntsman's 'arm,' instead of his 'horse.' But we were consoled by the proprietor of a weekly sporting paper telling us of the absurd printer's errors that lately occurred in his journal, though fortunately one of them was detected at the last moment. Speaking of a well-known ex-M.F.H., in a run with the Pytchley from Misterton old gorse, the compositor (a new hand) had set up 'Mistaken old goose'! It was probably the same novice who, about a week afterwards, described 'old *Sal*' shining out brightly from behind the clouds! Country gentlemen now know what they have to expect.

Scene: covert-side, with the Grove.—Young Swell: 'Is that a good horse 'you are on, Morgan?' 'Yes, he is a very good one, sir.' 'I don't like 'his head.' 'Happen you won't see much of it if hounds run quick 'to-day.' Swell collapsed.

How few would believe that dear old Jack Russell attained threescore and *twenty* on the 1st of last December. An intimate friend, commenting upon the fact, narrated the following incident:—He had offered to come and take Sunday's duty some thirty to forty miles off, if an exchange of the day's labour could be effected; and, finding a parson ready, he planted himself, of course not *quite* by accident, within a mile of next day's meet with the 'wild Staggers.' The parish clerk said to the old sportsman, 'Doo 'e now tell un another time 'as you're a-comin, an' I'll giv' yer honour a bit of a 'ymn as is just sure to 'suit 'e. I mean, "As pants "the art for cooling streams when 'eated in the "'chase." Doubtless this kind attention was duly appreciated.

During the recent Christmas holidays a schoolboy was out with the North Pytchley (Mr. Watson's), of which pack we need not inform our readers. Fred Percival, of hereditary fame, is the efficient huntsman. Landing over an awkward fence, his horse made a nasty 'peck,' shooting Fred out of the saddle; but, after frantic efforts, he struggled back into the pigskin. The youngster, looking on, laughed loud and long, upon which the huntsman asked, 'Are you jeering at me, sir?' 'Of course,' replied the boy. 'Well, then, 'you keep your place, and I'll keep mine.' 'So I can,' said the boy; 'but 'I didn't know yours was *between your horse's ears*.' This youth is evidently beginning to run alone.

The following is too good to be unrecorded:—Lady —— gave a tradesmen and tenants' ball, and, after supper, danced the first quadrille with the senior agriculturalist of the party. Knowing her ladyship's propensities, he soon ventilated the subject of hounds, the flags, benches, &c., and then had a turn at drafting. Innocently casting his eyes towards a row of Wallflowers, at the end of which sat one fine specimen, he observed, with evident simplicity, 'There, my lady, look at they! I should be for drafting one, doo, dree, vour, 'vive, zix, zeven out o' that lot; but t'other one, her 'ould throw a nice litter o' 'whelps—wouldn't her?'

Those hunting in the West know Captain L——, who once had occasion to remonstrate with a member of his troop of yeomanry for needless absence on review day. Requiring an explanation, the bold defender of our rights replied, 'You see, sir, I've took to a wife, and her's a bit nervous; so she hid my *helmet*. 'I couldn't come without that. Then she hid my *sword*, Captain; but worse 'than all, she put my *trousers* away. So I really couldn't parade; I couldn't indeed: no, that I couldn't; 'appealingly, 'could I, sir?'

In the Earl of Yarborough we lose not only one who was a mighty hunter himself, but also one to the manner born. How long the Pelhams have hunted over broad Lincolnshire we can hardly say. Before that ancient family, so long settled at Brocklesby, became ennobled, foxhounds were part

of its appanage, and tradition assigns upwards of 170 years as the term during which these hounds had a Pelham for their Master. In one of 'Cecil's' interesting hunting tours, he mentions a document in existence, bearing date 1713, containing a memorandum between Sir John Tyrwhitt, Robert Vyner, Esq., and Charles Pelham, Esq., relating to the union of the hounds kept by Sir John and Mr. Pelham into one pack, and the equal share and interest these three gentlemen were to have in it. The late Earl, whose untimely death we have to record, only succeeded to the family honours in 1862, and, coming after one who was, from his native kindness of heart and regard to the feelings and interests of his tenantry and dependents, named 'Yarborough the 'Good,' it is not too much to say that in Lincolnshire he has left a name equally beloved. His liberality, not only in the details of a large hunting establishment, but in all the relations of life, is well known in the county, though it may not be so well known to the world. A case in point we are at liberty to mention. The very last day that Lord Yarborough was out with his hounds he addressed a tenant thus: 'I think your farm is too highly 'rented. You pay the same as — and —, who hold much better land, 'and I will have the matter looked into. In the meantime please accept 'this,' handing him a cheque for half his rent. In the daughter of Lord Listowel, whom he married in 1858, Lord Yarborough found a helpmate who in every way shared his tastes, and it was with no little joy that the Lincolnshire good men and true discovered that the Countess was as fond of hunting as her husband, and that, when mounted on Brilliant or Bluecap, they were fortunate indeed if they could but keep the skirts of her habit in sight. The presentation of her portrait, mounted on the aforesaid Brilliant, and painted by Sir Francis Grant (an offering from the gentlemen connected with the Brocklesby Hunt), was one of the happy events of the happy days of their early married life. The gift to Lord Yarborough of his own portrait only took place a short time since, and it is now sad to record his removal from the scene at such an age.

The name of Mytton has long disappeared from the sporting world, but the death, during the past month, of him who was once called 'young Jack,' and was popularly supposed to have had a fox as one of his sponsors at his baptism, recalls it. Nimrod, in his 'Life and Death of John Mytton,' alluding to the ruin that had fallen on the family, expresses a hope that 'barring another John Mytton, Halston and its oaks may yet flourish.' Unfortunately, there *was* another John Mytton, just departed at the age of 51, and Halston and its oaks flourish no more for the Myttons. He was the son of his father in most ways. He had many of what the world called the former's 'eccentricities,' but he also had his generous and noble qualities. That he spent whatever he could spend, it is perhaps needless for us to say; and that he was at one time reduced to great straits, we believe was the fact. But old friends of his and his family came to the rescue, chief among them Lord Combermere and Sir Watkin Wynn, and his latter days were provided for. He was in some ways a 'last of the Mohicans'—a representative of a bygone age of tastes and customs not now in vogue. In a few years' time the 'Life and Death of John Mytton' will be read by the young generation, as the older one read of the doings of Squire Western and Parson Trulliber.

And a great celebrity in the equine world is also lost to us. The blood of Newminster, by the untimely death of Lord Clifden from heart disease, will now be more valuable and prized than ever; and the mantle of the dead sire will rest on Hermit, and, we may be permitted to hope, on Holy Friar. A very good horse indeed was Lord Clifden, and the Derby and Leger in which he ran will long be memorable ones. We believe there are still some excel-

lent people alive who are positive that Lord Clifden *did* win the Derby of 1865, and that Gladiateur was seven years old when, in —, he carried off the double event. Macaroni's Derby is still fought over among some tough and hard-headed racing men, and it was a race, no doubt, to talk about and remember. And what a wonderful performance that was on the Town Moor! We happened to be standing close to Edwin Parr when Mr. McGeorge dropped his flag for the Leger start; and when we saw, in common with everyone else, Lord Clifden left at the post, or something very like it, we could not help turning to look at his trainer's face. There were circumstances attending the race and the horse's position in the market which made us look with much interest into that rather hard physiognomy; but we saw nothing except that it was deadly pale, and that the owner's gaze was concentrated, with trembling eagerness, on Lord Clifden and Johnny Osborne as they disappeared over the hill. How the race was won need not be repeated here. Lord Clifden's success at the stud has been great, and Mr. Gee, who gave 4000 guineas for him four years ago, must be sincerely consoled with on his loss; while the loss to this country, that possesses so little of the Newminster blood, is great in an equal degree.

We are at the same time glad to hear that Mr. Gee had protected himself to some extent by an insurance on the life of Lord Clifden. It may not be known to the owners of valuable horses that there is a means by which insurance may be effected against mortality, either from accident or natural causes. We believe the idea originated with the late Mr. Blenkiron, who proposed to an intimate friend largely connected with marine insurance at Lloyd's, to initiate a similar protection on the lives of stallions. Several owners of important horses have requested the same gentleman, who is well known to us, to effect for them policies of insurance; and we believe we are correct in stating, that in addition to Mr. Blenkiron, the Stud Company, and the owners of Rosicrucian, Hermit, and Gladiateur have availed themselves of his services. A policy is given for twelve months to cover all risks, and the premium varies according to the age of the animal, the minimum for a young sire being seven guineas per cent. per annum. No doubt, now that it has become known that such insurances can be done, many offers will be made to owners of horses to effect them. We know that all the stallions above mentioned are insured at Lloyd's, and their insurance can only be arranged there by a member of that establishment.

Mr. Whyte-Melville's readers, and their name must be legion, will hail with pleasure the appearance of a new work from the pen of their favourite author. 'Katerfelto,' which more especially claims to be a story of Exmoor, is worked out with all the writer's accustomed felicity, and from first to last the reader's interest never flags. The tale is supposed to date back something like a century, and the descriptions of life and manners at that turbulent period are given with a vividness and fidelity that are at the same time thoroughly natural and artistic. Lovers of Devonshire scenery and the shores that are 'lav'd by 'the Severn Sea' may revel to their hearts' content in glowing pictures of well-remembered haunts, while ardent followers of the 'wild red-deer' will wish it had fallen to their lot to have joined in the chase which forms one of the most exciting incidents in the book. The most touching episode, perhaps, of all, is that which brings us out on to the bleak snow-clad moor to find the body of poor Waif, the gipsy girl, a corpse. The discovery is made by her affianced husband, Fin Cooper, belonging to the same tribe, and we cannot resist giving, in the author's own words, what followed:—'The gipsy's mood was very pitiful and tender while he sat 'and watched by her corpse in the falling snow, waiting till his horse should 'be sufficiently rested to carry a double burthen, thinking, more in sorrow than

'in anger, of their two blighted lives, and the love he had given so lavishly without return; wondering, in his heathen reasonings, why these things were so; wishing, in his despair, that the storm would fall thicker and thicker, to wrap them for ever on this their marriage-bed in its shroud of eternal white.' That there are some flaws in the construction of the plot we cannot but own, and for these and various other reasons the conclusion is forced upon us, that 'Katerfelto' is many degrees removed from the meritorious distinction which has been accorded to other productions of the talented author. We ought not, however, to take leave of 'Katerfelto' without noticing Colonel Crealocke's spirited and excellent illustrations; they are not only picturesque, but do full justice to the subjects chosen, from a sportsman's point of view.

The great play scandal which has so afflicted society has called forth expressions of opinion on gambling in general from many of our public writers, the upshot of the opinions being that a young, and in many instances impecunious, generation plays too high. We suppose there can be no doubt of the fact. Any one conversant with club life and the little scandals confined thereto must be fully aware of this. Play was probably as high in the days when Charles Greville was young, and men, now living amongst us, spent their nights at Crockford's, and thought nothing of leaving thousands behind them as they emerged from its doors down the flight of steps into the morning air of St. James's Street. That was the time of the *grands joueurs*—men who lost and won like kings of the game, because they had really the money to gamble with. The little pipkins then did not venture to swim in the stream with these great pots; they would have been shattered hopelessly if they had. But nowadays the pipkin is not afraid of launching itself in the same waters; the inevitable result follows, there is an attempt to stave off ruin, and then a terrible exposure. To be sure, wealth has diffused itself since the days of Crockford's; where there were a hundred men who could afford to lose their three or four thousands of a night, there are tens of hundreds now. But still there is no doubt, we think, that the young generation, in many instances, play for higher stakes than they can afford. The gambling mania is at its height. We all want to get rich quickly, and many of us go for big *coups*, with but little of lands, tenements, and hereditaments behind us if we lose. All this is bad. In the easy-going days that the Greville Journals have given us such pictures of there were many scandals (though our foul linen was not washed for us in the public way it is now); but play scandals were extremely rare, if, indeed, they occurred at all. If we remember rightly, Mr. Greville's great friend, Lord De Ros, first electrified the world by showing what a gentleman with much leisure and a great deal of ability could do in the way of cheating. How many scandals have there been of late years? We do not refer to notorious cases alone; but how many of what may be called little affairs have come under the ken of that small world which is comprised in the parish of St. James's, but which have not been allowed, if possible, to transpire in the outer one? There is a question that, in our humble opinion, forces itself into notice consequent on these late gaming transactions; and, as we have not seen it propounded (it is an unpleasant question, we admit), we venture to do so here. How far does that passion for high play among men not able to afford it tend to sap and eventually destroy the broad boundary-wall between honour and dishonour—the narrow fence that lies between extreme shrewdness and fraud?

# BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

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MR. H. SPENCER LUCY, M.F.H.

WARWICKSHIRE and the Lucys are names associated together from a period when the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. Jerusalem had been taken by Saladin and King Richard was away on the third Crusade when the oaks were growing round Charlecote, and the mansion that Shakspeare's Sir Thomas rebuilt had been for some years standing there. Among the untitled noblesse of England, few families can show so fair a shield as the Lucys. Sprung from Gilbert de Gaunt, son of that Baldwin, Earl of Flanders, whose sister William the Conqueror married, they have held high rank in Warwickshire, living from father to son on their broad acres, and doing the State service in various callings. Descended through the De Cherlecotes and De Montforts of the thirteenth century, the present representative of the line is, as Master Slender has it, 'a gentleman born,' and 'may write himself "Armigero" in any bill, warrant quittance, or obligation,' and 'give a dozen white laces in his coat,' for, as Justice Shallow says, 'it is an old coat.'

The first recorded indications of the family tastes are found in the portrait of Sir Thomas Lucy, whose somewhat hostile associations with Shakspeare have made him more famous than the knighthood he received from Queen Elizabeth. This celebrated picture, in which Sir Thomas is represented with his wife and children, is well described by Washington Irving in his Sketch Book :—'Hounds and spaniels are mingled in the family group, a hawk is seated on his perch in the foreground, and one of the children holds a bow, all indicating the knight's skill in hunting, hawking, and archery, so indispensable to the accomplished gentleman in those days.' These characteristics are inherited by Mr. H. Spencer Lucy, who has a great fondness for sport and dogs of all kinds. He is an excellent judge of a horse and a hound, a capital game shot, has acquitted himself creditably as a steeplechase rider, and fairly won a reputation as a good cross-country man. The second son of Mr. George Lucy, he succeeded, in his minority, to the estates on the death of his brother in 1848. In 1839, his father gave the land on which the Warwickshire kennels were built, and for which, as Cecil says in his



'Records of the Chase,' 'the materials were drawn to the spot by the united efforts of one hundred and eighty farmers, who collectively had at work five hundred and fifty-three waggons. The first stone was laid on the 24th of July, and on the 15th of October the various apartments were occupied—the hounds, horses, and servants were all in their respective quarters.' Expedition, however, is not always conducive to stability, and the members of the Warwickshire Hunt were informed at a recent meeting that the kennels were in frequent need of repair. Mr. Spencer Lucy first manifested his love of hunting by the establishment of a pack of harriers whose operations were confined to the border lands of Warwick, Worcester, and Gloucester, and where his green coats are well remembered; but being born to the 'pink,' he could not escape his destiny, and, accordingly, after the death of the late Lord Willoughby de Broke (Mr. Barnard, father of the present gallant rider and ardent sportsman), and an interregnum of four years, during which Mr. North, he, and Mr. Greaves alternately held sway, he was selected Master of the Warwickshire country, and has now hunted it for nine successive seasons, giving general satisfaction. He buys his horses young and at long prices; he and his men are therefore well mounted. The 'turn out' is unexceptional, and there is an appearance of bloom and 'fettle' about the horses that bespeaks the eye of the master and the skill of his valuable and eccentric stud-groom, old William Brown. William began life as a gentleman's coachman, and they do say that he left his last place (many years ago) because his master (?) presumed to alter his reins from the cheek to the bar, an indignity which a master of his art could not be expected to brook. Notwithstanding the liberal subscriptions by which the hounds are supported, Mr. Lucy has had to supplement them to the extent of about 1,000*l.* a year; and at the meeting already mentioned it was agreed that the guaranteed subscription should in future be 2,400*l.*; and the lover of fox-hunting will be glad to know that his Mastership is likely to be permanent.

In riding to hounds he can go very straight when he likes, but his attention is a good deal devoted to his hounds and to keeping other people out of mischief. He, however, has his 'days,' and being especially good at water, he, the season before last, set the field by jumping the brook near Tysoe on his horse Goldfinder, and had the hounds to himself. He hunts four days a week, when his huntsman, Charles Orvis, does the work; he has the privilege of hunting the hounds himself on a fifth on the north side of the Avon. The unfavourable weather and the loss of hounds have, however, deprived him of it during the now past season.

It is melancholy to record that in a country so loyal to the cause of fox-hunting as South Warwickshire, several couples of his best hounds were on the 8th of last December poisoned by strychnine in the bodies of dead rabbits. Such, however, was unhappily the case. Why or by whom this wholesale murder was committed is a mystery, and, notwithstanding the reward of 100*l.* offered by a

gentleman in the neighbourhood for the discovery of the offender, will remain so, as poisoners invariably keep their secrets to themselves. We may surmise and surmise, and, though the purpose of the murderer may have been equally diabolical in the eyes of a fox-hunter, we may readily believe his immediate motive was not to destroy the hounds, nor prompted by any hostile feeling towards the worthy Master.

The Lucys, we need scarcely say, have been a generation of sportsmen. Mr. H. Spencer Lucy, the subject of our present sketch, is the son of Mr. George Lucy of Charlecote and Mary Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Williams, Bart., of Bodelwyddan, county Flint. He was educated at Christ Church, Oxford, was High Sheriff for Warwickshire in 1857, and he married a daughter of the late well-known Campbell of Monzie, the stoutest walker over the moors, and one of the hardest men to hounds that ever lived.

## COUNTRY QUARTERS.

### THE ESSEX AND SUFFOLK.

‘ ANOTHER country we must notice is the Essex and Suffolk. It is in parts a pretty good scenting country; the fences, like the countries we have lately treated of, are chiefly bank and ditch, and require a clever hunter to get over them. It is all plough, and very heavy, particularly on the Essex Marsh side. There is a deal of game-preserving, but foxes, as a rule, are stout and strong. The coverts on the Suffolk side are big, and there are no gorse coverts.

‘ The best meets are Boxford Street, Hadleigh Town, Hintlesham Park Gate, Offton Castle, Bradfield Street, Bramford Angel, near Ipswich, Gifford Hall, Shrubland Park. Tattingstone White Horse used to be considered good, and Thorington Hall, in Essex. ‘ Hartley Wood, which they drew when they met at St. Osyth, is a very big covert.

‘ On the Suffolk side they have large fields, many coming out from Bury and Ipswich.

‘ Sir William Rowley of Tendering Hall, in the parish of Stoke-by-Neyland, was the first Master, about 1794. Then, about 1800, came Mr. Loyd of Hintlesham Hall, whose whips were Harry Fenn and Jack Wilkinson, and Jem Morgan, the father of the present generation, as second horseman. Then Mr. Carrington Nunn, and his brother Tom, better known as Hat Nunn, were Masters for a short time; after which there was an interval. Then Mr. Harris and Mr. Kenegal kept them at Bromley, in Essex, and hunted a part of Suffolk. After them came a Mr. Power of Gifford’s Hall, who kept them for several years. Hunting during Mr. Loyd’s time were Mr. T. Frost of Willisham, brother of Mr. Charles Frost, a very fine rider; Mr. Isaac Sexton of Wherstead Hall, and his

‘ three sons, Sparrow, Robert, and George, always well mounted. And at this period they had a wonderful run from Bull’s Cross to Acton, the residence of Mr. Jennings, where the fox took refuge in the cellar. For a long time the old lady in charge of the house would allow no one to enter, until she was persuaded by Sir William Rowley, who, with Jack Wilkinson, found him under a barrel. He made a bolt for the window, but seeing the hounds outside tried to get back; but Jack managed to push him outside. Mr. James Haxell, a large coach proprietor; Mr. D. Evans of Ipswich; Mr. James Parkes, a coachbuilder; and Mr. R. Cotton of Washbrook, who stopped at nothing. And then Mr. William Mules of the Grove, Dedham, near Colchester, was Master of the Essex and Suffolk for three seasons, and rode a famous horse called Whalebone, fifteen hands high, which he sold to Sir Francis Goodricke for four hundred guineas. It is said that Mr. Mules was the tallest man in England. His huntsman was Will Neverd, from the Craven. Mr. Mules had always two, and sometimes three, horses out, and woe betided the second horseman if not ready when wanted. Down used to come the double thong with “D—n you, Mr. Mockford,” (the servant’s name), “why weren’t you close behind me?” One famous horse that his huntsman rode for four or five seasons had been sent to the kennel to be put in the boiler.

‘ In 1835, Mr. Carrington Nunn of Little Bromley Hall, a banker at Manningtree, and a capital sportsman, became Master, and hunted the hounds himself for many years at his own expense, hunting the Essex side of the country on Tuesdays and the Suffolk on Fridays. These hounds were in the Nunn family for forty years, with the exception of a short interregnum. A keener or better sportsman never followed a hound than Mr. C. Nunn. A treat, indeed, it was to hear him draw a covert—his musical “Yoi over!” as he put his hounds on—his cheery “Have at him there!” when a favourite bitch threw her tongue, not waiting for a halloo before he cheered her; and nothing pleased him more than to rattle a fox in covert, as he said it got the puppies’ noses down, and the fox ran straighter afterwards. Then the music from his horn was perfection. When the country rode deep, and the hounds were getting away from the horses, his cunning look, his enthusiastic “Forward! forward! Now, then, gentlemen, ride over them if you can,” was a pleasure to see and hear. His favourite coverts were Bentley Hall and Stour Wood, on the Essex side, and Holbrook Park, on the Suffolk side. The latter, then strictly preserved by the late Sir Robert Harland, was never withheld from him. Raydon Wood at that time was also a fine wild covert. After having several times in two following seasons hunted a nearly black vixen, she always beat him. Having found her on a very windy day, he exclaimed with much vehemence, “Talk about the patience of Job, I’ll be d——d if ever he hunted a pack of foxhounds in a high wind!” Another of his remarks to an old friend, about

‘ twenty-five years ago, was, “ George, times are altered since you  
‘ “ and I began. We used to be minutes finding and hours killing ;  
‘ “ and now, by Jove ! we are hours finding and minutes killing.”

‘ Jem Farnham, a Cambridgeshire man, who began with Mr.  
‘ Sampson Hanbury, under John Monk, was his first huntsman, and  
‘ Joe Ford his first whip, and William Burton, who was born at  
‘ Scripps, and never lived elsewhere, was second. He was said to  
‘ be the best second horseman in England, because he never went  
‘ out of a walk, and was called “ Will Hasty ” in consequence. He  
‘ was an honest man, and greatly respected. The poor fellow died  
‘ of lock-jaw.

‘ Ford was born at Sutton Veney, near Warminster, and began  
‘ life in Mr. Codrington’s stables under Jem Treadwell as his second  
‘ horseman in 1833. He was afterwards with the Old Berkshire,  
‘ Mr. Charles Newman ; the Puckeridge, with Dick Simpson ;  
‘ Mr. Nunn, with whom he lived for four seasons ; on leaving he  
‘ went to the Cottesmore, when Mr. Borrowes was Master. After  
‘ that, with Sir Richard Sutton, at Quorn, under Ben Boothroyd.  
‘ From thence he passed on to Mr. Baker, with the Albrighton, and  
‘ followed him into Warwickshire. His next place was with Mr.  
‘ Colmore, at Cheltenham ; then as huntsman to the Surrey Union  
‘ in 1862 ; then to Captain White, in East Essex. On retiring from  
‘ the hunting-field, he became stud-groom to Lord Guilford, at  
‘ Waldershare Park.

‘ Hunting with Mr. Nunn in his early days were Mr. Squire,  
‘ quite a character, one of the plainest men that ever lived, of whom  
‘ there is a story told that, after being refused by the object of his  
‘ affections, he went with a most piteous appeal to the young lady’s  
‘ mother for her to intercede for him, when, taking him by the  
‘ hand, she led him to the looking-glass and asked if he thought  
‘ anybody would marry him ? Mr. Harcourt Firmin of Stratford Hill,  
‘ quite a character, very fond of hunting, and a staunch preserver ;  
‘ the Rev. Mr. Golding of Stratford, a good sportsman and very fine  
‘ horseman ; “ Parson ” Tweed, as he was always called, from  
‘ Capel St. Mary, a grand old sportsman, and one to whom the  
‘ whole hunting world owe a debt, as he was so pleased by the way  
‘ young Morgan, the father of the present generation, jumped over  
‘ a locked-up gate to get to a hound, that he took the greatest pains  
‘ to get him on in life ever after. Very short would be the reverend’s  
‘ answer as to “ What sport ? ” “ Beautiful boy ! Beautiful ! went like  
‘ “ dirt out of a shovel ! ” His son, the Rev. J. Tweed, came out  
‘ pretty regularly, but was always fonder of the gun than the hound.  
‘ Mr. Sparrow Sexton of Wherstead Hall ; the Rev. Ambrose  
‘ Steward of Belstead, who on one occasion, when some of the field,  
‘ after a hard day, stopped at a wayside inn, and a bottle of sherry  
‘ was brought out not uncorked, and Mr. Mules roared out for a cork-  
‘ screw, when the Rev. Ambrose replied, rather through his nose,  
‘ “ Oh, I have one ! ” “ By Jove ! yes,” said Mules, “ I believe  
‘ “ you ; I never knew a parson without one,” at once drew the cork,

‘ and spoilt the look of the bottle before it came from his lips. ‘ Messrs. F. and B. Caldicott of Acton, who were both always on ‘ good horses, of whom Niagara and Sir Oliver were about the best; ‘ Mr. C. Frost of Wherstead, and Mr. George Sexton of Thorring- ‘ ton Hall, of whom it is told that once when they met at Ball’s ‘ Cross, his friend, Mr. Maddison of Herringfleet, came up to him and ‘ asked him, as a great favour, to change horses, as his own pulled ‘ so hard, which they did then and there, and they dropped into a run ‘ right into Essex, halfway through which the horse, who never went ‘ fast enough for him, laid down in the middle of a ploughed ‘ field, when up rode his owner on Mr. Sexton’s horse, saying, ‘ “Oh dear! whatever is the matter?” and, jumping off, gazed ‘ anxiously at him. “I don’t think there is much the matter,” said ‘ Mr. Sexton; “he will suit you now to a nicety; I’ll warrant he ‘ “won’t pull now;” and, jumping on his own horse, went on with ‘ the hounds. Mr. W. Frost of Thorrington Hall, in Essex, a ‘ thorough fox-hunter from his cradle, a welter-weight, who hunts ‘ for hunting’s sake, has probably ridden more miles, early and late, ‘ than any man in the three counties. He has a capital covert, is a ‘ rare preserver, and nothing upsets his equilibrium so much as to ‘ have it drawn blank. Then there was Mr. J. Hempsom of St. ‘ Osyth, who went well on a grey; Bob Fuller of Buxhall, a bruiser ‘ over the country, who used to sing the hunting song, “My darling ‘ “little grey;” Mr. Webb of Dedham, who kept harriers; Mr. ‘ Harper of Hitcham Hall, a light-weight and hard man; Mr. J. ‘ Blake of Thurston, often had a look at them, and no one is more ‘ regretted in the hunting-field than he is; Mr. Royce of Boxted ‘ Hall. Amongst others was Mr. Anstruther Thomson, who began ‘ his career as a Master of Hounds in this county by starting a pack ‘ of staghounds when quartered here, and, to this day, they tell stories ‘ of what a man he was to get a tired horse over the stiffest timber. ‘ Mr. Gurdon Rebow of Wivenhoe Park, M.P. for Colchester; ‘ Mr. Frank Davy of Dedham, who changed the sea for the hunting- ‘ field, rode well, and was a great supporter of the hunt; Edward ‘ Wade and Sam Webber of Stone Lodge, hard men, and always ‘ well mounted; and Mr. Osborne of Colchester, always rode a good ‘ horse; Mr. Kimber of Colchester, a great man with Mr. Newman ‘ in former days. Somewhat later were the brothers Parsons of ‘ Stoke, farmers and hard riders; Mr. J. G. Round, Mr. T. W. E. ‘ Greene, Mr. Charrington Nicholl of Bovills Hall, Ardleigh; ‘ Lord Hill of the Greys, who was afterwards killed by his horse ‘ bolting in Bramford Park; Tom Peck from Eye, than whom no ‘ man went straighter; Mr. J. Brooke of Capel, a famous sportsman ‘ and good fellow; Mr. H. Wake of Bramford, always well mounted ‘ and first-rate between the flags; Mr. Broke Langley of Boxford, ‘ who always went straight on a hot one, and a general favourite ‘ with all; Mr. Eagle of Bromley, whose heart and soul was in it, ‘ and who is now well represented by his son Frank at St. Osyth. ‘ There were also Mr. J. Lott of Wenham; Captain Hanmer of

Waldringfield; Mr. Willoughby Moor of Melford; Mr. W. Pennington of Barking, a most daring rider; old Bill Sparrow of Cornard, who, in his long green coat and brass buttons, knew the whereabouts of every fox in the country; Nutten Ayers of Boxford, quite a character, on a rough pony, with a fur cap and red coat, who would always persist in carrying a horn with him, which Frank Davey always swore he would shove down his throat; Simon Hitchcock of Polstead, better known as the "Earl of Stair." In Mr. C. Nunn's time they had a wonderful run of three hours and a half, from Langham Lodge to Weeley and back again to Dedham Birch; only Mr. C. Frost and Parson Golding of Stratford saw the last of it, and he Mr. Frost got rid of at a high bank out of Bergholt Heath. Then there were Mr. Travis Nunn of Great Horkesley; Mr. R. Newman from Hadleigh, who, on old Nickoby, could creep or jump over anything; Mr. Walter Strutt of Groton; Mr. Bob Strutt of Waldingfield, an extraordinary character, who had a most wonderful black horse, which he used to say could always carry nineteen shillings' worth of brandy-and-water, but, confound him! never could convey the pound's worth home safe; Mr. Bob Hawkins of Mildenhall, a very hard man, with beautiful hands and undaunted nerve, one of the cheeriest, jolly little mortals that ever lived, now unfortunately blind, but who rode through a run not long ago, just, as he said, for the pleasure of hearing them; the Rev. J. Y. Cook and Mr. George Cook of Semer, both good riders. They were once going home after a bad day with the Suffolk with Mr. Pocklington of Chelsworth, when it was proposed that they should each stake a sovereign on being first to Chelsworth. "Then here goes!" said the Rev. J. Y. Cook, who turned out of the road and went straight down to the River Brett, which he charged, and, wonderful to say, got over. It was a most awful place, and, needless to say, he saw no more of the others. Mr. Sparrow Sexton of Wherstead Hall; Mr. Walter Honeywood from Copford, who used to jump any number of gates on the Maid of Works; also John "Tally-ho" Nott of Pebmarsh, who was quite a character; and Mr. J. Hempson of St. Osyth.

In 1856, Mr. Thomas Nunn, junior, his nephew, took the hounds, and had his kennel at Little Bromley Hall. William Burton was his huntsman, and Joe Burton turned them to him. Mr. Thomas Nunn died from the effects of a fall out of a dog-cart, on his return from Ipswich Races, July 1858, and was succeeded by Captain W. H. White, who had his kennels at Stratford St. Mary. He was very anxious to show sport, went on with the same servants, and at first had Will Burton as his huntsman, whom he considerably astonished soon after his taking the Mastership. When poor Will Hasty was hanging in his usual form at a fence under Groton Wood, where they had just found by riding straight at him and knocking him head over heels, and getting over the fence himself with a blunder, with, "*Why the devil don't you get on, William?*" Captain White had, I think, for two seasons before taking the

‘horn himself, Charles Pike as huntsman, who was afterwards with the Marquis of Hastings at Quorn, and died some years ago in the service of Mr. Garrett of Leiston. He had a great deal of Lord Henry Bentinck’s blood in the kennel, who gave him his drafts. His whips in 1863 were Edward Kingsbury, father of the huntsman to the Bramham Moor, and Jack Hazleton, now with the Heythrop.

‘Hunting in Captain White’s time were:—Sir George Broke Middleton of Shrubland Park, who is very fond of hunting, and preserved foxes where they were unknown before; Captain W. Jackson from Cheltenham, who bought Dedham Grove, formerly the residence of Mr. Mules; Captain Whitbread from Stratford, Mr. T. Dawson of Groton House, who kept a pack of staghounds, Captain G. P. Blake, a capital man over the country and equally so between the flags; Mr. S. Bawtree of Heigham Lodge, Captain Brock of East Bergholt, Captain Tyssen of Copford, Captain J. Bayley, one of the hardest of the hard; the Rev. Mr. Carter of Bradfield, a capital man with good hands; Mr. B. Smith, another who would be with hounds; Mr. J. Brooke of Capel St. Mary, Mr. A. Shorten, V.S., of Stratford, Mr. W. Frost of Thorrington Hall, Mr. G. Sexton, Mr. C. Frost, Major Gore of the 88th Regiment, from Colchester, Captain Fitzgerald from Ipswich, very fond of a bit of blood and a spin between the flags; Captain C. Oakes, who used to go well on the Lawyer; Mr. J. Orford of Brooks Hall, *eighty-three* years old, a veritable wonder, who dates back to the time of Sir William Rowley and Mr. Loyd, who still goes like a bird and beats all the boys; Mr. Barrett Gurdon of Dedham, one of the best fellows that ever lived; Captain Frank Davy, quite one of the old sort and a good sportsman, of whom a curious story is related that he swallowed his glass eye, which his servant Isaac found, and the Captain wore afterwards as if nothing had happened; Mr. J. G. Chamberlain of the Nook, Wivenhoe, for many years the most energetic Secretary; Tom Hicks of Wenham Priory, a famous man over the country for many years, also Secretary; Captain D. Goodwin from Colchester, who went well on Colleen Bawn; Mr. Richardson of Stour Wood; Mr. Alston of Bromley; Mr. Barnes from Colchester, the attorney-general to the Hunt, who was great at turning over fences; Mr. Martin, the horsedealer of Cattawade, very fond of hunting, and who generally had a good sort of horse; Mr. R. Harvey of Elmsett, who rode well to hounds, always on a thoroughbred; Mr. B. Wortors of Brent Cleigh, who goes like a pigeon over the banks and ditches, and is a capital friend to foxes; Mr. Cant from Colchester, always well to the front on the Stag; Mr. James Roberts of Boxted; Mr. M. Mumford of Creeting, a very fine horseman, generally rode one of his own breeding. Captain Edward Alderson, late of the 97th Regiment, now of the Norfolk Militia Artillery, is one of the best riders in the hunt; a lightweight as hard as nails, who went like a bird on a little grey

mare named Lady Jane, bought out of an Irish drove, who could gallop across this country from start to finish and take all the banks in her stride when seventeen years old. A jollier fellow or kinder host than Captain Alderson never lived, and, like many other hunting men, he occasionally celebrated the joys of the chase in verse. He and the grey mare have jumped more fences and seen more sport than any one else. Mr. J. H. Hedge, the Secretary, and Mr. J. Hayward of Stonham, who for many years also held that office; Mr. J. Leveson-Gower rented Horsley Hall, but now resides in Berkshire; Mr. Charles Frost of Wherstead, famous for his breed of Suffolk cart-horses, as fine a specimen of a British yeoman as ever lived, who, at a great age, could go anywhere on his last old grey horse. He was a capital rider, and could have gone first-class in any country. Generally rode pretty good horses. He will long be remembered, as nobody could beat him. The Rev. Alfred Bond of Freston, who went very well when at Cambridge, and has kept up his riding, deserves to be added to the catalogue of the black-coats of England, as he sits on his horse like a workman, and has both nerve and judgment; Major John Tharp also often hunted about this time; Mr. S. B. White of Bilderton, very fond of hunting, who always declares he is going to give it up, and yet never does; Mr. S. Craoke Roper of Rougham, a capital sportsman, and though a welter-weight, will be with the hounds; always turned out in the neatest manner; Mr. Philip Smith of Clacton, a staunch fox-presenter; Mr. P. O. Papillon of Lexden Manor, late M.P. for Colchester; Major F. Foster-Osborne is a good sportsman and judge of a horse; Mr. George Mumford Sexton of Wherstead Hall, a great pig-breeder. At the last Royal Show at Bedford a friend met Mr. Sexton crossing the yard the picture of good-humour, and on inquiring what made him so elated, was answered with "Why, Disturbance has licked the lot, to be sure." A little reflection and an appeal to the catalogue elicited the fact to his mystified friend that Disturbance, a favourite boar of Mr. Sexton's, had gained a first prize. He is a welter-weight, hard as nails, and stronger himself than most horses, who, if they cut up rough, generally get the worst of it. He has sold many good horses, especially a brown horse, called Eagle, to Mr. Sheward, brought from Ireland by Mr. Tharp of Chippenham as a four-year-old; also Idle Boy. Mr. Charles Schreiber, late Captain 34th Regiment, of Roundwood, a good supporter, is another heavy-weight, who always rides good cattle, turned out as they should be.

In 1865, Mr. Thomas W. Nunn of Great Bromley Lodge, near Manningtree, the son of Mr. Nunn who was killed, took the hounds, buying Mr. W. H. White's pack, and, for a heavy man, rode very straight and well. He kept the hounds in good style as he did everything else. Henry Nason from Cheshire, who had been with H. H. Hambledon and Hursley, a painstaking, clever man who rode well, although not a young man, was his huntsman.



‘ The poor fellow died in Ireland in 1869. His whips were William Burton, who was succeeded by George Hagger.

‘ Then, in 1870, came Ben Morgan, from Lord Middleton, and George Horby, from Worcestershire, succeeded Hagger, who went to Sir Watkin Wynn, who, in his turn, was followed by Wm. Fisher.

‘ Up to 1868 the gentlemen living round Saxmundham, Woodbridge, and Framlingham had never had a pack of foxhounds near them; and in that year Lord Rendlesham started a pack of foxhounds in the Woodbridge country, with John Comins, now with the Old Berkeley, as huntsman, and C. Jones and Tom Enever, now hunting the Suffolk, as first and second whips, and had part of the Essex and Suffolk lent to him. He had capital sport for two years, then resigned in favour of Sir Edward Kerrison, who hunted the country in the best possible manner until ill-health forced him to resign. His first whip and kennel huntsman was Richard Fridlington, who went to the Cotswold, and since died there. Since Sir Edward’s retirement the part lent to him has come back to the country, and that part of Suffolk is again without foxhounds, though Mr. C. Chaston of Mendham has a pack of staghounds, and Colonel Barlow of Haskerton a pack of harriers, who is as good a judge of hounds and hunting as he is of a horse. Major Allix, whose brother was killed at Inkerman, lives at Rendlesham, and is manager of the Rendlesham Estate.

‘ In 1871, Mr. H. D. Dove of Langham, near Colchester, became Master, and Ben Morgan was his huntsman. He did a good deal to show sport. No Master ever gave more general satisfaction than Mr. Dove, or whose resignation was more regretted. He did everything in first-rate style. Horses and men were always turned out in the neatest manner. He, however, has recently retired, and been succeeded by Lieut.-Col. Jelf Sharp, who hunts them himself, with Ben and Jack Morgan as whips.

‘ Sir George Broke Middleton of Shrubland Park is one of the best friends to fox-hunting in the country, preserves foxes to any extent, rides hard, as might be expected from a son of Captain Broke of the Shannon. Good fox-preservers are Colonel Anstruther of Hintlesham Hall, and Lady W. Graham, a sister of Lord Bateman, though the shooting now is unfortunately let. Mr. Whyard of Middle Wood is another famous fox-preserver. Mr. B. Stearn of Elmsett Hall, who is never easy without a litter of cubs on his farm, though not a hunting man himself. Long life to him! Mr. W. Parsons of Boxted, and Mr. Mason, both equally good; also Mr. C. Newman of Kersey, Mr. Tomkin and Mr. Lambarde of Assington, and Mr. Greene of Langenhoe.

‘ Hunting with the Essex and Suffolk now are Major C. Phillips of Barham Hall, and Mrs. Phillips; Major J. Phillips (27th Regiment), both first-class men to hounds; the Rev. F. Schreiber, generally attended by his terrier; Mr. H. Garrett of Leiston, on Lucifer, the most wonderful water-jumper; Mr. H. Oakes from Stowmarket, the nattiest man possible, who goes well;

‘ Mr. W. Parsons, junior, a famous man to hounds and always well  
‘ mounted; the Rev. R. F. Palmer of Clopton, a first-rate man on  
‘ anything, especially a raw young one; Colonel Barlow of Haske-  
‘ ton, Colonel Ord, of the Royal Artillery, and Mrs. Ord; Mr. J.  
‘ Andrews of Waldringfield, who loves a day’s hunting, and will  
‘ always be with the hounds; Mr. E. Packard of Bramford, a  
‘ capital performer on a good chestnut mare; Mr. C. Parsons, jun.,  
‘ of Assington, a welter-weight, who gets over the country in the  
‘ most marvellous manner, and is always with hounds; Mr. J. Y.  
‘ Watson of Weeley; Mr. W. Delf of Bentley; Mr. W. Hobbs and  
‘ Mr. G. Mason of Boxted; Mr. H. Woodward of Chaple; Mr.  
‘ W. Cockerell of Mersea Island; Mr. F. Fenn of Ardleigh; Mr.  
‘ Hector Rebow of Wivenhoe, near Colchester. Mr. C. J. New-  
‘ man, Mr. H. Newman, Mr. Snell of Nettlestead Hall; Mr. J.  
‘ Hayward, a good cricketer and sportsman; Mr. A. Tiffen of  
‘ Boxford; Mr. W. B. Jeffries of Ipswich.

‘ For the Essex and Suffolk the best quarters are The Cups at  
‘ Colchester, and The White Horse at Ipswich, for the man, and  
‘ Mr. A. Shorten’s livery stables in Museum Street for his hunters.  
‘ Mr. Shorten is a hunting man himself; his stables are quite first-  
‘ rate, and his establishment is one that may be trusted in every  
‘ particular.

## 'TIS SIXTY YEARS SINCE.

BY R. E. EGERTON WARBURTON.

Your heart is fresh as ever, Ned,  
Although your head be white;  
We must crack another bottle, Ned,  
Before we say good-night;  
Our legs across the saddle  
Though we fling them never more,  
We may rest them on the fender  
While we talk our gallops o’er.

By you ’tis somewhat hard, Jack,  
Old Grizzle to be called,  
You know that head of yours, Jack,  
Is altogether bald.  
Still I’m good, my jolly fellow,  
For another flask of port,  
In memory of those merry days  
When fox-hunting was sport.

How sorely, Ned, our Eton odes  
Tormented those who scann’d ’em,  
The traces were our longs and shorts,  
Our gradus was the tandem;

Bob Davis for our tutor,  
With that colt—still four years old,  
Though ten since he was leader,  
And ten more since he was foal'd.

Unaw'd by impositions,  
While the lecture-room we shirk'd,  
At our little go in hunting  
With what diligence we work'd ;  
When from Canterbury gateway  
We spurr'd the Oxford hack,  
A shilling every milestone  
Till we reach'd the Bicester pack ;

Right welcome there the sport to share,  
Himself so much enjoyed,  
How kindly were we shaken  
By the hand of old Griff Lloyd ;  
How we plunged into the river,  
Led and cheer'd by Jersey's call :  
' Come on ! ' he cried, ' the stream is wide  
And deep enough for all.'

How intense the admiration  
Which to Heythorp's Duke we bore,  
Riding royally to covert  
In his chariot and four ;  
Cigars, as yet a novelty,  
His Grace's ire provoking,  
' What chance to pick the scent up,  
Filthy fellows ! they are smoking.'

The cheer of Philip Payne as he  
The echoing woodlands drew,  
The scarlet coats contending  
With the coats of buff and blue ;  
Stone walls o'er which without a hitch  
The thoroughbred ones flew,  
While blown and tir'd the hunter hir'd  
Roll'd like a spent ball through.

Well, Jack, do I remember  
With what glee we sallied forth,  
To the fixtures of Ralph Lambton  
When our home was in the North ;  
How, when the day was over,  
We around the Sedgefield fire,  
Sang ' Ballinamoniora '  
In honour of the Squire.

And that week with old Sir Harry  
Which at Tarporley we spent,  
Where Chester's dewy pastures  
Are renowned for holding scent ;  
Where Dorfold's Squire o'er saddle flaps  
Unpadded threw his leg,  
Where stride for stride, rode side by side,  
Sir Richard and John Glegg.

That Rupert of the hunting-field,  
Tom Smith the lion-hearted,  
Where grew the fence, where flow'd the stream,  
Could baffle him when started ?  
A game-cock in the battle ring,  
An eagle in his flight,  
A shooting star when mounted,  
But a fixed one in the fight.

Where now that manly science  
Which we witness'd in the match,  
When Crib by swarthy Molyneux  
Was challeng'd to the scratch ?  
Where now those ruddy rectors  
Who the field so often led ?  
Youth needs must chase the steeple  
Since the parson hides his head.

Though no longer what we were, Ned,  
Ere the reign of good Queen Vic,  
Methinks we still could teach them  
How their fathers did the trick ;  
I hold the young ones cheap, Ned—  
“ Hush ! your son is at the door,  
With his pipe of Latakia,  
We had better say no more.”

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## FRANK RALEIGH OF WATERCOMBE.

### CHAPTER XIV.

THE ladies having closely inspected Mr. Cruwys' team and won the goodwill of even the crustiest amongst them by the distribution of a whole canister of biscuits, they again took their seats in the break, the postillions cracked their whips, and the whole *cortège* quickly disappeared in the winding woodland ravine leading to the moor. Up to this point the road was not only rough and rutty as a parish road could well be, but dead against the collar, so that the staunch qualities of the horses as well as dogs were tested to the utmost extent.

The former, bred in the country, and accustomed to its up-hill and down-dale inequalities, as might be expected from the game character of the packhorse, struggled bravely upward to the moor-gate; though long before it was reached several of the occupants of the break, following the example of Parson Powell and Mr. Host, had vacated their seats and lightened the load; while Mary had been compelled, in the cause of mercy, to call on the portly Barker to do the same.

The dogs, however, needed no such help; for there sat their driver, high-perched in his punt, like a conqueror in a triumphal car, quite at his ease, the sturdy team making light of their labour, and requiring neither lash nor encouragement to urge them to the task.

The open moor and a fairly level ridge-road now lay before them, stretching away over the barren waste, far as the eye could ken, in the direction of Holne Chase, and exhibiting a picture of solitude and desolation scarcely to be met with elsewhere in the British Isles. The moment, however, the traveller begins to descend from the ridge-heights and broad plateau of the moor the scene is agreeably relieved by the hanging woods, the ferny combes, the sparkling brooks and cascades that delight his eye, far and near, in the vales below.

In spite of the heavy load to which it was attached, Mary's pony, having gained the level ground and recovered its wind, again became so excited by the strange and unusual company into which it had fallen, that, if given the rein, it would have bounded off at full speed over the heathery plain.

The break, with its heavy load, laboured on at some distance in the rear; but Mr. Cruwys' team, whenever the road was wide enough to admit of it, ranged alongside the pony-carriage, and so fretted the fiery little Taffy, that Mary was compelled to own she could hold him no longer.

'Then let me help you. Give me the reins; I'm sure I can 'manage him,' said Frank, stretching out his arm; and before Mary could say ay or nay, or Mr. Barker offer any remonstrance, he seized the loop-end of the ribbons, and commenced sawing away at the pony's mouth as if he was handling a crocodile.

Instead of pulling him up, however, and bringing him into a steadier step, this rough treatment served only to rouse his temper more and more, and very soon urged him into a wild gallop. Barker sat still and mute, half paralysed with alarm; while Mary, with more self-possession, observing that Frank's skill and strength were equally at fault, begged him not to jag the bit, or he'd drive the pony frantic with rage.

But Frank laughed in his sleeve, exulting in the pace at which they were now travelling. He had heard of the speed of the dog-team with wonder and incredulity, and, seeing their grim faces still within a yard of his hind-wheel, going at their ease, stride and stride with the pony, he absolutely screeched with delight at the opportunity thus given him of testing their swiftness to its utmost extent.

So excited was he by the race (for a race in reality it had now become) that, almost ignoring the presence of his two companions, he said aloud, 'It's no cram, after all; they're downright good ones to go as I ever saw.'

He then suddenly slackened his rein, and as suddenly jaggng it again, he roused the pony to a still better pace. But this rash act, which happened to catch Mr. Barker's eye, called forth a loud remonstrance from the terrified man: 'Sober—sober now, I say. 'You'll upset the coach in another minute, and break our necks.'

'Never fear,' shouted the boy. 'I'll keep him quite straight. 'You wouldn't like to see those mastiffs give us the go-by, would you?'

'Yes! let them go ahead, and be hanged to them,' said the parson, in an agony of fear, 'or they'll quickly bring us to grief, that's certain.'

His apprehension of an accident, imminent and perhaps fatal, was certainly not without reason; for at the pace the two carriages were now going, and that, too, in such close proximity to each other, the slightest deviation on the part of either must have brought them into collision, and caused an inevitable smash.

Mr. Cruwys, on the other hand, appeared to enjoy the race quite as much as Frank did; while his team, urged on neither by menace nor encouragement, did their work absolutely *con amore*, and forged ahead like a pack of hounds straining for a lead.

The road, which for some distance had inclined to a gentle descent, and so favoured the pace, now presented a bit of rising ground, which Mary saw at a glance would bring Taffy to his usual walk, provided his mouth were allowed to remain unjagged by the bit. Accordingly, taking the reins again in hand, she thanked Frank for his help, saying, as she did so, 'I can manage him myself very well now; so please leave him to me.'

Frank, of course, instantly did as he was bid, to Barker's unspeakable relief, symptoms of returning gout and helplessness having suddenly seized him with all the depressing influences that characterise the complaint.

The light touch of Mary's hand, and the gentle soothing tone in which she talked to him, seemed to act like magic on the pony's temper; for, exactly as she anticipated, the moment the collar came home to his chest at the foot of the hill, he dropped of his own accord into a quiet and steady walk. 'Put me down, Mary; there, on that heather-bank,' said Barker, as Mr. Cruwys and the dogs flew by with unabating speed. 'My nerves are not what they used to be: I'll rest here and come on in the break by-and-by; so don't wait for me.'

The carriage was at once brought to a standstill; but before he could dismount, Frank, observing his rickety condition, had jumped out to give him a hand, and, as he did so, tried to dissuade him from the change he was about to make.

'You'll find that break, sir, very difficult to get into, and a

‘regular jolter when you’re there: you’d far better go on with us, I think.’

‘No, thank’ee! never more; never with *you* as the coachman!’ said the parson, half humourously and half in earnest. ‘Jehu was a joke to you; and as to Phaeton, he only drove into the Po, and you’d drive me to the Styx.’

‘Well! I’ve landed you safely, haven’t I?’ said Frank, a bit nettled by the sarcasm; ‘and you might have had more cause to complain.’

‘I don’t think it was Mr. Raleigh’s fault,’ said Mary, interposing. ‘Taffy is always so wild and unruly when any one except myself attempts to drive him. Naughty fellow! he frightens poor mamma to death; but it isn’t vice, it’s only gaiety and high spirits. So, pray get in again, Mr. Barker.’

But the parson had had enough; and although Mary promised not to give up the reins again for the rest of the day, and used all the little wiles in her power to persuade him to re-occupy his seat, he remained inexorable. The break, however, soon made its appearance, and into it he presently managed to clamber, supported by the united aid of Host, Powell, and Somers, who hoisted him into his place like a bale of goods.

Good company as he was known to be, being usually brimful of Devonshire stories, told with infinite humour and in the broadest dialect of the country, his presence in the break was hailed almost with an ovation. Large as the space was, however, in this most capacious carriage, it had its limits; and it was very soon found that, not only for comfort’s sake, but in behalf of the beautiful, well-starched muslin dresses, which ran the risk of being crumpled up and reduced to a deplorable condition, the addition of Mr. Barker’s portly form was at least one too many.

‘Mary will be inconsolable at losing you,’ said Mrs. Cornish; ‘and, I think, will be very charitable if she do not condemn you as a deserter henceforth and for ever.’

‘Nay, madam, I hope not; I should dread the Pope’s excommunication far less than such a brand; the moral D would be my death, I feel certain,’ replied Barker, doing his best to find an ‘inch of spare room for his gouty limb.’

The fair hostess, observing the difficulty with which he settled into his seat, and the ruin that inevitably awaited the crushed muslins; feeling, too, at the same time, that the sole companionship of Frank with her daughter might be the subject hereafter, boy as he was, of some ill-natured gossip, appealed to her old friend Host to supply Mr. Barker’s place in the little carriage, and relieve her mind of so much anxiety with respect to the unruly pony.

Host was up in an instant; ‘delighted,’ he said, ‘to be of any use.’ But the surprise of the party, not less than his own, may be imagined, when, on looking round, it was perceived that the pony-carriage and its two occupants were even now topping the crest of the hill and disappearing at a rapid rate over the distant moor. Mrs. Cornish, if

she felt any annoyance, had the good sense not to show it; and when Barker, who was the last to discover what had happened, exclaimed in the drollest way, 'Bolted again, by Jove! and that fellow's got the ribbons, or I'll forfeit a guinea,' a roar of laughter followed, in which the fair widow joined heartily.

The good-natured doctor, who had momentarily left his place and descended from the break, seeing the utter impossibility of squeezing himself again, even feather-edge-ways, into his lost seat, betook himself to the step of the carriage, where, according to his own account, he was better carried, and with far less danger to his neck than even by his best hack. Nor did any one appear to doubt this announcement; for, as the reader has already been informed, the 'garrans' he rode were of the sorriest order, usually broken-down thoroughbreds, on which he was known to travel some seven or eight thousand miles every year of his life, and to have broken almost every bone in his body but his back-bone. Poor Host! what a terrible fate was his, after a life of such infinite hardship, work, and usefulness—a life devoted to the relief of suffering humanity, and crowned by a never-failing charity! But of this more anon.

'Now then,' said Frank, jumping in by the side of his fair companion, and never for one moment thinking they should be troubled with the company of any third person; 'now then, we've lightened the ship, fourteen stone dead weight off the collar, and the pony fit to go for his life; let's catch the dogs again, do;' and a click from his tongue set the pony into a trot, almost before Mary, who had been watching the operation of hoisting Barber into the break, was aware of what he had done.

The proposal to catch the dogs, however, seemed to take her fancy amazingly; nor, child-like and innocent as her thoughts were, did it enter her head to conceive, that, in a *tête-à-tête* ride with a boy of her own age, there could be a shadow of impropriety; so she answered unhesitatingly, 'But do you think we can catch them? It was such fun racing them with Taffy; and how the little fellow stepped out and wouldn't be beaten, didn't he? though I fear it frightened dear, kind Mr. Barker very much.'

'Oh! he'll get over that bravely,' said Frank; 'and if Taffy could but speak, I'm sure he'd say, "Joy go with him; that man should travel in a baggage-waggon for the rest of his life."'

A sharp click, click, like the sound of a Lancaster gun-lock rapidly double-cocked, again roused the pony's mettle and sent him with lively action spinning over the ground. But if to overtake Mr. Cruwys was the object, the game little beast might well have been spared the struggle that brought him with so much labour and yet so speedily to the crest of the hill; for on surmounting the topmost ridge, and catching a view of the long, undulating, dreary waste that lay in front of them, they were not a little surprised to see that Mr. Cruwys had quitted the car and was standing beside his dogs, apparently waiting for a countryman who was approaching from an opposite direction.



A patch of greensward by the way-side afforded an inviting resting-place to the panting team, all four of which had taken instant advantage of the halt, and cast themselves on the soft, cool carpet, which, after the granite roads, must have been a real luxury for their poor feet.

Within a few yards of the spot at which Mr. Cruwys had halted, a road, diverging away due eastward in the direction of Brook House and Holne, had caused him to doubt whether he ought to take it or hold to that on which he had been travelling, and which, if followed, would have led him from Huntingdon Cross, due northwards, towards Warnicombe and Nuns' Cross, a region of 'Serbonian bog' and turf-tyes, the most desolate and dangerous in all Dartmoor.

The pony-carriage was soon up and alongside its rival; and as the countryman, still at a distance, was hastening towards them, with a couple of hounds and three terriers at his heels, Frank had no difficulty in recognising, by his red fox-skin cap and wild grooty habiliments, the light step and square-set figure of Tom Franks, the fox-killer.

While yet a good lanyard off, Tom's earnest gaze—and he had the eyes of an eagle—seemed to be riveted on the car. He had not as yet discovered that the recumbent team was attached to it, nor, sharp-witted as he was, could he make out for the life of him how on earth that high-wheeled vehicle had arrived at that spot without the help of horse, mule, or donkey to bring it there; so his wonderment became intense.

'Chri! mercy, gen'lemen,' he said, as he drew nigh, with an expression of unutterable bewilderment on his countenance, 'how-  
'ever com'd yeu here? Ba'int brok' down, nor mit wi' no mischance,  
'I hop'?

'No, thank you, my man,' replied Mr. Cruwys. 'We're all  
'right so far; but we want to know which road we should take to  
Holne?'

'Where du 'ee come vor, then?' inquired Tom, brightening up.

'From Heathercot direct.'

'Aw! vrom Heathercot, du 'ee? and yeu'm a going to Holne,  
'be yeu? Well, zo be I; and ef yeur honour zeeth vitty, I'll go  
'long with 'ee, and tak' 'ee to Holne moor-gate as straight as a crow  
'fly'th.'

By this time Tom had taken stock of the party; the team, coupled up and harnessed as they were, had risen like angry lions to confront the moorman's dogs, and had at once explained that mystery; while the moment his eye rested on Frank's features the whole business of screwing out the vixen, bagging and selling her to him, the hue and cry raised by his subsequent disappearance and supposed loss, the search made for him in the bogs by the Bacchanals of the Red Lion—all came home to Tom's mind, vivid and quick as a flash of lightning.

'Glad to zee yeu, young gen'leman, that I be. Nowise the wuss,  
'I hop', for they pixies? I zaid yeu'd a valled in wi' 'em; thof

'zum wid have it that, 'cause there was tu of 'ee, no harm wid 'come o't. But I know'd better. 'Tis bad coming athurt sitch 'folk, be yeu wan or many, ef yeu'm anywheres handy they Black 'Stables. I've a know'd, avore now, a score o' men and hosses fast 'in they mires t'once.'

'I daresay,' replied Frank; 'but 'twas a fox led them there, not 'the pixies. We lost our way in the dark, and then got stogged in 'the mires for an hour or two, that was all. We saw no pixies, nor 'any such wishtness.'

'Naw; yeu widn't zee 'em, like enow; but I'll warn 'ee, they'd 'a got a vinger in th' pie, vor a' that,' said Tom, shaking his head and indicating a faith in the existence of that elfin race which, if better directed, might have removed mountains. 'On'y zee a fox 'when he's fo'ced to tak' that way; he know'th they be there, and 'never stap'th a blink, but kip'th on going, squash, squash, up to's 'gammerels in mux, wi' the brish of un daggling arter un, like a tail-'piped dog. Naw; 'tisin't wan fox in a hundred will face they or 'their gallstraps, or go aneist they mires.'

'And pray, where does that straight road lead to?' inquired Mr. Cruwys, pointing due north in the direction of Warnicombe.

'Nit up to heaven, yeur honour, where our passon to Widdicombe 'zaith the straight road lead'th to,' said Tom, with a glint of humour in his bright eyes, 'but where yeu and yeur coach wid zoon 'come to distruction. That be the gre't mires and tarv-tays (plenty 'of kindling there vor all the vires in Plymouth town), and that be 'the road that lead'th to 'em.'

A vast assemblage of apparently small dark tents, numerous enough, if such, to shelter that army of Xerxes over which he wept on his march to Thermopylæ, now opened to view, dotting the moor for many a rood in and around the extensive miry plateau to which Tom referred. These were the turf-ricks won from the bogs, so stacked and roofed as to throw off the rain, and at the same time evaporate their moisture under the influence of the summer sun and wind. If the late summer prove to be a wet one, too often the case in that climate, the ground becomes then unapproachable even by the broad-wheeled rude carts used for the purpose, the harvest remains ungathered, and the poorer inhabitants suffer the greatest privation from the want of fuel necessary to human life.

At a distance, these diminutive stacks are so like human habitations, especially the huts of the ancient British tin-miners, for which they might well be mistaken, that in all probability the word 'tai' (it being so pronounced on Dartmoor) is no other than the Celtic word 'tai,' which in Wales to this day signifies houses; and hence 'tarv-tai,' or turf-houses. In the singular form, 'ty,' a house, is not uncommon in Cornwall, as Ty-wardraeth, Tehiddy, &c.

The break, having topped the hill, was now making up leeway rapidly; but a fear having crossed Frank's mind lest the very pleasant chat he was carrying on *tête-à-tête* with his fair companion, and which, by her merry blue eyes, she seemed to be thoroughly enjoying,

might be interrupted by the unwelcome addition of a third person, he called her attention to the rutty and even rugged condition of the road into which, by the direction of Tom Franks, they had now diverged. 'It will be worse, too, than this,' he said, 'as we draw nearer to Holne; and it's quite a mercy for the pony that we two are no great weight. Another stone or two behind him now would be a dead calamity. I hope we shall get no volunteer from that break.'

'I hope not, indeed,' said Mary, fully convinced that any addition to his present burden would be a dire injustice to her beloved pony; 'but how can we avoid it, if any one should propose to join us?'

'Oh! go ahead,' said Frank, boldly; 'they can't do it then. If you only stir Taffy into a brisk trot, it would break the springs of that lumbering old tub should they attempt to keep up with us over this ground.'

The slightest touch of Mary's hand on the rein, although as imperceptible as an electric message, nevertheless conveyed its instantaneous meaning to the pony's mouth as intelligibly as if the sensible little beast were gifted with reason. Away he went, then, swift as the wind, over the rough moor, impelled as it were by her wish alone, and eager to fulfil it to the uttermost of his strength. Consequently, in the course of four or five minutes, the chance of intrusion from the occupants of the break no longer troubled Frank's thoughts, and he inwardly congratulated himself on having so adroitly shaken off the whole party, and secured his fair companion so far all to himself.

On looking back, however, he was not a little surprised to find Mr. Cruwys still close in the rear, but not, as hitherto, the sole tenant of his novel car. Tom Franks had joined him, and was riding astride on the stern of the duck-punt with as much nonchalance as if he were the appointed guard and that his accustomed seat. A long and gentle slope of the road had now become so favourable to the dogs that, apparently with little effort to themselves, they bowled along with a steady and even stride, and seemed to take no heed of the extra burden thus imposed on them. Tom's delight was indescribable. 'They travel, zur,' he said, 'as sewent as a fox; and ef I'd a got they dogs, I widn't ax no man for a live hoss; thoff, I zim, a dead un or tu might come handy now and agen.'

But the moorman's wonder had not yet reached its climax. At the foot of the gentle declivity a brook, oozing from some rocky ground above, now crossed the road, translucent as crystal, and trickling over a bed of fine granite sand that seemed to sparkle with diamonds.

The poor, panting dogs, eager to be refreshed by this tempting stream, needed no pull of the rein nor command of the driver to bring them to a dead stop the moment they reached it, but, casting themselves prostrate on the sand in mid-water, they lapped it at their ease, while their backs and sides were being luxuriously laved by the cooling stream. Even the hart of the Psalmist could scarcely have enjoyed it more thoroughly.

From this point another long ascent of the road, but not a steep one, lay before them, trending towards Holne, and traversing the moor like a Roman road, due eastward, in a straight line. Accordingly, to turn the gear of his duck-punt to account, and give his team the benefit of a steady breeze, now blowing from the west, was the next mode of propulsion to which Mr. Cruwys devoted his attention. When, therefore, he drew forth from its hold a complete little mast, rigged with traveller and back-stays, stepped it securely, and then hauled up a light canvas lug-sail, which instantly filled, and without the aid of the dogs actually started the carriage in motion—if he'd been a conjurer he could scarcely have astonished Tom with a more wondrous feat.

For some minutes he seemed absorbed in contemplation, giving utterance only to ejaculations of surprise and admiration; but at length a new light seemed to strike him, and he said with a somewhat grave demeanour:

‘Begorz! I’ve a heered tell o’ this avore; a gipsy voretokened ‘thickky ship long ago, when her zed tu me—

“On Dartmoor hills when a ship yeu du zee,  
A gude queen in England agen there will be;”

‘and thoff her made a fule o’ our Bet, voretold her a husband and ‘fanged her money, but nothing never com’d o’t, whew know’t ‘what us may zee now?’

According to the moorman’s understanding, the little duck-punt, though mounted on wheels, yet fashioned like a boat and impelled by a sail, might as justly be called a ship as a ship-of-the-line sailing in Plymouth Sound; so, on beholding the strange phenomenon now before him, by which the first part of the gipsy’s vaticination, however improbable, had literally become true, it was no wonder his simple faith was led to expect the fulfilment of the second part, and that he avowed his belief that ‘zoonder or later zummud wid come o’ ‘that tu. ‘Tis the black art, for sartin’, he said, shaking his head ominously; ‘but wherever do they folks larn it—from zome wisht-ness or other, I reckon, yeur honour?’

‘Not much of the black art in that prophecy anyhow,’ replied Mr. Cruwys, highly amused by Tom’s credulity; ‘the woman need ‘have been no witch to predict a future queen for this country at ‘no distant date; and as for a ship, you may stand on the Western ‘Beacon and see a score between the Mewstone and the Eddystone ‘on any clear day.’

No shrewder fellow than Tom Franks could be met with in a summer-day’s journey; and if, from the lack of education, he was swayed by the grossest superstition, and firmly believed in white witches gifted with supernatural power, and able, by some mystic process of incantation, to cure ‘nimpingangs’ and neutralise the effects of the ‘evil-eye,’ in wisht-hounds, hunting over the moor and breathing flames of fire from their nostrils; in pixies, playing pranks with belated travellers; and, above all, in the foresight of a gipsy

woman whose converse with the stars enabled her to expound from them the destiny of those who crossed her hand with the needful fee—Tom only adopted the prevalent belief of his neighbours in general, and confessed to that 'vain ague of the mind' which, as Sir Walter Scott says, is confined neither to sex nor age throughout the world.

Rapidly as they now travelled under the united influence of wind and dog-power, Mr. Cruwys and Tom never caught sight of the pony-carriage again till they reached 'the Birds,' a grand clump of patriarchal beech-trees situated on the summit of Holne Chase, and towering over the valley through which the wild Dart rushes and foams with ceaseless roar. Within the circle of that social group, whose branches, intermingling one with the other, exclude the sun and form a glorious green canopy over the silvery stems, is the centre chosen for the picnic; and from the dark glades, mossy banks, and flowery verdure surrounding it on every side, a more appropriate spot for a romantic ramble or a lover's tale could nowhere be found in that forest land.

Taffy had already been taken out of harness, and, with his head hidden to the eyes in a nose-bag, was enjoying a feed of the sweet black sparrow-bill oats grown in that district, and brought especially for him by the provident care of his young mistress; while Frank and herself appeared to be busily engaged in gathering the sweet wild-flowers which, wherever the sun peeped on an open space, adorned the verdant carpet with countless hues.

The subdued roar of the Dart, the susurring of the wind amid the foliage of the lofty beeches, and the hum of bees were as yet the pleasant and only sounds that broke the silence of the solitary wood; and Frank, in the simple enjoyment of picking bluebells and honeysuckles, a novel occupation for him, seemed as happy as the day was long. But when the dog-team first and soon after the break arrived, and the clatter of human voices prevailed around, he snatched up his fly-rod, and, inviting Tom Franks to follow him, bounded off to the streamy Dart in the vale below.

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## CONGER-FISHING ON THE COAST OF NORTH CORNWALL.

*Homo sylvaticus.* Hitherto the deserts and secret places of the habitable globe have been searched in vain to furnish a specimen of this creature, that is asserted in the Darwinian process of evolution to occupy a position more akin to the baboon than to man. For the nonce this shall not be gainsaid; but giving due credit to the scientists, and accepting their version of the fable, they are bound to produce the creation, if not of their own brain, of that which is said to be a consequence of original creation in its progressive system of predicated evolution. There is no middle course

of extrication; no equivocation can be permitted to distort the plain matter of fact. *Homo sylvaticus*—he is or he is not. Where is he? The sensational quest, or, in sporting terms, drawing the savage recesses of nature for the *ignotus*, must be the most exciting of adventures; and as the frozen and sterile wastes of the two hemispheres have been drawn blank, there remains the solitary chance of searching the caverns of the ocean nearer home, wild as they are known to be, and perchance they may furnish a merman that may reconcile the monistic and dualistic principles that are, at present, in irreconcilable variance. Not many years since appeared an account of a mermaid having been seen basking on the rocks at Crackington Cove in the immediate neighbourhood of King Arthur's castle at Tintagel. The description was precisely given; and whether the vertebrated elongation may result in a simian coda or a piscatory fin the principle remains the same either in its truth or absurdity. The mermaid, also, of Crackington Cove was said to fulfil one of the necessary tests—that of articulation—for she was heard to use her voice, singing in sounds expressive of feeling or impression of the senses of the fisherman of the Cornish deep—and there is no valid reason why the asseveration should not be received with the same respect as that of another. So far for the mermaid, and her consort of the ocean caves, who, 'hating no one, loves but only her,' is at hand.

'A merman,' says the 'Coleraine Chronicle,' 'and a native Home Ruler, has thrown the inhabitants of Portrush into a state of considerable alarm during the past few weeks. He is thus described by Dr. Snaggleton, a scientific and highly-gifted naturalist, and a writer of some repute, who had the luck to see him one day when taking an expedition in a boat near the Blue Pool with two ladies. "In form and colour," says Dr. Snaggleton, "he has much the appearance of an ordinary man. The skin was perfectly white, with the exception of the lower part of the body, which appeared to be striped and of a blue and white colour. There was a great quantity of black hair underneath the chin, and the nose appeared to be prominent and well developed. When I observed him he was standing composedly on the top of a small cliff, with his arms pressed close down to his sides; and suddenly, to my astonishment, he took a sort of side leap into the sea within twenty feet of our boat. Fearing for the safety of the occupants of our small craft, I quickly pulled out into the open sea, and saw nothing more of him." Dr. Snaggleton intends, if possible, to procure a specimen of this merman, and place it in the Belfast Museum.' The Darwinians would be thankful, but the good doctor, to be successful, must show a little more pluck and less discretion for the care of his material body—go in handsomely to win and bring his merman to shore. It is difficult to say which of the two 'animal automata' apparently had the greater dread of the other.

Westward, therefore, to the shores of Bude and Bos we took our

way, which, if it be the locality of the mermaid, is not less the habitat of that gigantic sea-water eel of which such a sensational account was lately given in a French journal of a battle *rangée* in an aquarium with octopods. The result proved that, formidable as the cuttle fish or *squid* is, with its eight lengthy arms, set along the inside with watery suckers with which they seize their prey and hold it whilst they feed on it with their curious mouths formed of a horny substance like the bill of a parrot, they are no match for the powerful, agile, and voracious congers. It was stated that the moment the eight-armed combatants perceived their antagonists they endeavoured to escape from them by throwing out the inky fluid which is their chief resource in the hour of danger; but the congers knew where to find them, and, hunting them up, seized the tentacula of the octopods in their powerful jaws, dragged them round and round until their feelers became inextricably twisted, then wrenched them off, and, having reduced them to a pulpy mass, they devoured them with gusto. One stout octopod appears to have done battle bravely, tearing out the eye of a conger and fighting long and dexterously for his life; but, although having severely punished his opponent, he was fain to succumb, and added one more to the slaughter and the supper.

Single lines of rail are objectionable, and they prevail in the West of England beyond Exeter. With the frightful catastrophe at Norwich fresh, as it were, present in the mind, it could not be expected that any confidence could be placed in the meretricious statements of presiding chairmen, cooked in order to pacify the irritation of inquisitive and rebellious shareholders. The rail was, therefore, relinquished at Taunton—making tracks for Bideford and Clovelly, thereby escaping the chance of landslips on the southern coast, and avoiding those wooden and perilous viaducts that are not always in repair, and are necessarily subject, from the nature of the material, to occasional misfortune. Clovelly has a deserved celebrity for the natural advantages that charm the tourist in his outing and search after ‘the sublime and beautiful,’ and not less esteemed by the practical peripatetic for the more substantial merit of supplying herrings that are as famous in the west as are those of Yarmouth in the east. This double attraction has been often acknowledged by the artist, yea, and also by the sentimentalist, whom we once found well engaged together in discussing the savoury *plat* in the little inn at the top of the precipitous street, with the portfolio of etchings in the corner, and an article of sublime sensationalism for an evangelical magazine under the inkstand. Humbug ceases when appetite, otherwise the seduction of the sense, assumes the ascendancy—a crucial test that is never-failing in its application—not that the claims should be underrated either of the pencil or of the sanctified penny-a-liner to merited distinction. The fishing ground of this extreme portion of the northern coast of Cornwall commences with Clovelly, passing by Hartland Point in Devon, and from thence by Hennacliff, Dazard Point, and Pentire, to

Trevoze Head, near Padstow, with Port Isaac for its centre. It comprises that dangerous shore of Bude and Bos that is famed for shipwreck, and of which every cove has its special tale of horror. Disasters are the occurrences of the day during the prevalence of the autumn gales that beat directly upon the shore, when the roll of the great Atlantic waves, broken by its own violence into seething foam, shivers the timbers of the dismantled and unmanageable ship, scattering the fragments, with the struggling and drowning crew, into the raging foam.

‘ Thus said the rushing raven  
Unto his hungry mate—  
“ Ho, Gossip! for Bude Haven;  
There be corpses six or eight.  
Caw! caw! the crew and skipper  
Are wallowing in the sea:  
So there’s a savoury supper  
For my old dame and me.

“ “ Caw! caw!” then said the raven,  
“ I am fourscore years and ten:  
Yet never in Bude Haven  
Did I croak for rescued men.  
They will save the captain’s girdle  
And shirt, if shirt there be,  
But leave their blood to curdle  
For my old dame and me.

“ “ Caw! caw! the crew and skipper  
Are wallowing in the sea:  
O what a savoury supper  
For my old dame and me.” \* \*

It is only due to the brave men of the rocket apparatus and the life-boat of Bude to mention that they have been instrumental in saving many a ship’s crew from death, and have on all occasions shown the greatest skill and hardihood in the exercise of the perilous duties that they have mercifully and fearlessly undertaken.

There are some fair brooks in the neighbourhood that will supply the angler with excellent sport. In Hartland Valley a stream runs down to the quay through the abbey grounds, with pools containing fish from three-quarters to a pound weight; and at Welcombe, the scene of the escape of Parsons, the Jesuit, at Gull Rock, in ‘ Westward Ho!’ there is every chance down that ferny vale of making a well-filled basket. A fisherman, James Howell, lives at Bude well acquainted with the Tamar and its several tributaries in the Holsworthy valley, and can be thoroughly depended upon to show a good day’s fishing. At Combe, again, beneath the remnants of the ancestral mansion of the Granvilles at Stowe, the swims beyond the mill bridge are generally well stocked; and if the fish are not on the feed, the angler may examine, if he be so inclined, the dilapidated house of Stowe, at the far end of which the ‘ Grand ‘ Sir Bevil’ appeared to his lady on the day of the battle of Lans-



down, where he fell. It is a hallowed spot throughout the land, and the country people believe righteously that the spirit of the old Carlist chieftain still haunts the ruins of the terraced plaisance. On stormy nights, and, heralded by thunder and lightning, Sir Bevil is said to wend his way up the steep hill through the woods from the mill and the ruined hall in a state coach drawn by six black horses, all the grooms and attendants being headless, and preceded by a large black dog—the spirit of some malignant killed by Sir Bevil at the battle of Stamford Hill. The black dog is often visible, and once, when returning late from Morwinstow in a country ‘jingle’ (so named from the rattle made by the loose pins and screws of the vehicle), we saw him clearly in the middle of the hill, and gave chase in spite of the panic of the jingle-boy, whose teeth chattered in an agony of terror. On and away up the steep, past the ruined gable end of the courtyard of Stowe, turning at the top of the hill towards the hamlet of Stibb, the black dog giving an ominous whisk of his tail at the turn, on again, and finally running him into an outhouse, where the spectre vanished and evolved itself into the semblance of a calf—semblance, be it said, for without doubt the evil spirit of the black dog was there and then *in esse* in defiance of the process of evolution. That, indeed, was the opinion of the Bude sages of both sexes in the various discussions that ensued, where the jingle-boy was the principal witness and hero, much to his monetary satisfaction. Brave and gallant Sir Bevil! let us part in peace and with all honour now that loyalty has become in Radical and Dilke times as a word and a myth—

‘Ride! ride! with red spur, there is death in delay,  
 ’Tis a race for dear life with the devil;  
 If dark Cromwell prevail, and the King must give way,  
 This earth is no place for Sir Beville.

‘So at Stamford he fought and at Lansdowne he fell,  
 But vain were the visions he cherished:  
 For the great Cornish heart, that the King loved so well,  
 In the grave of the Granville it perished.\*’

That most comfortable hostelry, the Falcon, at Bude has also the advantage, together with cleanliness and civility, of possessing an excellent cook, apt in those Gallic *hors d'œuvres* the names of which have not as yet a place in the Cornish vernacular. It is kept by Mr. Brendon, who in days of yore was one of the best fox-preservers at his estate of Chillaton in the time of the Landue foxhounds. His father, still living at the age of eighty-four, was a celebrated rider, the Dick Christian of that ilk; and notwithstanding the many escapes by flood and field on young horses and others of wayward temper, is yet able to recount and enjoy the tales of the hunting field, where in the riding department he played so conspicuous a part, and as a fox-preserver met with the tribute that was due to him. Now, there is another in that far-off neighbourhood of Tetcot whose conduct was very different, and whose

\* Cornish Ballads.

name is never mentioned without the accompanying anathema that he has well earned. Deeds long past, but not forgotten, receive their just recompense of reward or their merited reprobation, even before the doers reach the final bourne from whence the traveller returneth not. It should be said that this fox-destroyer—the graceless son of a worthy sire—bears the same name as the Jesuit who escaped for the time from Protestant torture at the Gull Rock in Welcombe Cove, in the tale of ‘Westward Ho!’ That Jesuit was afterwards caught, tortured, and burnt. So perish all vulpecides. It was in this primitive region before the establishment of school boards, and that the punishment of pauper parents had been decreed for not sending their children to school instead of contributing by labour to the daily bread, that the following commentary upon St. Paul was given in the seaside church of Bottreaux. The clergyman of that olden day, who had had a hand in saving many a wreck, took his text from the 107th Psalm: ‘They that go down ‘to the sea in ships,’ &c., and gave a narrative of the shipwreck of St. Paul as it is related in the words of the apostle. A Boscastle sailor listened with becoming attention; but when it was said that they ‘threw out the anchor by the stern,’ he could not restrain his impulsive disapprobation, and cried out aloud, ‘All wrong! Put about, ‘put about! Bad seamanship! D—— me if I wouldn’t have ‘saved ship and cargo.’ The honest tar was fined by the magistrate five shillings for the oath, and with an additional penalty for having disturbed the congregation. Rather hard lines, when a brute in the present day receives even less punishment for having kicked and beaten his wife into a jelly.

A very interesting and antediluvian relic is placed in one of the passages of the Bude Hotel, being, or supposed to be, the fossilised head of a mammoth ox. The horns measure 53 inches from tip to tip, 21 inches in circumference at the base of each horn, 28 inches from the brow to the nostril, and 9 inches from eye to eye. This gigantic fossil merits greater attention from scientific adepts than it has hitherto received. It was found, after a violent irruption of the sea on the coast, imbedded in a mass of dark matter that was carted away for manure until it was discovered to be the pulverised atoms of trees belonging to a primeval forest. A rib of 11 feet, and another bone of 7 feet had been found formerly near the same place, and sent to the British Museum.

Passing by Boscastle, Bottreaux, or Forrabury with its anti-Paulite mariner, and the scant ruins of the Castle of Uter Pendragon, Port Isaac, or Port Issyk, which in Cornish means the port of the creek, was reached with its crowd of fishing-boats. Its advent is made sensible to the olfactory some distance before arriving; but this trifling inconvenience should be condoned, since the fish of the northern coast are far superior in flavour and quality to those of the south in Plymouth Market. A small yet creditable inn, the Commercial, affords clean accommodation, the more prudent plan being to procure a private sleeping-room to avoid

the canticles of the tap and the fumes of pigtail tobacco. It was not long before an arrangement was made for a boat with three hands that was employed in conger fishing. The little craft was 18 feet, moderately light to row, with a single mast, and safe under sail.

‘By Tre, Pol, and Pen,  
You shall know the Cornish men;’

and the three Celts were civil and obliging fellows. The conger is fished for late at night and in the early morning; for it will not bite readily during the day, and even in moonlight nights it is more shy than when in the dark. The lines of 60 fathom strong, and closely made, come from Bridport, and the hooks are bound with brass wire for the length of a foot and upwards to guard against the resolute struggles of the larger eels, and occasionally a huge monster succeeds in wrenching himself away from the tackle. The common bait consists of the tail part of a whiting or pilchard, and sand eels procured from the south of Devon, where they are caught in shoals on the Slapton sands; but the best of all is a part of cuttle fish or squid. These are caught with a jigger, which is made by tying with waxed twine several bass hooks to the end of an ash stick about 5 feet long. This is slowly lowered under the squid, then raised quietly, and, on the first touch, the cuttle fish darts back and is impaled on the hooks. It was a warm moonlight night with passing clouds, and the ground lay 4 or 5 miles straight out. The coast loomed darkly with the surrounding cliffs beetling over the bay that circled round from Pentire Point to Tintagel Head; and the little boat made her way out with a light wind amidst the uncomfortable rollers of the Atlantic. After an easy passage, the grapnel was cast out, and we became stationary over the conger coverts, to speak according to the phrasing of the land. A stimulant after twelve at night in an open boat on the wide sea is consoling, and steadies any unpleasant sensation that may derange the orthodoxy of the lower regions; therefore, in spite of being a sturdy sailor, we joined in a glass neat all round—perhaps more—and then to work. The lines were paid out—there were three—and in shooting them they were laid across the tide, as the fish when feeding usually swim with their heads towards the current, and more ground is covered by so laying them. One of the lines was prepared for ordinary fish, such as turbot, cod, soles, haddock, &c.; but the two bultoe lines were baited for conger or bottom fishing alone, with a hook at every 8 feet. As this was a first essay at night on the sea for conger, and without other motive than curiosity and a desire for the reality of this deep sea fishing, a sketch only of this grand sport can be imperfectly given; and certainly it merits that epithet, for the difference betwixt this and twaddling on a river for a trout of half a pound is as between foxhounds and harriers.

Of the three men, ‘Pol’—whose real patronymic was Cornish—had the command, and was the oldest and most experienced of the lot.

The first authentic sign of a catch on the bowline, made fast on board, gave the same thrill as a 'gone away' with the hat up of the whip or the whistle of the Beaufort, and one might halloo and cheer without danger of an authoritative rate. The voice of man on the surging sea is incapable of mischief, and in the swell of the Atlantic becomes a puny squeak, at which even herrings might laugh after their fashion. As the intention was that we should see at once, and without delay, the particular quality and nature of this diversion, the line was hauled in, and the agility and skill of the men proved in this instance that the Johnsonian definition of this pastime was incorrect in his description of the primary end. More than one conger was on the hooks. When nearing the surface, the hauling became proportionately more exciting. Then there was a stronger pull—a splash on the surface of the wave—another and another—and two or three large congers were plunging about and lashing the dark waters. All hands together and steady. 'Pen' held on manfully, and 'Pol' and 'Tre' caught hold of the first—an eight-pounder, or thereabouts—'Tre' seizing and holding the neck until 'Pol' had unhooked him and thrown him writhing into the bottom of the boat. A larger one was on the second, and again on the third hook, and they followed suit in their serpentine contortions and struggles below. Nor was this all. Looking down from above into the darkness beneath, with the light held over them, the congers were there seen rolling about, writhing, and entwining themselves in spasmodic convolutions, and yapping, which the sailors called 'barking,' loudly and savagely. There can be no mistake upon this point, whatever there may be about the Home Rule merman and the Crackington mermaid. Hearing is believing and proving as well, and that the congers emitted the sound attributed to them is beyond all dispute. It is short and snapping, and as it were by inhalation, instead of an emission of the air, and sufficiently expletive of temper; for they caught at and twisted about the thwarts, or any object that was at hand to fasten upon. It was a ghastly sight by the pale light of the moon and the red glare of a lantern. Then came the finish. 'Pen,' with a small axe, watched his opportunity, and striking off the tail with a smart blow, the conger became comparatively powerless. The spine was then severed with a knife behind the head, and motion, beyond a tremulous convulsion, ceased. The smaller congers are usually untouched, in order that they may keep longer for the market, and are pitilessly left to linger on in pain and misery.

A lusty tug and shake of the middle line was a warranty that a good-sized conger was on the hook. The line was hauled in carefully, but with a will. There was an occasional pause, for the eel made himself felt, and struggled gamely. At last up he came to the surface away from the boat, lashing furiously, and darting from side to side in the endeavour to get himself free of the hook. The line was paid out, and he was allowed to play. Down he went; but on feeling a fresh strain, as the line was shortened, he again fought valiantly, showing capital sport, and without any intention of declining

the battle. He was a clipper, a 30-pounder and upwards, and we were in luck. Again and again he was given room for play, tugging and writhing, with the upper part of his body sometimes out of the water, and his propelling extremity invariably beneath, but when in a violent splash the tail came above the surface the power momentarily ceased, and then down again for a fresh charge. As he neared the boat, one could perceive that there was danger in hunting him; therefore, when within reach, the jigger or gaff was used, and he was dragged in, not without some trouble, and went writhing, snapping his jaws, armed with short teeth, and yapping into the bottom of the boat.

It was a stirring sight to watch the serpentine twistings of this huge sea-water eel, and to hear the short and angry bark, which we had hitherto discredited. He was held fast by the jigger, and the spine cut through and severed at the head. Who-hoop—we had at last been present at and had seen a species of ocean sport of which we had long heard, and in which we had resolved to participate. That it has its accompanying inconveniences, with the disagreeable necessity of roughing it at night, shall be admitted at once; but these drawbacks are well counterbalanced and recompensed by the nervous excitement that arises from a combination of stirring causes—the darkness of the hour, suggestive of peril—the low moaning, as it were a voice of reprehension, of the swelling ocean—the nature of the *muræna ferox* of the sea—down, down below, and about to be dragged up from its native depths to do battle with and to yield to the murderous contrivances of the superior and animated automata of earth. These constitute the interesting concomitants of conger-fishing; and we were glad that we had attended the meet of the sea-covert side, and had had our Purley diversions of the ocean.

The day was breaking, and the wind coming gusty from the land, oars became a useful auxiliary. The rocky panorama of this bold coast, as the rising sun disclosed the various headlands with the narrow inlets, amply repaid the trifling discomforts of this night adventure. Pentire Point, the bold bluff of Kellan Head, Willapark, and Tintagel, with its battlemented craggs and dizzy precipices, one by one, came gradually from out the darkness. Then were seen Treborra Height, which furnished the scene of the Death-race in Cornish ballads; the black pit at Willapark, with its ghostly legends; Dazard Point and Melluach, where the phantom ship, with its red sail and demon sailors, waited impatiently for the soul of Mawgan the pirate wrecker, loth to pay the covenanted penalty, and yelling in his death agonies; on to the haunted woods of Combe and the shrine of St. Morwenna at Moorwinstow, localities that have been made famous by the historian, poet, and artist. It was a fine and expansive reach of the highest class of cliff scenery, darkly and mysteriously grand; and then, the ocean mist slowly fading away, the morning sun unveiled the whole coast

‘In one unclouded blaze of living light.’

M. F. H.

## HENRY JUPP OF DORKING.

POSSIBLY there is not a spot in the civilised world where the Anglo-Saxons have introduced their greatest national game of cricket, in which the name of Henry Jupp is not well known.

He was born at Dorking, in Surrey, in November 1841, and consequently he is in his 34th year. The name of Jupp has been known amongst the cricketers in the Dorking district for more than one generation, but no one of that name has ever acquired the position which the subject of this biography has, and it is very doubtful if any player of any name will be better remembered as a cricketer by future generations, though doubtless, in 1900, the wiseacres will shake their heads and say, 'Ah, my boys, in the days of Jupp and 'Grace there was no bowling such as we have now!' just as they shake their heads and discount the doings of Mynn, Pilch, and Felix, and the lions of the great Kent eleven of thirty years ago.

Dorking, curiously enough, has produced as many fine cricketers as any place in the south of England, though their only cricket-ground is one of the most eccentric in existence.

It consists of a long narrow slip of good turf on the top of a small hill, approached on three sides by a steep incline of rough grass intersected by roads.

The cricket light, the picturesqueness of the ground, and the wicket are unexceptionally good. It is very like half a vegetable-marrow divided longways, flattened at the top, and placed on a table pulp downwards. So narrow is the ground, that long-leg and cover-point respectively are quite out of sight, watching out on the hill-side long below the horizon, and they depend entirely on short-leg and point giving them notice as to when the ball is coming, and for a long hit the batsmen are wholly dependent on their friends for information as to the number of runs, as ball (when struck over the plateau) and fieldsmen are both out of sight.

The peculiar ground, doubtless, had a great deal to do with making Jupp such a brilliant fielder, as a ball missed, or not backed up, or overthrown on the ground where he learnt his cricket, means the loss of four, five, or even six or seven runs; and during his long career he has well earned the name of never having been surpassed by any cricketer in the world for a safe pair of hands. No matter whether he is long-stop, long-field, or close to the wicket, nothing escapes him; and moreover he is, when wanted, a very good wicket-keeper and useful bowler.

We advisedly speak last of his batting powers, as he is one of those all-round cricketers who never believes in a match being won or lost until the last wicket falls, and thinks much less of his average than of the success of his side, though his average last season was 45 for his county, and 36 for all his matches.

With a most stubborn defence, Jupp combines good hitting power. His great forte is to go in first and break the bowlers' hearts, which

his wonderful eye and untiring patience enable him frequently to do; though if runs are wanted fast, he can bustle the field and get runs as quick as most players.

As to his performances, it is impossible to enumerate a tithe of them, any more than one could count Cook's billiard matches or Fordham's winning mounts.

He was first brought under the notice of the Surrey Club by Dr. Napper of Dorking in 1860, owing to his very good play in a series of matches against good elevens which were played on Brockham Green, a little village under Box Hill. He was tried in the colts in 1861 and 1862, but made no particular mark; though in a match between the colts of Surrey and Sussex at Brighton, in 1862, he scored 63 and 68.

His fielding, as a substitute for Hayward of Cambridge in a match in 1862, in which he made a most wonderful running catch, induced the then Secretary, Mr. Burrup, to play him against the North at the Oval, and his performance was so creditable that he was played in most of the Surrey matches in 1863, and became one of the back-bone men of the Surrey eleven, and usually went in first with T. Humphrey of Mitcham, and the pair were known as 'the two Surrey boys.' In 1864, in the match Surrey *v.* Yorkshire at Sheffield, Jupp and Humphrey scored 157 between them without a mistake before the fall of a wicket, and so brilliant was the play that when they turned the 100, the Sheffielders gave them a cheer which might have been heard all over the Riding, and Mr. Mason of Bradford, like a big-hearted Yorkshireman, gave them each a ten-pound note.

He passed into the South of England eleven, and the eleven of England, and has played in Gentlemen and Players for nine years past. He went to America in 1868, and two years since went to Australia, where he obtained the highest average of all the players.

He was brought up as a bricklayer, but deserted his trade for cricket, and is now about to keep an inn at Norwood, in the suburbs of London. No cricketer's character stands higher for punctuality and indomitable perseverance, either in a winning or losing game, and no one can name the best eleven in England and leave him out. Strange to say, that, after playing fourteen seasons, he is, if possible, in better form now than ever—as was instanced by his going in first in each innings against Yorkshire, in August, 1874, and carrying his bat out for the scores of 43 and 109—and he is just as fond of cricket now as he was when a schoolboy.

Jupp has a great aversion to vulgar notoriety and mob-adulation—two weeds which are springing up far too rapidly in many of our field sports, both amateur and professional—and directly a match is over he is off home to his business, in which he displays the same industry, self-reliance, and modesty which have earned for him his good name in the cricket-field. In plain English, good fortune has not spoilt him. Moreover, he never forgets his old friends who were anxious for his success when he was a boy, and who paid him small

sums for his services in local matches before the public ever heard of him; and on bye-days (which are very rare) he is ready and willing to play on some village green in his county, where grand old fogies still exist who wear knee-breeches and smockfrocks, and smoke yards of clay and talk of the doings of Beldham and Lambert and the last of the Hambletonians; and he takes just as much trouble as if he was playing for All England, his sole reward frequently being one of those ringing cheers which only Englishmen can give, and which means 'welcome home!'

His height is 5 feet 6½ inches; his average weight, 11 stone 10 lbs.; and his place in the field is anywhere where hard work and pluck are wanted. There is every prospect of his serving his county for some time to come; but when the time does arrive that he wishes to retire, we should be surprised if there was a single gentleman or player of eminence in England who will not be ready and willing to play for his benefit.

FREDK. GALE

*Mitcham, April, 1875.*

### BONIFACE'S BENEFIT.

YEARS ago, in the days of my hot youth, when ten miles an hour behind a good team was thought to be the perfection of travelling, and the 'tin pot,' as an engine was then derisively called, had not run the old stage coaches off the road, I was going from London into the South for the purpose of spending a short time with my friend Harewood, and riding his horse Bavieca for the Flintshire Hunters' Cup, which, next to the King's Plate, created more interest than any race in the country, and was generally the medium of some heavy wagering. In fact, how highly the prize was esteemed the following anecdote will show:—

'A certain noble Lord who could not by any means be considered the most enthusiastic of fox-hunters, one day very much astonished the Master by staying with him to the end of a long, weary run after nearly all had gone home; and when the fox went to ground, almost insisted on having him dug out, though it was then dark, saying, "The hounds deserved him and should not be disappointed, and that he would remain until all was over," which he did. The truth afterwards came out that he was riding a horse he intended to run for the Hunters' Cup, and which must have been in at the death of a leash of foxes to qualify him. Twice already had he heard the "whoo-whoop," and this made his noble owner so anxious to endure cold and darkness rather than miss a kill, lest any unforeseen accident should prevent his having the chance again.'

To return to my story, nothing very particular happened on the road down until the first stage out of the little market town of Broadbank was reached, where it was the usual thing for the passengers to take a dram, just to keep the cold out as they went



across the bleak and open downs, and we found the jolly-looking landlord, gin bottle in hand, waiting for us. Our load was a light one, consisting only of an old lady, her parrot, and a lap-dog inside, myself on the box seat, one gentleman and the old woman's maid behind us, and a couple of drovers on the gammon-board, so that I was able to observe pretty well what went forward; and, amongst other things, I noticed that it seemed the rule for every one who drank to ask the landlord to do him reason in like manner, for not only did the gentleman so invite him, but also the drovers, and he, good man, nothing loth, pledged them all in brimming glasses, so that I expressed a hope to the coachman that many coaches did not pass in the course of the day, or I thought he must soon drink himself to death.

'No fear of old Skinner,' rejoined he; 'he's fly; knows all about 'the game, and ain't a goin' to hurt hisself. Mind what you are about 'with that brown 'oss there, will yer?' 'This last observation was addressed to a helper, who, chancing to touch the off leader on the curb in putting him back to the splinter-bar, caused him to go right on end, and only just miss coming down across the back of his near-side companion. 'Show ye how we can go now, sir,' the coachman continued as the brown was righted; and he started the coach almost at the moment his fore shoes touched ground. 'This is our gallopin' stage, and we allus springs 'em over it.'

'Queer-tempered one at off lead?' I asked.

'Bless yer, no, sir! only a little in a hurry at starten. We don't 'allow much time surely, but that little's too much for him, and he 'might row a bit if he was not off at once; but the rest are pretty 'quick, and I humours him.' So it appeared; for, although the brown had gone off with a bound which would have cleared a brook and must have terribly tried his traces, and was now stretching away at a slashing gallop, he seemed afraid to touch his mouth or check him, and only intent to send the others along, so that they should keep up with and ease him as much as possible. Nay, I fancied when, by these means, he had steadied and brought him back, that his traces were so long that it was almost impossible he could have any share of the load, and that he merely had to go at a hand-gallop by the side of the other, and pointed this out to the coachman, who said, 'You've a quick heigh to see that, sir, but it's 'right; we're forced to do it, or he would jump through his harness 'at starten. Fact, sir; he's a new un; hain't ben in many times, 'but we shall alter in a day or two; think I shall shorten 'em on the 'up journey to-night.'

At the end of the stage, not much over three miles, but which was done in an extraordinary quick time, I had to alight, and looked over the team which had brought us so far with no little interest. The wheelers would have been weight-carrying hunters of the better class had not some disqualifications prevented their entering that station in life for which they had evidently been bred, but which by no means hindered their going

a rattling good pace over nearly level ground in harness. The near leader was thoroughbred as Eclipse, and a horse of some power, but 'a leg' had sent him to end a life hitherto spent in 'plating' in little more onerous work on the road, where his infirmity was scarcely felt when he got warm. It was the high-mettled brown, however, that caught my eye; a racing-looking, lengthy fifteen-three stallion; or, perhaps as his true proportions deceived the eye as to his height, he might have been half an inch more; legs deep, flat and short; a head, neck, and eye that betokened his purity of blood; and quarters broad and powerful as a drayhorse, but yet without coarseness: all seemed to indicate, notwithstanding his close-cut tail, that he, at least, was out of place when lapped in leather.

'A good-looking horse,' I observed to a helper who was leading him away; 'he should not be here I fancy.'

'Rum temper, sir,' was the answer, as the fellow pulled a rough forelock in lieu of a cap. But I could see no indication of it in his eye or manner, though I did note, that while the rest of the team stood with reeking flank and open nostril, his breathing was as calm as if he had only just left the stable. The dew scarcely showed on his short silky coat, and the muscle stood out in large bosses on his arms and thighs in a way that indicated he was in the very perfection of condition. However, I thought no more of it, save that it was a pity such a horse should come on the road, and, getting into the conveyance that was to take me to Harewood's place, I drove off.

'I think you have a rare chance to carry the scarlet and blue home 'in front this time,' said Harewood; 'for there is nothing in the country that has the foot of Bavioca. He can stay for a week, and 'is as fit as hands can make him. You shall give him a gallop to-morrow: it's the last he'll have before the race.'

'What have you against him?'

'Why, there is Sir Charles's chestnut four-year-old, Tam O'Shanter, by Orville, dam by Blacklock, out of a half-bred mare; Ramsden's roan Rattletrap, by Sir Harry; a black mare called Cinderella, of Captain Bathurst's; and as for the rest, they are not worth notice. There is old Skinner at the Matchem Arms, generally a dangerous customer in this race; for he has land enough to qualify him to start, and, as a rule, runs something pretty good. But he is quite out of it this round; and the bay horse he has in training is slow and underbred, though he fancies him, and has taken several long shots that he carries off the Cup this year. But, cunning as he is, he's overseen in Ploughboy, rightly named; for his dam was really not more than half-bred, though he thought she had only just a stain. There were two sires of the same name, one half the other thorough-bred, and that led him astray.'

'Is that the man at the Matchem Arms where we changed?'

'Yes, a red-faced old fellow.'

'That's the man. Why, he can drink gin enough to float a man-of-war.'

'Ah! did he catch you there? Why, he never touches it, but carries two bottles in his pocket: one filled with gin, the other with water. He helps his customers out of the former, and himself out of the latter, when asked to drink—of course charging full price.'

'Not a bad move. I see now how it is he can stand so much. Well, if he can manage to sell water at sixpence a glass, he is no fool; and you had better look after him for the Cup, if he has backed himself to win it.'

'No; he is no use this year. He bought a rare good-looking horse, but as poor as a crow, last autumn, and hunted him just enough to qualify him. As he improved in condition no one could ride him, and he has worked regularly in the Flintshire mail all the winter; so there is no danger from him.'

'A brown stallion?'

'Yes.'

'Then, I can only say I never saw a horse more like racing or in better condition. He worked at lead, off-side, as I came down; but the coachman told me he was fresh at it, and they had to humour him.'

'The latter is probably true enough; but as to his being fresh at the work, that is only an excuse for his not being able to make him do it better. Even if he sent him to the post, there is not a man in the country could stay on his back if he is in good condition; so I don't fear him.'

'Well, of course you know better than I; but he is as dangerous-looking horse as I ever saw.'

'You would say so if you had to ride on him, instead of against him,' answered Harewood; and so the conversation dropped.

The next day I gave Bavioca his last gallop before the race, a rattling three-mile spin, and, pleased as I was with his appearance ere mounting, I was much more impressed with his long lashing stride and the resolute style in which he went into his bridle when I set him going. Harewood was delighted, and said it was all over but shouting.

The first day of the meeting was devoted to legitimate racing, such as the King's Plate and some sweepstakes; while the second was more local in its character, bringing on the Hunt Cup, a pony race or two, a two-year-old stake being held over to keep up the interest of strangers, and the day generally ended with a bout at single-stick or wrestling, and, I need not add, was by far the most popular of the two amongst purely country people; for most of the gentlemen had a horse for the Cup, which was ridden by themselves or a friend (though jockeys could ride by carrying a penalty), and almost the only one who durst oppose them—though the race was open, under certain conditions, to all holders of land in the county—was old Skinner, the publican, who had on one or two occasions won it with horses of his own breeding and ridden by his son.

My mount, Bavioca, was the first favourite, at 3 to 1; Tam

O'Shanter and Rattletrap standing at 5 to 1 each; the black mare at 6; and the others friendless, though we all noticed the first day that Skinner was particularly busy laying against the favourites whenever he had a chance; so that Harewood declared the old man was gone off his head. The next day we were early on the ground, as the Hunters' Cup was set first on the card. Then succeeded a pony race, and the other heats were to be run off at intervals. I weighed early for Bavioca, and, putting on my overcoat, sat down in the weighing-room until it was time to mount. Next in the scales was old Skinner's son, who had to steer Ploughboy. Sir Charles rode his own, as did Mr. Ramsden; and a well-known amateur, that I had often ridden against at Bibury, took silk for the black mare: just as he got out of the scales a little red-haired man entered the room, when he shouted:

'Hillo, Bill! you going to have a mount amongst us? What do you ride?'

'Yes, my Lord—engaged for Mr. Skinner's Barabbas.'

'Oh! a nice mount you will have. They say he's been trained in the coach. Mind and keep away from me; for I hear he eats every one who attempts to ride him.'

'All right, my Lord; he shan't eat me nor you either if I can help it; but 'll lay an even fiver I beat you in our places.'

'Done!' responded his Lordship, 'that's a good bet.'

The next minute Harewood called me out to mount, and said: 'I can't quite make it out; here is a tall, fighting-looking man in the ring laying like fury, and another snapping up all the odds about that thing of Skinner's, Barabbas, until he is now second favourite, and, by Jove! they have old Bill Night to ride him. I begin to feel uneasy.' Well he might, for, as we took our canters and went to the post, not one sign of temper did Barabbas show, and there was no doubt, as he walked quietly down the course with old Bill clapping his neck, that both for condition and appearance he was the gentleman of the party, while a finer goer was never seen. In fact, much as I admired him when taken from the coach and decked with trappings unworthy of him, he looked far handsomer now.

'Are you ready, gentlemen? Then go!' and away we sail in a line with the exception of Barabbas, who whipped short round as the word was given, and was, we fondly hoped, left at the post to fight matters out with old Bill. It was a rattling race between three of us. Sir Charles's chestnut and Bavioca fought it out inch by inch from the distance, while Lord Chinstrap, on the black mare, waited with a patience worthy of Sam Chifney until Sir Charles and I had ridden our horses out, and then, coming at the right moment, did us a head on the post; the judge could not divide us, and the roan was only two lengths off Skinner's son, who had made running as far as he could, about five hundred yards altogether, that is to say, cantered in side by side with Barabbas, whose jockey we were all sorry to see got him in the humour to go soon enough to save his distance,

which he did without being at all distressed. Notwithstanding this there was a strange revolution in the betting. The mare became first favourite, and any odds might have been obtained about Barabbas until it was found that the tall man and his confederate were taking all they could book about her.

While the pony race was being run a council of war was held as to the advisability of going for the next heat.

'Well,' said Harewood, 'I am sure I have the condition of the lot; Baviacca can stay for a week, and the best plan is to go in and slaughter them. You see old Skinner's horse won't run even with Bill on his back; but, by Jove! I believe he is a trimmer if he would only try. I never saw a horse so altered in my life.'

Captain Bathurst and Lord Chinstrap were evidently of the same opinion with regard to Cinderella as Harewood was about his nag, but Sir Charles Howell thought it better to take it easy with the four-year-old. By the manner of the jocks when we assembled at the post again, it was pretty easy to tell who meant running for the heat. But what a change had come over the rider of Barabbas. In the first heat he took the outside place next the starter and on the left hand, now sitting down on his horse and holding him as if in a vice, he wriggled into the inside place (there was a bend to the right soon after starting) and pulled nearly into the gorse sooner than let any one take the whip hand of him. Lord Chinstrap and myself were side by side next him, and Ramsden on his hot roan coming up broadside on to the left.

'Go!' and before we could snap our eyelids Barabbas was away with a lead of a length and a half, which the bend, of which he had the advantage, enabled him to double. What a rattler he led us round the top turn and down the hill; but, as we came into the holding flat, Lord Chinstrap said, 'Hang it, the jockey's beat, and coming back. I thought he could never live that pace;' and both of us passed him in the hollow. Stride for stride, knee to knee, we came on to the distance, eying each other like rival beauties at a ball. Eager to finish, we both set to; spurs went in, whips were raised, when, to our utter astonishment, Bill, on Barabbas, slipped up on the *near* side, where neither one nor the other looked for him, as if he had dropped from the clouds, gave his horse a rough shake, and, quitting us without an effort, won by three lengths. The faces of those who had laid against Barabbas considerably lengthened now, in fact, one would have thought that a general gloom had fallen over the company, so many were the long faces pulled. Of course, every one was eager to get out now by backing Barabbas; but there were no layers, and they were forced to put up with the bargains they had already made. The story of the third heat is soon told: Bill took his horse to the front the moment the flag dropped, had us beaten in the first few hundred yards, and cantered home an easy winner by fifty lengths, while we formed an ignominious tail following each other in at intervals of a few lengths.

Harewood went home very much crestfallen, and could never

understand how it was that a horse which had worked all the winter in a coach could beat his famed Bavioca, but said he should always be shy of old Skinner when he had nothing fit to go for the Cup.

The real truth of the story came out years afterwards, when the old man was dead and gone. Barabbas was no other than the Barber, by Whisker, out of a mare by Walton, and one of the best King's Plate horses in the North. His owner's stud being sold, he was bought by a London publican, an ex-prizefighter and old friend of Skinner's, and these worthies laid their heads together to utilise his powers in the way that I have shown. He was let down low in condition and nominally sold to Skinner, who rode him with hounds often enough to qualify him, where, not being used to the excitement, he was of course a little riotous and fractious. This was designedly magnified into bad temper, and the horse put in the coach occasionally, when the load was light, as a blind, and always carefully clothed and sent back at the end of his journey, in the course of which, as I have shown, he had nothing to do but gallop. Otherwise he was carefully trained. But the coach work allayed any suspicion as to what he really was; and as intercourse in those days was limited, and he had only run in the North, no one in Flintshire was likely to recognise him, or of course he would have been disqualified, as thoroughbred. Ploughboy was sent to a trainer's, and carefully and ostentatiously prepared for the race, to divert attention from the other. Skinner and his confederate, the publican, with Bill, who managed to be left at the post so cleverly, the coachman, and the others who worked with them, netted a good round sum by the ruse; and it was only when the coachman had, years afterwards, been driven off the road by the rail, failed as a publican, and gone as helper in Harewood's stables, when he was Master of the Flintshire Hounds, that the robbery, for such it was, became known through him.

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#### THE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE.

THE uninterrupted success which Cambridge has enjoyed during the last five years is at last clouded by a decisive defeat, and the Dark Blue representatives have managed to produce a crew which, in many respects, called to mind the best points of their victorious predecessors of ten years ago, when, in addition to the annual Easter match, Oxford took more than its share of the chief prizes of the river, and, especially at Henley, could lay claim to have a hand in most of the greatest victories. During the present decade, while Cambridge have hitherto been scoring all the 'Varsity matches, they have scarcely been as widely represented at Henley as the Oxonians were in their halcyon days a few years earlier; though, indeed, Dicker—a double winner of both Diamond and Wingfield Sculls—may be claimed for the Cam as no mean rival of Woodgate, Parker, and Michell, who in their time almost monopolised the great sculling prizes.

At the commencement of the practice for this year's race the material available at Oxford was universally considered better than usual, and the doings of their trial eights gave promise of a fine team, which, as it turned out, was fully realised. Last year's stroke was again available; and though it was a moot point whether he were not a trifle light for the post, his pluck

and judgment were undeniable, and he proved himself just the man to get plenty of work out of his crew. Thanks, no doubt, to the early attention of Mr. Willan, who undertook the coaching, the men originally chosen proved generally fit for their work, and there was very little alteration after the men commenced regular practice; indeed, except that two of the crew changed places, the boat may be said to have been settled almost from the first.

At Cambridge they had their last year's winning stroke, which was a great advantage; as though Woodd took the place at first, Rhodes resumed it quite early in the practice, and at the stern thwart there was no change. The rest of the boat was, however, less fortunate, and alterations were innumerable all over the ship until close upon their arrival at Putney. Unless, however, we are to assume, what university men would be the first to disclaim, that Oxford and Cambridge crews are of a lower standard than the best seen at Henley, the Cantabs had after all a fair time to get well together, remembering how often the Kingston, London, and Leander Clubs have sent up boats of perfect form who have not had half the practice together which the Cambridge men had this year. Whether or no, they were certainly at a disadvantage with Oxford in this respect; but what was more fatal to their chance, was that whereas the Dark Blue improved materially during their stay at Putney, their opponents by no means did likewise. They had fair catch at the beginning, but did not sustain the pull well through, and were apt to get rather short. The Oxonians, with a less marked catch, brought their oars well home with a good length. They had, it appeared, a good deal toned down the high feather which used to be a marked characteristic of their men, and rowed more evenly in what we may describe as the London style. Cambridge seemed to have their work too low, and, as it proved in the race, became very much abroad and splashy in rough water. With regard to the weights, Oxford were about a pound heavier per man, which was more than compensated for by an additional stone and a half in the weight of their coxswain; while Cambridge had the advantage of being a more level lot.

During their stay at Putney neither of the crews did an excessive amount of work, Oxford being quite ripe in condition, while one or two of the other boat were considered to require delicate treatment. In trials over the course, however, Oxford showed a small but decided advantage in time, and the betting fraternity at once made them favourites, the odds increasing up to the day, when about 4 to 1 was laid. Oxford had a new Clasper, built for the occasion; but Cambridge, after trying a new boat by Waites, elected to row in a Clasper built for them last year, but not then used for the race. In the interval, however, she had been altered and strengthened, so that the blame respecting No. 3's thwart giving way may, we presume, be distributed between the building and altering processes in such a manner that none attaches to either. Owing to the dreariness of the weather and the inconvenient time of the tides, there was less gapesed than usual at Putney during the practice; and on the Saturday before the race, when the British half-holidayist usually becomes for the nonce a tout and critic of things aquatic, he was agreeably conspicuous in the only way possible—by absence. On the race-day the numbers were perhaps barely up to the average, and very frozen indeed looked some of the blue parties in carriages, who had, we presume, been posted on Barnes Terrace from an early hour.

The tide, which was expected to be very high, ran up rather sluggishly, and the race was not off until past one. Cambridge, who won the station, came away at a great pace, rowing 38, while Oxford started quite leisurely, pulling three strokes a minute slower, the Light Blue keeping up the steam

until at the bottom of Finch's they were clear, Oxford thus far not appearing to much advantage. Up to the Point the Cantabs kept their lead, but catching the wind by the Grass Wharf they became unsteady and splashed, and Oxford, though also put out by the lipper, drew gradually up until past the Crab Tree Oxford were level, and drew ahead rapidly from this point. All this time Oxford had been rowing two or three strokes slower than Cambridge; indeed, Way scarcely quickened throughout the race. Off the Crab Tree the Cambridge No. 3 thwart gave way, not indeed quite preventing Dicker from rowing, but from sliding properly; and it was noticed by many of the spectators, who doubtless blamed him instead of the machinery. After this there is really nothing to be said about the race, which appeared to us to be won by about ten lengths, though honest John considerably put it down at six. That the best crew won there is no doubt, though partisans of Cambridge will, justifiably, make the most of the slide business, of which it is difficult to estimate the exact importance. The introduction of the sliding seat has undoubtedly imported a new element of uncertainty into boat-racing; and a long list might be made of matches lost through some casualty of the kind. The University Race of 1875 cannot be added to the number; but what with grease on the spotless flannels and the ever-present risk of something 'going,' the slide is not all gain, though, when constructed with due regard to strength and properly tested, a valuable, and nowadays indispensable, addition to a racing craft.

### 'OUR VAN.'

#### THE INVOICE.—A March Microcosm.

OLD saws are not always trustworthy, but the one about March and the lion comes true more often than we care to remember. There was no doubt about it this year. Those unfortunates—and the 'Van' driver was one—who got up at an unearthly hour on the 1st, shivered on Euston platform, and had a fool's errand to Rugby to see the Grand Military, could testify strongly on that point. He was a terrible lion that morning, and, moreover, he did *not* shake the snow-flakes from his mane, but kept adding thereto, so that when we arrived at our destination—and before that indeed—we knew that racing was impracticable. The fresh-falling snow was making yet larger the heaps of a week old still lying in the ditches about Rugby, a couple of feet deep or more; the roads were as slippery as glass; and how Lord Spencer had managed to bring his coach over from Althorpe that morning, and keep his horses on their legs, was a mystery. The telegrams sent off by the Stewards announcing the postponement of the meeting had apparently not reached Birmingham in time to stop a rather mixed lot from the hardware metropolis invading Rugby—a lot nobody would have taken 1,000 to 15 about, and to which the Rugby 'Bobbies' were very attentive. Two or three 'gunners' and 'drivers' had come over from Weedon, and some chasers kept dropping in, looking as much out of place as if they had been at the North Pole. The George was thronged with loungers of a military and horsey type, who clung to the bar and coffee-room in a helpless sort of way, and drank sherry-and-bitters doggedly. Liquoring-up is a panacea for all evils—even frost. And we must say that Rugby, with its stables full of horses eating their heads off, and its many good fellows in and round the clean-looking town, bore itself pretty well considering. It was not in very high spirits, certainly. With the steeplechases postponed, and no prospect of hunting that week, hilarity would



have been indecorous; and Captain Cotton and Major Dixon—the latter in the most becoming of 'Kaisers'—trod the pavement, and paused at street corners with a gentle melancholy on their faces. Said a friend to us, in a voice broken with emotion, as he pointed from his window to a due-east weathercock opposite, 'That has been a fixture for the last ten days; let us have some 'more sherry!' It was hard, certainly; and as hunting men one after another poured their woes into our ears, we began to realise the situation. This man had been out but three times in three weeks; another—a very distressing case—had about thirty horses in his stables, and, even with the able assistance of his friends, when they would all be ridden was more than he could say. It was true Lord Spencer declared he would hunt on the morrow, but we think it was more with the idea of cheering their spirits than any real intention, fond as his Lordship is of difficulties. But we must keep ourselves up—that was what Rugby said—and, in the first place, we must lunch; and then there is some curious old whisky, a nip of which before one ventures into the cold air again is highly recommended, and taken. Then there is that never-failing resource, John Darby's stables; and there we find Lord Drogheda, who has come over from Althorpe with Lord Spencer, accompanied by Lord George Paget, Lord Melgund, and Lord Downe. Lord Drogheda tells us he thinks we shall see some good horses at Punchestown this year, and John Darby shows Lord Spencer his best, be sure, but whether there is a deal we cannot say. Now, would we like to see John Davis? says our friend. Having kindly memories of the old horse, whom we were lucky enough to back once or twice when he landed, we gladly respond; and about a mile out of the town, on a farm of his owner, Mr. Walker, we find him grown into a very level, good-looking horse, though not a big one. 'But he grows as you look 'at him,' says our friend; and as 'Sam,' John Davis's faithful attendant, confirms this, we set our hand and seal to the statement. Mogador, a son of King Tom, is standing there with him, and he pleases the farmers, we hear; a recent event will make him more pleasing than ever. And now what is to be done? Our friend proposes 'the club.' We assent to everything (since luncheon, a child might have played with us), and in another half-hour are imbibing something within the hospitable walls of the R. C., and talking to one of the many friends who crop up in unexpected places to those who, like the 'Van' driver, are generally going to and fro upon the earth. Then we subside into lazy pre-prandial talk (not without a suspicion of forty winks) before a blazing fire, and then we dine. And we find ourselves drinking '34 port; and the inevitable old whisky, in deference to one of the guests, comes on the board: and this—this is how we did *not* see the Grand Military of 1875.

When it did come off we were otherwise engaged; but the meeting, despite its two postponements, proved a capital one. By the aid of a good deal of salt and short straw the ground was made safe by the fences, though the ridges were hard and slippery. On the first day, which was fine though very cold, there was a fair show of company, and the ladies and the luncheons, we hear, were both undeniable. Soldiers follow one apostolic injunction at least, and are 'lovers of hospitality' even to profuseness, and there are civilians who follow such excellent examples. Mr. F. Shoolbred who hunts from Rugby, had a large marquee and entertained everybody—everything being so good that, once in, people felt inclined to spend the whole day there. There were some capital finishes, and Mr. Thomas added another to the many he has made within the last six months, winning his race on Beatrice by sheer strength, a specimen of which we were yet to see in another place. Captain

Middleton bought the mare at Northampton, in the autumn, out of Mr. Anstruther Thomson's lot of cub-hunters sent there to be sold. The Pytchley were advertised for Brockhall that day, but the hounds did not come. Old Mr. Bolden, the keenest of the keen, rode there, and finding no hounds came on to the steeplechases, his red coat astonishing, not the natives, but the class who had never seen one save in Nicoll's window.

Joking apart, though, we do sympathise with our hunting friends on about the most disappointing season they have known for some years. January has been their best month; the rest of the season has been nothing but disappointment. During the brief interval between the first long frost and the second, there was some capital sport in the Midlands, and that is about all Quornites, Pytchleyites, and Tailbyites can look back to with satisfaction. Hunting is an expensive luxury; and to spend the money, and yet reap no enjoyment from the same is hard. A man embarks his capital at the beginning of the season in certain loose-boxes at Melton, Rugby, or wherever he pitches his hunting quarters, and he naturally looks for some return. The capital has lain idle this winter, and the dividend of happiness has been small. No wonder, then, that the chorus of grumbling and complaint has been well-nigh 'universal, and has come alike from Northumberland's borders and Dartmoor's tors, from Pytchley woodlands and Leicestershire pastures; from the stone walls of Gloucestershire, as well as from the broad downs of Hants and Berks. With the close of the season there has been some sport, it is true, in the shires, and we hear good accounts of runs with the Pytchley in the early part of the month, and of a large field at Stanford Hall on the 10th, got up as if expressly to greet Frank Goodall, who came to see some of his many old friends and acquaintance, not only in Warwickshire, but from the Tailly side. The greetings he received were many and most cordial. He also gave but a bad account of the weather with the Queen's; and so the chorus of complaint was swelled.

We subjoin a budget of odds and ends from different localities, which we think will be found worth perusal:—

On Thursday, Feb. 18, the Pytchley, Mr. Watson's, a small, light-covered fox was found in Cranford gorse, and, leaving the Woodlands, went gallantly away over the open to Manton Lodge, and crossing the Thrapston railway and the brook adjoining the turnpike-road, then to Woodford Park, on to Great Addington; here there was a check, but the line was recovered and carried on to Finedon Poplars, where he was run to ground. However, the hounds came upon a line again, beyond the drain, and ran at a very great pace to Irthlingborough over a deep country with big fences, with many falls as the inevitable consequence. From Irthlingborough the fox followed the course of the meadows to Wellingborough station, where a single hound was viewing him; he headed short back and swam the river, continuing his line in the direction of Irchester to the village of Woolaston, where this gallant fox was left for another day. It was a very disastrous run for the field; falls were universal, and many horses were stopped with the usual excuses. Mr. Watson relinquishes the Woodlands of Northamptonshire after this season, as we have before announced, and Lord Spencer will take the whole country.

Lord Wolverton's bloodhounds have had a severe day after a red deer hind that had been lost and was found to harbour in the woods at Fonthill, belonging to Lady Westminster. She gave them a sharp gallop to Barn Hill, in the direction of Mere, racing away over the Keesley Downs, by the Warminster road to Great Ridge, down Longbottom—capital sward, for a mile—where she came to a stand and faced the hounds; away again through Boynton to

Codford, turning to Stockton. To this point it had been an hour and twenty minutes. Then onwards to Wylin station, and headed back from the river to Grovely Wood and Langford Hanging, nearly reaching Wilton, turning back to Grovely Wood, where she was left. Distance, twenty-five miles; and time, three hours.

Lord Radnor had a fast run on Wednesday, 17th. After a scurry of ten minutes with a fox lying out in a fallow and having raced into him, Compton covert was drawn, and a fox was immediately on foot, going away at a great pace to Ellesbourne, on to Norrington—in a hilly country—then dropping into the valley beyond Alvediston, made his way to Elcômb, straight to the chase, and on to Handley Common. Here the field were said to have been thoroughly told out and beaten to a standstill. As it was getting late, Dale stopped his hounds. Time, one hour and forty minutes; and distance, fourteen miles.

Lord Fitzwilliam's hounds met at Hilltop on Monday, March 1. Finding in Micklebing gorse, they ran fast to Bramley village, Lilley Hall, on to Maltby, turning by Ford Holes towards Woods gorse, which he skirted, and away to Bramley, Thurcroft, Hooton, and Laughton. To this point the scent had been good and the pace fast, but the line now became cold, and the hounds had to work it out, which they did admirably, carrying the line to Dinnington, on to Todwick, where they got nearer to their fox, and set to running over the pastures to Hardwick and Spring Wood, going to Reservoir gorse over the hill to Northen, racing away through Liner Wood to Nickersley gorse, turning Shrop Wood, and was run to ground in a sand-bank. Time, three hours and eighteen minutes. A remarkably good run to test the merit of hounds, and they hunted to perfection.

The Holderness had a fine chase on Tuesday, Feb. 23, from Kelleythorpe plantation, running past Sunderlandwick towards Highgate Hall, past Butt's farm to Kilnwick. A slight check and away to Beswick, through Lake's plantation to Leconfield. Time, forty-nine minutes, over a rough country, with many falls. The line was recovered, and, twisting about the railway, after a few short turns he went to ground in a drain. A fresh fox was bolted from the same drain, and another run ensued, which, with a change of scent, was well worked out by the hounds to Cherry Burton, crossing the Beverley road to Elvey Dykes, where the scent failing altogether the hounds were taken off. A severe day for hounds and horses.

The York and Ainsty had a good run from Pallathorpe on Tuesday, March 9, a sharp and cold day, with everything in favour of the fox and against hounds. Nevertheless, the hounds set to, and, close to him, raced at the best pace to Bramber village in a line for Appleton village on to Acaster Selby, and thence to Steed Wood, where he ran to ground. Time, forty minutes, and the first part very fast.

A sharp burst from Thorpe Trussels on March 11 exhilarated the Quornites with one of those fast spins that to them is the only tolerable part of hunting. They have had a fair share of quick chases, but the frequent change of scent in the same day has sometimes marred what otherwise would have been a successful day. On Wednesday, March 17, they had a long line hunting run in the Market Harborough country, over the finest grass grounds in Leicestershire, earthing their fox at Rolleston Hall. Furr and his hounds both worked admirably, notwithstanding the lamentations of the gluttons for pace. When will the Quornites learn that it is this grammar-grinding in hunting that enables the foxhound to acquit himself handsomely on his holiday? Lord Fitzhardinge has had some good running since the frost. On Saturday,

March 13, from the osier-bed at Oldbury height took a straight line over the reens to Duckholt Common, turning in the Moreton direction, crossing the road between Moreton to Rockhampton towards Eastwood and through Sir George Jenkinson's coverts to Longman's Grove, down the hill to Crossways. Here the scent failed, but the Cromwell blood told in the emergency, and they crossed on the line handsomely, driving, when the opportunity offered, and brought their fox to the Baptist Chapel in Thornbury, from which aqueous refuge they chased him through the parks to Mr. Howard's Curriger covert and on to the Gully, where they ran into him, after one hour and thirty-five minutes of legitimate hunting over a grand country.

Baron Rothschild's hounds have, we hear, continued to show excellent sport during the past month. We paid them a visit on the 11th, and fell in for a first-rate day. In the absence of Mr. Nathaniel Rothschild, his brother, Mr. Leopold, was Master in the field. The hounds were laid on at the back of Hogston village, and at once settled to the scent over Blackland's farm, leaving the covert of High Havens half a mile to their right, crossed the Mursley lane, and, a mile or two farther on, the Stewkley and Winslow road at Drayton Spinney, through which they rattled like smoke. Already falls had been numerous, and several loose horses were to be seen running about. After crossing the road, the hounds left the village of Drayton to their left and sank the hill. Into the Bottom, at the foot of the hill, the oldest member of the hunt and his horse disappeared: we were glad to learn afterwards that neither were the worse for their mishap, but at the time the pace was too good to inquire. Up to this point the line had been all grass, but, before reaching the Hollingdon brook, some sticky ploughs enabled the pack to place a greater gap between itself and the foremost horsemen. Shortly before reaching the village of Stoke the deer turned to the right; but the hounds gave him no rest, forcing him along at a terrific pace past Soulbury, Liscomb Park, Burcot, Wing, Old Park Farm, Wingrave, and nearly to Hulcot, where nature cried 'Enough!' Sixteen miles of heavy country did this gallant deer compass in one hour and fourteen minutes, by our watch. As far as we could judge, Mr. Friday Thornton was the nearest man to hounds during all the latter portion of the run.

The Hambledon have had two or three good hunting runs with straight-going foxes before them. On February the 17th, they met at the Old Vine, and they did not find for a long time, not until they got near Colonel Butler's at Hambledon. The scent was so bad they could not even keep his line, and were obliged to go on drawing again, when there was a halloo some fields off; and when the hounds settled to their work they went to Hunborne, straight through and over a good country to Hipley, when they turned to the right, crossed the Wickham and Southwick road, through Orchard Copse to the Old Vine coverts, where they changed to a vixen, and were stopped a very good hour. On Saturday, February the 27th, they met at Highden cross roads; a fox stole away directly, went away up Chidden Down, turned on the left through Tinglease, Stoke woods, and Glanvilles, by Shear Copse on by the village of Soberton and the Bold Forester through the Queen's Liberties, crossed the Wickham and Southwick road, and went to ground in Orchard Copse. Just two hours, nearly ten miles from point to point, and over about fourteen miles of ground. Although not fast, it was a fine hunting run; both foxes, the one on the 17th and this last one, evidently belonged to that good sportsman, Mr. Bovill Smith of Wickham, for they ran straight to his coverts. There is never very much sport in Hampshire when March is dry and the fallows dusty; still foxes ought to be found in those famous coverts of

Holywell, which formerly were a certain find. No fox was there on March the 12th, when they met at Holywell House; such has been the case all the season.

It is said that Phillips, the huntsman, has not yet obtained a situation. He ought soon to have one, for he thoroughly understands the kennel department, and in the field he is better than most modern huntsmen.

The H.H. have been having, as usual with Mr. Deacon, their share of sport, and it is a great satisfaction to all parties that Mr. Deacon has consented to go on again.

The little Hursley have had a most extraordinary good season, and no wonder, for they have a most clever pack, and an equally clever huntsman in Alfred Summers. They have only one whipper-in; but the moment Alfred Summers is out of covert, out come all the hounds. The fact is, that the modern system is to have the hounds whipped-up to the huntsman—an awful mistake; for the hounds, instead of looking after the huntsman, are looking after the whipper-in, for fear of a flogging: there is no more sensible animal than a foxhound.

On Tuesday, the 16th, the Prince of Wales hunted with Mr. Selby Lowndes's hounds at Liscombe Park. After a short, sharp burst to ground with the first fox, the question was where to draw next. A well-known fox-preserved, a tenant of Lord Carington's, persuaded the Squire to go to High Havens. The result was the finding of a rare tough old customer, who gave them a turn over a part of the Bicester country, and then led them over the cream of Mr. Lowndes's. The pace, great at first, gradually sobered down to hunting, and at the end of one hour and forty minutes, without a check, the fox fairly ran hounds out of scent. Everybody and everything was beaten except the fox.

A valued correspondent in Northamptonshire says that 'Lord Spencer does not give us much time for writing, reading, &c., as he never goes home until dark. Considering the weather, we have had capital sport this month. How the Master, his servants, and the chosen few who stick to him to the end of the day stand the hard work is a marvel. They evidently agree with the saying of the immortal Mr. Jorrocks, that "all time was wasted which was not spent in hunting."

'On the 10th inst. they had a capital day, finding at Stanford Hall, and killing in the open at Shawell after twenty-five minutes as hard as they could go. Misterton gorse furnished No. 2, and they had a rare good forty minutes over the Atherstone country, going by Cotesback and Pailton to ground at Coton. The Hemplow then gave them a capital fox, who took them a ring by Welford, North Kilworth, nearly to Stanford Hall, back to the Hemplow. One hour and twenty minutes; darkness then compelled them to stop.

'Saturday, 13th. Had a splitting twenty minutes from Braunston gorse up to Staverton Wood, where they, unluckily, changed, ran on through Badly Wood, by Fawsley and Charwelton, and killed handsomely in the open at Helidon. Time altogether, one hour and thirty minutes. Preston Church Wood held one of the Duke's foxes, who gave them a good look at his country, until they were obliged to whip off at half-past six, some twenty-five miles from home.

'Tuesday, 16th. Had a good gallop from Boughton osier-bed, killing at Moulton, after a capital forty minutes.

'Friday, 19th, Brockball. Found a: once, and ran by Floore, leaving

'Weedon on the right, up to Stowe Wood, through the top end, by Everdon Stubs, and killed within one field of Farthingstone. Thirty-five minutes, as hard as they could go all the way.

'*Saturday, 20th.* Had a very good day. Found first fox in Waterloo; ran a fine line up to Loatland Wood, on by Rothwell, over the brook, which stopped all but six, to ground at Orton: forty minutes. Found second fox in Blue covert; went away a cracker over the grass, leaving Bullocks Wood on the left and Faxton on the right, to ground at Cransley. Mawsley Wood gave them fox No. 3, who ran a beautiful line, by Old, Walgrave, and Hannington, up to Hardwick Wood, where there were several fresh foxes on foot, and they failed to account for him. Holcot covert then was reached about half-past five; they got close away at an old dog fox, and raced him to Brixworth as hard as they could go for twenty minutes, when he took refuge in a drain. However, the hounds pulled him out by themselves.

'*Wednesday, 24th, Misterton.* Ran a fox round by Gilmorton and Ashby nearly to Walcot, where they lost him. Another fox from Misterton gorse gave them a good hunting run by Shawell Wood on to Catthorpe, to ground at Clifton. Two or three coverts blank, and then the never-failing old Hemplow gave them a real good fox, who ran a very fine line by Welford, North Kilworth, Knaptoft, up to Walton Holt in Mr. Tailby's country, where he got to ground, leaving the Pytchley men well into Leicestershire about 7 P.M.'

The following from the Quorn will be read with interest:—'The hunting season of 1874-75 has been a short one and disappointing. Since the frost entirely disappeared the dry cold March winds have caused the ground in Leicestershire to become almost too hard for either hounds or horses. All the packs have been working under great difficulties with a bad scent. Nothing can be more trying to both Master and huntsman, with a large, impatient "field" like there is with the Quorn, than day after day to be trying to show sport, which is quite impossible with a bad scent. They have had some fair sport in spite of these difficulties, and if the field would only attend to the Master when they hear "Pray stand still, gentlemen," when hounds check on a fallow, they would often enjoy a run that is otherwise spoilt. Foxes are most plentiful in the Quorn country, especially on the Melton side, and seldom have the coverts been drawn blank this season. There has been a greater number of hunting men at Melton than usual; in fact, the little town has been quite full, and as gay as ever. The Earl of Wilton and Mr. Little Gilmore still hunt from Melton, and, although they are the oldest members of the Melton Hunt, few go better when hounds really run.

'*Friday, February 26th.* The meet was at Queeniborough the first day after the frost, when the ground was almost deep with snow on the north side of the fences, but the hounds came at eleven o'clock, with a very small field. They found at Burkly Holt, and had a ring, then went back to the covert, and found immediately, the fox breaking for Beely, then by Keyham on to Ingarsby; here the fox turned to the left, over the Ingarsby bottom, which took some time to negotiate, and hounds racing over this grass country, the few men left had hard work to keep them in sight; they then ran back by Keyham, over the Scraftoft road, leaving the covert on the left, on to Thurnby Spinney, to Stoughton, and to ground at Galby, in Mr. Tailby's country, after quite a first-rate fifty-five minutes.

'Saturday, 13th March. These hounds had a good run from one of Sir George Beaumont's coverts at Colcorton: thirty minutes through a woodland country, and lost their fox in the Atherstone country.

'On the 15th of March, at Widmerpool, after losing a ringing fox, found at Kurcitrton gorse, they found at the Curate, and ran over a beautiful country in twenty-five minutes to ground in Grimstone gorse, where another fox was soon on foot, and, although the scent was bad, they took him some five or six miles into the Belvoir country. Tuesday, at Copt Oak, found first at Baden Hill, but could do nothing; then a second fox was found at Charley Wood, and first took a ring round Baden, back through Charley Wood, straight across the Rocks, over the Stone Walls, where the Master got a bad fall over a rough stone wall, cutting his horse severely, straight through Baden Wood without a check, across the turnpike, on to Markfield, through Thornton Spinnies, on to Ratby Barroughs, where they worked their half-beaten fox through, and, taking up the scent as hard as they could race, ran from scent to view, and pulled down this gallant fox at Desford village in the open, in the Atherstone country, after two hours' hard work over the most difficult and rough country. The distance as a straight point is nine miles, but the run must have been about fourteen miles.'

We are sorry to hear of a falling-off in the annual subscriptions to the Hunt Servants' Benefit Society, for we had rather hoped, on the contrary, that those who only sent a donation when the society was first started would have added an annual subscription, as some of the right sort have done.

The Isle of Wight sportsmen, we thought from a brief visit we paid to the island some few years since, were really deserving of the name, and therefore it was with surprise we read the following advertisement taken last summer from a number of the 'People's Journal,' a Scotch paper, having, we understand, a wide circulation in that country:—'To gamekeepers. Wanted a few brace of young foxes. Will pay a fair price for them. Apply, stating terms, to John Christison, Chale Abbey, Chale, Isle of Wight.' Now, of course, we know what this means, and we must say that if Mr. Christison inserted it in the paper above mentioned (published at Cupar, County Fife), knowing that there was a pack of foxhounds in that county, he deserves all the obloquy he will undoubtedly receive. We need scarcely remind Mr. Christison that 'the receiver is as bad as the thief,' and to rob Peter to benefit Paul has never been a maxim favourably entertained, in sporting matters at least. We are sorry to hear that foxes are scarce in the Isle of Wight, but to ask Mr. Anstruther Thomson to supply the deficiency is rather too much. That good sportsman, we hear, is inclined to think that Mr. Christison may have erred through ignorance that foxes were preserved in Fife. It is ignorance almost inexcusable, but we hope it may be the case; and we also hope Mr. Christison will either not repeat his advertisement or send it to some paper farther north.

A few weeks ago at a ball held at a town in the most celebrated hunting country in the Midlands, a lady appeared in a dress that would probably have attracted the attention, if not merited the censure, of the Lord Chamberlain, did his jurisdiction extend so far. A very well-known hunting man remarked to a friend, as the fair one passed, 'I say, old fellow, — would do with another rug on, I think.'

The Hertfordshire Hounds are as sheep without a shepherd. We had thought it all arranged, and in the announcement that Mr. F. Platt was to be Mr. Leigh's successor it was presumed the county had done the best for itself

it could. Unfortunately, Mr. Platt began badly. Of course an M.F.H. is perfectly at liberty to select his own servants, but the dismissal of Ward, Mr. Platt's first act and deed, was, we cannot help thinking, an injudicious step. The new Master was frightened at his weight, we understand, and thought he could not afford to mount him, but, at least, he might have kept him on for one season. Then as Mr. Platt had acted injudiciously, the farmers must need do the same, holding meetings at Hitchin, St. Albans, and other places, at which they indignantly denounced Mr. Platt's dismissal of Ward, and took a very high hand indeed. It is needless to point out that they were entirely in the wrong; but the upshot of it all is that Mr. Platt has resigned, perhaps the wisest thing he could do. A little anecdote has come to us apropos of the Hertfordshire difficulty, which, as illustrative of Ward's dry humour, we must append. Mr. Platt, on the occasion of his first and only visit to the kennels, took exception to some hounds, especially to a couple of the best in the pack that had gained the prize at the last show. 'I shall certainly draft that couple,' said Mr. Platt; 'I don't like them.' 'Ay,' replied Ward, 'no more don't the foxes. Them's the couple the foxes can't abide!'

Lord Shannon, we are glad to hear, will be Sir William Throckmorton's successor in the V.W.H. He will retain Worrall. They wanted a good man to come after Sir William, and we believe they have got him.

Who does not like 'Royal' Bristol? though why 'royal,' save that H.R.H. once went there from Berkeley Castle and enjoyed himself very much, we don't see. But it is a nice place—we mean the racecourse—with everything in apple-pie order, and Mr. Frail and Mr. Hyde each, in their several departments, doing all they know to make the meeting a success, and, it must be added, on this occasion getting small returns for their pains. Who does not like Clifton, too, with its natural beauties, the rocks and the downs, and its artificial excellencies in the way of hotels? The St. Vincent Rocks is not a bad establishment by any means, and is good, in fact, from its bar to its bedrooms. There is always pleasant society to be found in the former, and we sleep comfortably in the latter. What the bar would be, however, without the young lady who presides over it so pleasantly we can hardly say. It is a question that Clifton men would be better able to answer than ourselves—the goers and comers, who only know that they are welcomed cordially and dismissed with a kindly *au revoir*, but then there is so much in the manner of both. They do you well, too, at that establishment, and the manager, Mr. Davis, personally sees to your comforts, and is most attentive to your suggestions, which cannot be said of all limited liabilities. What a glorious place, again, is Clifton for a breather before breakfast—that is, if you have not sat too long the previous evening in that aforesaid bar—and how the air of the downs brushes the cobwebs (and, perhaps, a little whisky-and-water too) from your brains. How ready are you for breakfast, and to sit or lounge at the top of the 'zigzag' afterwards, and lazily go through the cards and contemplate the passing steamers; why that is enough, or ought to be, for moderate minds. But man never is, but always to be, blessed. It would have been much better for some of us if we had remained on the top of that 'zigzag' instead of driving four or five miles to Knowle, to see some moderate racing, and, small though the fields were, not to be able to spot the winner. We could not find him in the Badminton Steeplechase, and though neither Lopez nor Tramp looked as fit as they might be, we *would* back them, and never looked at Jim Adams on Banker, who won as easily as might be. The Military Cup, reduced to a match between Chilblain and Jorrocka, the former receiving 8 lbs., did not do



much for us, for of course Chilblain was at evens. He was ridden by Lord Marcus Beresford; Jorrocks, by Lord Charles Ker; and the race perhaps can be best described by giving a brief conversation between the noble jocks during the race. Place, about three quarters of a mile from home:—Lord Charles: 'Marcus, I'm beat.' Lord Marcus: 'Not surprised to hear it, 'Charlie.' Lord Charles: 'Don't be in a hurry, old man; let us make a race 'of it to please the public.' Lord Marcus: 'You must look — sharp about 'it and come along, then, Charlie, for I can't wait.' Final scene—the winning post, Chilblain in a canter.

The City Grand Annual Hurdle Race hardly rivalled that at Croydon, and when only five runners represented the twenty-four entries, the falling-off was great indeed. Barton, by the fight he made with Industrious at Croydon, was responsible in a great measure for this, as he frightened many away. He was favourite, of course, and seeing he beat the Duke of Cambridge almost to blazes the previous week, it was curious what money the Duke carried at Bristol. Before the flag fell there was a rush upon him, chiefly on the part of the sharps and the friends of his owner, so that 5 to 2 could scarcely be got about him. He and Barton were two different animals at Bristol from what they were at Croydon, for Mr. Harding's horse was beaten on entering the straight, and Duke of Cambridge, easily disposing of Marin, won very easily. The sharps shouted, but the ominous word 'objection' damped their joy. Page, on returning to scale, formally objected to the winner for having gone the wrong side of the post. The first impulse was to believe that there was a good deal in it, and the offers of 5 to 1 on Marin showed what the early impressions were. The backers of Marin were in high spirits, the Duke's depressed. But somehow a change came o'er the spirit of somebody's dreams (probably Mr. Percival's) before racing was over. Nobody had said anything, nobody knew anything, but yet the Marinites were uneasy, and this in the face of the fact that the balance of testimony, as at present known, was in favour of their horse. Lynham, who rode the third horse, Barton, was reported to have said that he, too, saw Duke of Cambridge go the wrong side of the post, strong corroborative testimony, and yet the odds veered, and now it was 2 to 1 on Mr. Percival's horse. The party that evening at St. Vincent Rocks Hotel, and of which that gentleman was one, were what we may call quietly hilarious. They were all in the swim, it was evident, and though they had not won yet, there was much rejoicing over the festive board, and assurances that they were all 'jolly good fellows' broke on the stillness of the night. Followers of Marin were in the hotel too, and as the rattling of glasses and thumping of tables reached their ears, their feelings may be more easily conceived than described. The Stewards had not gone into the matter at once, for so many of them were interested in the race that a quorum could not be formed; but the next morning (Wednesday) the arrival of Mr. Reginald Herbert from town enabled one to be constituted, and the objection was submitted to himself, Lord Fitzhardinge, and Captain Sterling for their decision. The deliberation was a long one, and after the conclave had sat some time there was a temporary adjournment, as Mr. Thomas, who rode Rufina in the race, had not arrived on the course. When he did come, and had tendered his testimony judgment was given to the following rather vague effect:—'The Stewards 'are of opinion that the position of the post Duke of Cambridge is alleged 'to have gone the wrong side of not being sufficiently defined to indicate the 'line of course, and the attention of the jockeys not having been called to 'the same (the evidence also being very conflicting), hereby confirm the

'judge's decision in favour of Duke of Cambridge.' The wording of this document evidently shows that the Bench was in difficulties; and, probably, under the circumstances, they came to the best decision they could. The rather mysterious sentence that the position of the post was 'not sufficiently defined to indicate the line of course' proves what straits they must have been reduced to, and the assurance that the evidence was 'very conflicting' was an addition hardly needed. However, we have no doubt they did the best they could, and were guided by that wholesome and generally just *lex non scripta* which declines, if possible, to interfere with the judge's decision. It was not to be expected that the judgment would give unmixed satisfaction. The backers of Marin had much to say about it, but their wailings were drowned in the noisy rejoicings of the Duke's merry men. The hatchet was, however, buried at dinner-time. Victors and vanquished sat down together, the *chef* of the St. Vincent Rocks had *carte blanche*, and there was no limit, especially in the matter of turtle-fins. Everybody drank everybody else's good health, and the unceasing 'musical honours' were a source of much wonderment and concern to some quiet people stopping in the hotel. Mr. Percival was the lion of the evening, and bore his blushing honours with a charming modesty. Towards its close, he, with much emotion, proposed the health of the Stewards, speaking of them in the highest terms, and calling upon his *convives* to do them every honour. And again did the hills resound, 'For *they* are jolly good fellows, for *they* are jolly good fellows; and so say all of us.'

The chief event at Bristol (the Royal Steeplechase) was another blow to backers. For the third year it was won by an outsider, and Phrynie repeated her victory of 1873. All the favourites—Lancet, Vintner, The Last Word, Pathfinder—either acquitted themselves badly or came to grief. How many owners The Last Word has we really cannot say, but there is an idea that the hairs in his tail each possess one. The money was on him at Bristol, he looked well, and Weaver confident; and it was grievous, therefore, to see him stop short after he had cleared the first fence, Jim Adams dismount, and the horse with difficulty hobble back to the paddock. He had broken one of the small bones of the leg. With Last Word disposed of, the hopes of the Vintner and Furley parties ran high, but Vintner could not keep his place, and Furley repeated his fatal fault of refusing. Lancet, too, was done with after going about three miles; Pathfinder retired not long afterwards; and it looked for a moment as if there would be another big dinner at St. Vincent Rocks, and more 'jolly good fellows,' for nothing was going better than Duke of Cambridge. But Phrynie—the despised Phrynie—whose owner wanted to scratch her, but whose trainer, wiser in his generation, forbade the deed, challenged the Duke, full of running, and won easily. The bookmakers grumbled; but they must have had a good race, we think, for to find a backer of the winner was a very difficult task. The other events call for no comment, and we can only much regret the bad sport the meeting afforded. So much has been done both by the Company, their indefatigable Secretary, Mr. Hyde, and the Messrs. Frail, the Clerks of the Course, that we are puzzled to account for the comparative failure. We very much fear the meeting is not locally supported. It is situated in a sporting county; but Bristol is immersed in money-getting, and Clifton casts its shoe over it as over another Edom.

It is a far cry to Liverpool, given every condition of express speed and punctuality, but when we do not get that for which we pay, it is far indeed.

Liverpool was a deserted city, as regarded racing men, on the night of the 15th. Lincoln had taken all the swells, flats as well as sharps, and the few bookmakers, who, headed by Mr. John Robinson, made the billiard-saloon of the Washington the scene of their operations, were, as far as prices went, monarchs of all they surveyed. They called the tune and backers paid the piper. The evils of a limited market are great. The Washington is such a very altered place as regards its bars and the Hebes who there officiate, and is invaded more than ever by the scum *de la* scum of racing society, that to a man who does not play billiards or care to see dog eat dog, it is not a very lively place. There are other bars where the smoke and the blackguardism are not so thick, and the Hebes are fair as the cocktails they mix, which sounds like poetry, but isn't. There is the *salutium*, too, of various theatres and music halls (at the latter niggers flourish perennially), and a gentle whisper, as we return through Lime Street to our hotel, is conveyed to us that Mr. Joseph Wood and Mr. Atkins proffer us the hospitality of their 'rooms,' and very kind and liberal is their conduct in so doing. The ball rolls and the bones rattle, while the bobbies outside are desperately hard on some wretched women who seem used to bad language, and but for an occasional bit of Lancashire, we could fancy ourselves somewhere about the Castle or in College Green. Why are Liverpool policemen nearly all Irishmen? But this has nothing really to do with racing; and as we do not intend yielding to the seductions of either Atkino's or Joe's, we will leave the guardians of the night to harry the unfortunates of Liverpool at their leisure and seek our pillow.

An open race and a very moderate lot, such was the opinion about the great cross-country event of the year. As we came to Liverpool for the sole purpose of seeing the Grand National, so does that event occupy our attention to the exclusion of all other sporting matters. To be sure there was the great Lincoln race on our minds as well, but nothing on Aintree touched us but the steeplechase. As we wish well to the Messrs. Topham, who have commenced their career as lessees of the meeting under the most favourable auspices, and with a desire on the part of everybody to support them, and see their efforts crowned with success, we cannot too earnestly impress upon them, and our remarks will apply, though not in an equal degree, to Mr. Ford, that not only was the clashing of the two meetings unnecessary, but that the addition of the fourth day to Liverpool was uncalled for. If Lincoln and Liverpool must of necessity come into the same week, it is incumbent that the strongest protest possible should be made by owners of horses, and the racing public generally, against their interference one with another. If the lessees of both meetings are impelled by anything higher than a mere thirst of gain, they must listen to such a remonstrance; perhaps, indeed, that very *auri sacra fames* will be the chief motive to impel them. Everybody knows that both meetings, by a give-and-take policy, could be brought off without interference, and we have reason to believe that such might have been the case this year if the Messrs. Topham had consulted their own as well as the public interest. It is useless saying that this is an affair between Mr. Ford and the Messrs. Topham alone. It is not so. Every racing man who has the interest of racing at heart feels that that interest as well as his own pleasure and amusement suffer in a material degree from the opposition of the two meetings. In France such a thing would not be allowed, and the Jockey Club would at once step in and interpose its authority. Perhaps in this free country such action on the part of our racing tribunal would be resented, but we feel sure that a strong expression of opinion from the Club, backed up by our leading racing men, would be attended to.

We will not inquire, we will go even farther, and say that we do not care to inquire, who is in the wrong and who is responsible for the hitch. We only protest that it ought from this time forward to cease and determine; and if the racing world would but endorse the protest, the thing would be done.

We have been carried away from the Grand National all this time, and must now return to our muttoms. Well, it was a very open race, and everybody you met and who met you—and between whom the imbecile question of 'What do you fancy?' passed—confessed to that opinion. Fancy—why there were as many fancies as there were runners, and so moderate the lot, that nearly everything was in it. It was called an 'international' race (the word is an abomination), because the French and Irish contingent were rather strong, and both very confident. The hope of the former was La Veine, and among the latter there was contention as to which was the best, Sailor or Clonave. The betting decided that it was Clonave, and with all respect to Captain Gubbins—said to be the best judge in Ireland—we think the betting was right. Jackal, after some fluctuations in the market, was the hope of England, though Captain Thorold and Mr. Fothergill Rowlands were very fond of Marmora, and so was Mr. Vyner or the public, we are not sure which, of Duc de Beaufort. The mysterious horse (what would a race be without a mysterious one?) was Congress. Not that Congress, poor beast! was anything of a mystery himself, for we knew his form to an ounce, but rather the intentions of Mr. Gomm were what puzzled us. We never owned a favourite or would-be favourite for a big race ourselves, but there must be a strange sense of power in the possession of such an animal, particularly if he is a 'mysterious' one, as the time draws nigh. We would all give so much to know what the intentions were.

And how hard we tried to find out these same on St. Liverpool Eve, but did not discover much. Mr. Gomm had arrived from Lincoln that evening, and was an object of peculiar regard to the touts, both professional and amateur, who thronged the Washington. Would Congress start? Clonave had become a good favourite, and that where Clonave was, Congress was bound to be, was clear to racing vision. Mr. Gomm, a reticent gentleman, and about as shrewd a judge as we have out, had to undergo a course of 'interviewing' more or less open, and, as was their duty, the prophets led the way. The gentle 'Aura' hovered round him, the courteous 'Censor' insinuated himself blandly into the conversation, the fiery 'Hotspur' watched him eagerly, the bold 'Pavo' charged him full tilt. But Mr. Gomm held his own, and beyond vague generalities as to the horse being very well, and he himself having no money on, &c., the interviewers retired about as wise as they were before. Everybody had to go to bed with the Congress difficulty unsolved, and with more hazy notions than ever about the great race of the morrow. That morrow dawned delightfully. Liverpool is not famous for its weather in a general way, but nothing could be fairer than the promise of the morning, and the promise was kept. Of course there was a great attendance, though not perhaps larger than we have seen in former years. The road boasts but little of the chaff of Epsom, and quite as well it does not. Lancashire humour is of a very precarious nature, and we would rather it would lay dormant than be in activity. Beyond the much-wanted presence of our friend, John Colam, to take a peep at the poor horses drawing the trollies, each trolley with perhaps twenty persons or more on it, we have not much to complain of the road. Aintree reached, we spread ourselves about in the paddock, each man bent on finding out something, and each and all repeating

that dreadful formula, 'What do you fancy?' Our doubts and fears respecting Congress are soon at rest. It becomes known that Mr. Gomm has accepted 6,000 to 600 in one hand about his horse, doing his own commission in his quiet way, and leaving Brown to say to Jones, 'I told you so' (which Brown never had), and both to hurry away and strive to get on at any reasonable price, so strong was the idea that the horse must be very near winning. In fact, he was as good a favourite, perhaps, as anything, though we think Jackal had slightly the call of him and La Veine, who, as Miss Lydia Thompson would say or sing, is about 'the most three-cornerdest' animal to take a short price about for a Grand National that we ever saw. In fact, with the exception of Jackal, Furley, Clonave, Duc de Beaufort, and Laburnum, the lot was very common, and though Clonave did not show the quality of some of them we have mentioned, there was a great look of a steeplechaser of the old school about him. He was in the pink of condition, too; his coat shone in the sun, and the muscles stood out upon him in lumps. There was something very taking about his appearance, and, we believe, his stable were very sanguine. But then so many were sanguine. How proud and confident was Mr. Fothergill Rowlands as he superintended the saddling of Marmora, with whom he had got such a line through *Lancet* that it was but a question of her standing up, and she had been so well schooled that there was not much fear about that. Captain Thorold backed her up to the last with spirit, and when on the trainers' stand, just as the flag was about to fall, the cry of '100 to 8 Marmora' found him as taker. Marsh was somewhat doubtful of Jackal's staying powers, but the public apparently had none, and, despite the reports as to being short of neck, stuck to him like men. Mr. Thomas was fond of Pathfinder, we think, and indeed made no secret of his belief that the horse would run much better than at Bristol, where he had to make his own running and race with everything. He looked but a hunter though, all said and done; and though his weight might bring him home, if it came to racing, would he be able to hold his own? The same question might have been asked about Sailor (who did not look, by-the-way, anything like what he was in Ireland last year), for he is not a fashionably-bred one by any means, and galloping not his forte.

But we must cease from questioning, for here is the course cleared—the long line of policemen reminding us of Doncaster; and here are the nineteen competitors, headed by Pathfinder and whipped-in by Bar One. They are not a brilliant lot to look at, but directly we saw them we made up our private mind, in the strictest confidence, that Clonave ought to beat them. It was an unfortunate 'making up,' because Clonave, about ten minutes afterwards, was on the broad of his back in a dry ditch, with about as much chance of winning the Liverpool as if he had been boiled. An unlucky mishap, for he must have been very handy; and, looking to the fact that the winner won by sheer gameness on his part, and fine riding on the part of his jockey, it ought to have been a very near thing. However, we are overriding the hounds, and must hark back to the start, which was a capital one, Mr. McGeorge getting them off at the first attempt. Mishaps soon commenced. The wretched Furley again refused, and balked Messenger in so doing, and at the next fence Clonave, New York, and St. Aubyn were all down. Congress was then in front, and with him were La Veine, Sparrow, Jackal, Miss Hungerford, Marmora, Pathfinder, and Laburnum. As far as the leading horses were concerned, there was little change for the next three miles; and when going into the county the second time, Sailor over-jumped himself, fell, and brought Miss Hungerford

also to grief, we have mentioned the tale of misfortune. At Beecher's brook the second time, Pathfinder dropped back, and Mr. Thomas thought his chance all over, but, knowing the horse's gameness, determined to struggle on. Victoire, who had been going very well, landed on the racecourse just behind Congress, and their followers were Dainty, La Veine, Duc de Beaufort, Marmora, Jackal, and Pathfinder, the latter being carefully nursed by Mr. Thomas. An exciting race it was from the last flight of hurdles but one. Dainty had taken up the running into the straight when Congress was done, and between her, La Veine, and Pathfinder the issue evidently lay. Dainty had, there is no doubt, the most in her; but then Pathfinder (happy horse if he did but appreciate the blessing!) had Mr. Thomas. Sitting down in his resolute style, that gentleman, as soon as he had cleared the last hurdles behind Dainty, called on his horse, and, after a brilliant piece of riding, he beat the mare by half a length. We doubt much if anybody else but the man who now scored his third Liverpool could have won on Pathfinder to-day. It is no reflection on Mr. Hathaway, who did all he could with Dainty, that he had to contend with a giant in the saddle. After riding in eighteen Grand Nationals, Mr. Thomas has shown us that, though the years have crept on since he was on Anatis, his nerve and judgment were never better than they are now. His finishes have been lately most brilliant—witness those at Worcester and Rugby—and he put the crown to them to-day.

Pathfinder's victory was a surprise. The question which we propounded a little way back had been answered, though not in the way we anticipated. His staying powers brought him home in a bad field, and we must necessarily look upon La Veine as a moderate animal, or, at least, out of her distance here. A good many were in it at four miles or so, but the extra bit told. Pathfinder is by Mogador, the property of Mr. Alfred Walker of Rugby, on whose farm he is located, as we have before mentioned, in company with John Davis. Pathfinder was bred by Mr. Cowley, who lives near Rugby, and sold by him to Mr. John Riddey, who ran him once or twice as the Knight, and, after winning a race at Daventry, parted with him to Mr. George Darby for 100*l.*; out of Mr. Darby's hands he passed into those of Mr. Coupland, the Master of the Quorn, who ran him at the Melton Steeple in April last year as Pathfinder, and, with Mr. Thomas on him, he won very easily. In this race he was not described as 'late the Knight;' and hence an objection to him by Mr. Coventry, the owner of the second horse, has recently been lodged, which will probably be fatal for that race. Soon afterwards he became the property of Mr. Herbert Bird, or rather of the noble Lord who races under that gentleman's name, and consequent on a trial with Jorrocks, he was made a great favourite at Bristol. But that racing course was as much too small for him as the pace there was too severe. How the Liverpool suited him we have just told. What the good horses of old as well as recent years would have done with him, it is needless to inquire. Pathfinder is a good, honest hunter, among that class very good indeed, and if Mogador will get a few more like him, Mr. Walker will be much obliged.

And all this time racing was going on at Lincoln, but as the 'Van' driver is not ubiquitous, he must leave to contemporaneous history the details. He only knows that Thuringian Prince (with his 'grand looks and commanding appearance'—his sole credentials apparently—for whom prophets went with enthusiasm, and about whom 7 to 4 in a field of thirty-two runners was taken at the close) performed like an arrant impostor, and added another chapter to the list of private-trial failures. Lady Patricia, for whom we had rather a predilection, looked untrained, we hear, and ran nearly as badly as the favourite.

Kaiser was the only racehorse there who ran like a racehorse, though Thunder, who got off badly, was coming up at the finish. Madge Wildfire's getting a place seems to have astonished every one, the Malton people included, though why it should have done so we can't quite say. It was certainly no great feat for a four-year-old with 6 st. on his back to win; but people have gone into fits about the Gunner, who is probably only a moderate horse, though his owner has been a patient man, and everything, says an old proverb, comes to him that waits. There appears to have been a really smart two-year-old brought out as usual by Joseph Dawson, who as Master of the Juvenile Forcing Academy at Bedford Lodge has no equal. Coronella, a daughter of Camerino and Tisiphone, and a remarkably handsome filly, won the Brocklesby very easily; but there was another in the race, Charon, who got badly off, but who the next day won the Lincoln Cup in such style, that it may be doubted whether he is not the best of the two. Charon is the property of Mr. Chaplin, and is by Hermit, that sire who promises to be a small gold mine to his owner. A very good judge of young stock told us he was much impressed by him, and believes he is something very superior. There was a great attendance at Lincoln, and Mr. Ford, and the Committee must have had a financial success; but we do earnestly trust that this success will not prevent them from doing what they can to obviate the unnecessary interference of the two meetings.

The coaches are coming to town—we mean to Piccadilly. There is a stir at The Road Club, and during the last month or six weeks great have been the confabulations over new routes and destinations, some of which will bear fruit in the coming season. We shall see most of the old roads occupied, we believe, that had coaches on them last year. 'Cooper's coach' will, during the summer, proceed direct to the City, over London Bridge, leaving Box Hill at 8.30 A.M., arriving at the Royal Exchange at 11 o'clock, and thence proceeding by the Embankment to Hatchett's. This alteration has been made by Mr. M. H. Cooper, at the request of several friends residing in the neighbourhood of Box Hill, Mickleham, and Leatherhead. In the afternoon, the coach will leave Hatchett's, as heretofore, at 4.15, and proceed direct over Westminster Bridge, picking up the City contingent at Charing Cross and Westminster. Captain Haworth will again be found on the Brighton road, and there are rumours of another coach taking the route the celebrated Age went, namely, *via* Leatherhead, Dorking, Horsham, &c. There will be the Morning Dorking, that proved so popular last year as well, and Colonel Withington and the Marquis of Blandford will be found thereon, so the Dorking road will be well done. Colonel Dickson has given up the Guildford, but we are happy to say that Sir Henry de Bathe and Major Furnivall have come to the rescue, and this charming road will, there is no doubt, be very well done. Consequent on this change the Westerham road will be given up, though Major Furnivall and his partners mean to keep on the Beckenham, which has been running all the winter. The first on the road, according to present arrangements, will be the Tunbridge coach, this season horsed by the Earl of Becton and Colonel Chaplin, the latter taking the place of Colonel Hathorn, who retires, taking the better part—a wife. This coach will commence running on the 17th of this month. There were some hopes of a Maidenhead coach, but difficulties presented themselves, and the idea was abandoned. The Windsor road, though, will have a new proprietary in Dr. Hurman and one or two other gentlemen, and great preparations are being made to do the thing well. 'The Doctor' is an old coachman to be trusted to do well whatever he puts his hands unto, and so we expect the Windsor will be a success. We believe Mr. Sedgwick will not continue the Watford.

In our notice of Sandown Park in the last 'Van' we were under an error in speaking of Mr. Milward as being manager of the raceground. There is no such official, and Mr. Milward's connection with Sandown Park consists solely in his being pecuniarily interested in the undertaking. Mr. Whittaker Bushe is the General Manager of the Club, and it is under his direction that the works now in progress are being carried on.

The advance of education is not confined to old England, for a Mormon female seminary, recently established in Salt Lake City, was succeeding uncommonly well, until one fine morning the male Principal eloped with and married the whole school. There must evidently have been too many private pupils at that establishment.

Many of our readers will remember old B——, the hairdresser, whose premises were taken for public improvements, on the fruits of which he became a gentleman, bought a cob, and of course tried his luck with the nearest pack of harriers. A friend asking him last month how he got on, he said the fun was exciting; for they ran by his horse the first day, and it kicked him off. Upon which a farmer exclaimed, 'Dash my wig, that's a 'bad fall!' and another in the gallop asked him if he didn't think that was hare-brushing by machinery? He thought they needn't be so personal.

The following was picked up at Mortlake on the 20th:—

The rule of the river it puzzles me quite,  
From Putney to Mortlake's abodes;  
For the light it gives up to the dark, before night,  
And the *Way* keeps ahead of the *Rhodes*!

Did our readers ever hear the reply of the late Lord Orford, on being solicited to become President of a religious society?—'Sir, I am surprised and annoyed by the contents of your letter. Surprised, because my well-known character should have exempted me from such an application; and annoyed, because it obliges me to have even this communication with you. I have long been addicted to the gaming-table. I have lately taken to the Turf, and I fear I frequently blaspheme, but I have never distributed religious tracts. All this was well known to you and your society; notwithstanding which you think me a fit person for your President! God forgive your hypocrisy! I would rather live in the land of sinners than with such saints! I am, &c., ORFORD.'

The loss of Mr. Gerard Leigh to the sporting world in general, and Hertfordshire in particular, has been a serious one. His father was one of the merchant princes of Liverpool, and the large fortune his son inherited enabled the latter to indulge to the full in those sporting tastes and pursuits with which his name for the last few years has been so familiar. He was a good all-round man, was Gerard Leigh. Though he came more prominently into notice in 1866, when he succeeded Lord Dacre as Master of the Hertfordshire, he had always been a hunting man, and in his Oxford days was well known with Mr. Heythrop and Mr. Drake's hounds. What he did at Luton with the Hoo property, what house, chapel, stables, kennels, home-stead he built and made, is well known; equally well what prizes he took at the Royal Agricultural and Islington. And if life had lasted, other prizes would have been within his grasp. He had won the Grand National in 1859 with Half Caste, and there is no doubt that, with the wonderfully good team he had got together under the management of Mr. Arthur Yates, some of the big cross-country events of the season must have fallen to his share. He was at home on the Solent and in the Mediterranean, having a few years back

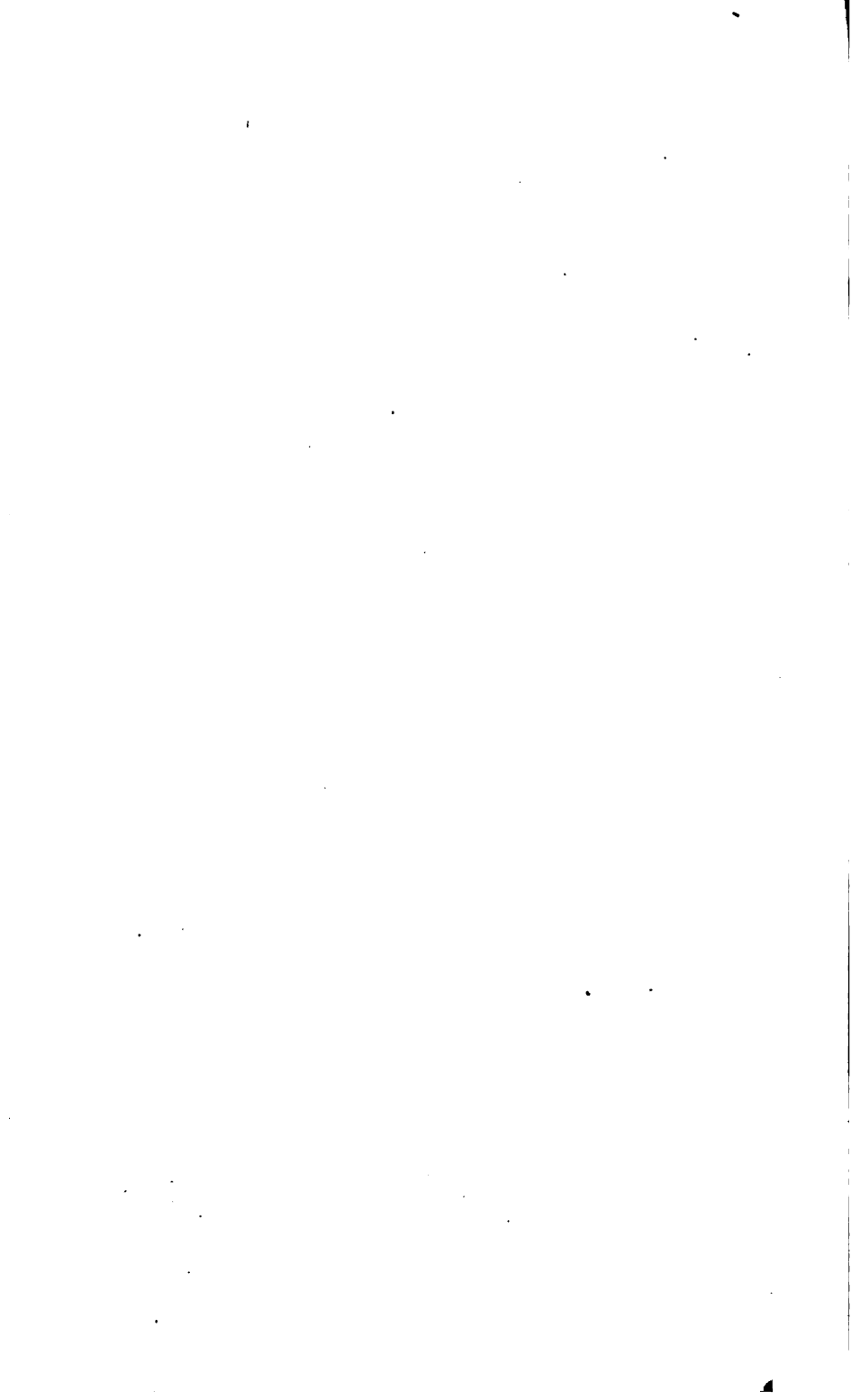


bought the Guinevere schooner of Mr. Thelluson; and a steam yacht of very large tonnage would have been launched from Cowper and Nicholson's yard this spring, as Mr. Leigh intended making a trip along the coast of Portugal. What need to speak of his chestnuts, that beautiful team which the season before last gave Londoners a topic of conversation, and out of which their owner had comparatively so little enjoyment? It will be in Hertfordshire and about his own home, however, that Mr. Leigh's death will be most deplored and his loss most felt, and that, we take it, is the best epitaph that can be written on his grave.

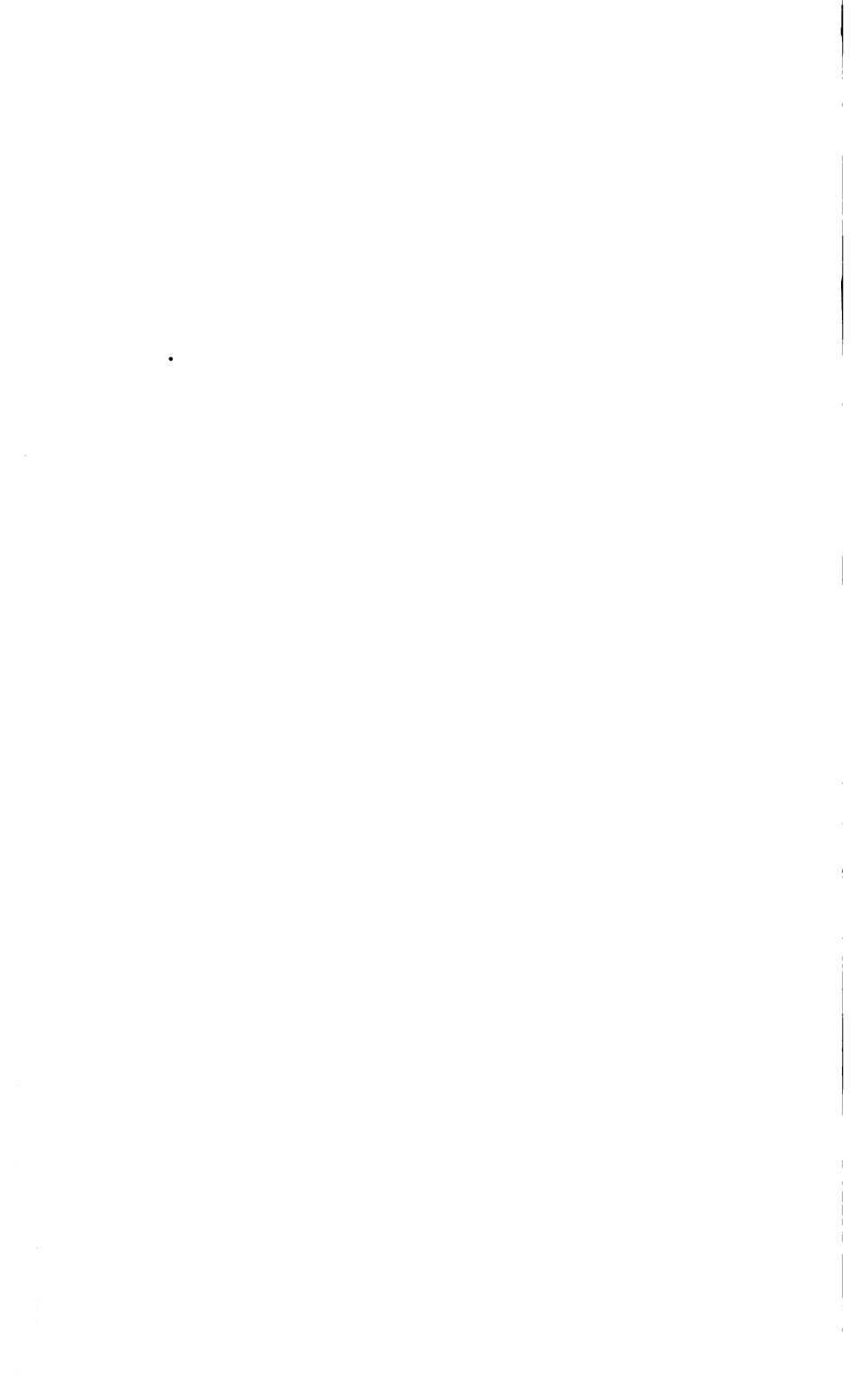
We shall miss, when we go to Newmarket this month, the well-known figure, mounted on the equally well-known cob, of Mr. Sidney Thorp of Chippenham Park, near that town. He was a constant *habitué* of the Heath, and when the chestnuts came into blossom and the Row was alive with the gay world, there, too, was the stalwart figure of the Cambridgeshire country gentleman exchanging pleasant greetings with many friends. His health had been failing last year, and when we wished him good-bye at one of the October meetings it was with a foreboding that it was for the last time.

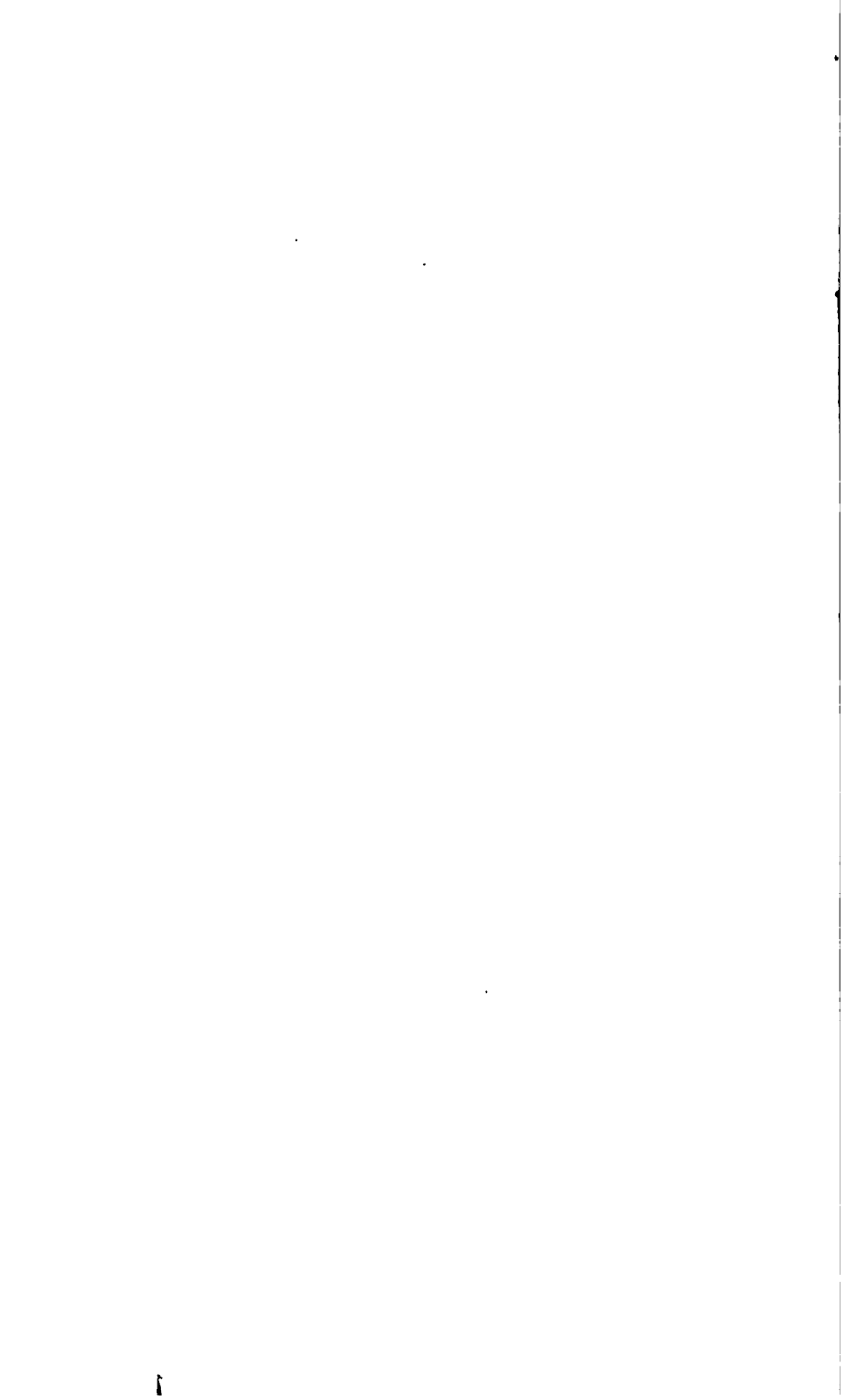
For theatres we have not had much leisure in the past month, but we have managed 'Round the World in Eighty Days,' which, as a spectacle, is certainly a very splendid one, and the enterprising gentleman who has transported the piece from Paris deserves a good return for his outlay. Of course the story in such a drama is subordinate to the scenery, but still no little ingenuity is shown in the construction, and the scenes hang well together, and the action is evolved out of them skilfully enough. Among the most taking scenes and incidents are the Funeral Pile, with a grand Indian procession; the Fête of the Snake Charmers; one of the most gorgeous ballets town has lately witnessed; the Attack on the Railway Train (there ought to have been a better engine, by-the-way); and the Giant's Staircase in the Rocky Mountains. These scenes cannot be well surpassed. The acting here and there is good, and the ladies, in the little they have to do, have decidedly the advantage of the gentlemen. Mr. Sinclair, who plays what we suppose we must call the hero, is not equal to the Parisian representative of the part, M. Lacreponière, and we wish we could have laughed at Mr. Brittain Wright, who, as a comic servant, certainly concealed his humour under a bushel. Miss Helen Barry, as the Princess Aoude, looked superb, delivered her speeches with pathos and dignity, and walked to her funeral pile (from which she is happily rescued) like a queen. Unfortunately, with the termination of this scene Miss Barry ceases to have much to do, and herself and Miss Carlisle for the rest of the piece can only wear very becoming toilettes and pose themselves gracefully in the many perils and dangers through which they pass. The scene with the Indians at the Giant's Staircase is an effective one, and the wholesale disposal of the red-skins brings down the act drop with enthusiasm. The piece is a great success; and a literary journal not prone to too favourable criticism says, speaking of it as a spectacle, 'it can compare with anything the modern stage has seen.'

END OF VOL. XXVI.









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